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LIFE'S

A BITCH AND

THEN YOU DIE.

AND THEN

YOU WAKE UP

100 YEARS LATER

AND LIFE'S STILL

A BITCH.





It's not every day that you're awakened from the dead. Much less to battle scarecrows, zombies and flying clocks for the honor of your kingdom. Poor Sir Dan. He's the undead knight on a gothic quest to avenge the forces of darkness. The dead are now undead. The living are crazed maniacs. And the once-mild-mannered pumpkins are now cold assassins. But Sir Dan's got a mighty arsenal—from crossbows, axes and daggers to lightning rods, swords and the occasional chicken drumstick—to fight his way through a dazzling 3-D journey. Although after being dead for 100 years he probably could just kill them with his morning breath.

MEDIEVÎL

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We've figured out a better way to store data on a hard drive. It's called FAT32 and we've built it into Microsoft Windows 98. So if you put Windows 98 on the computer you're using now, not only will you discover an average of 28% more space on your hard drive, but suddenly

OUPREA

using all kinds of fancy-dancy file allocation technology. Of course, if you get Windows 98 on a new computer, you'll miss out on the whole epiphany and all this improvement will just seem normal to you.





party.

please join us this friday evening in the screwdriver lounge, one of our more popular chat rooms, to welcome thelady_b and the many other new residents who recently joined our wonderful community.

a message to residents of www.theglobe.com your friendly full-service integrated online community



WAR

ABOVE AND BEYOND 78

Think you're a hero 'cause you stomped that roach in your girlfriend's bathroom? Time for a reality check—read what three Medal of Honor winners actually did for your country.

SOCIOLOGY

IF MEN REALLY RULED THE WORLD 90

If they did, there sure as hell wouldn't be dental floss, folk singing, couples therapy, or salad forks.

But what would there be?

COVER GIRL

JENNIFER ESPOSITO 94

We talk to Spin City's resident spitfire before she becomes too big a star to take our call.

RELATIONSHIPS YOU SCREWED UP... NOW WHAT? 100

So you forgot her birthday?
Accidentally yelled out "Buffy!" during sex?
She caught you double-dating interns
with our president? Here's what to say
to make her forgive and fuggeddaboutit.

CABIN FEVER 106

These are the kinda rustic, log love shacks Ted Kaczynski would call home—if he had Ted Kennedy's money.

AND THEY CALLED ME MAD EUREKA! 114

Billiard balls that glow and caskets that keep you lettuce-head fresh. Here's how to invent the next Pet Rock and never work again.

HEAVEN

COMING ATTRACTIONS 122

Maxim checks out some beautiful new stars coming over the Hollywood horizon: 11 actresses to idolize...and possibly memorize.

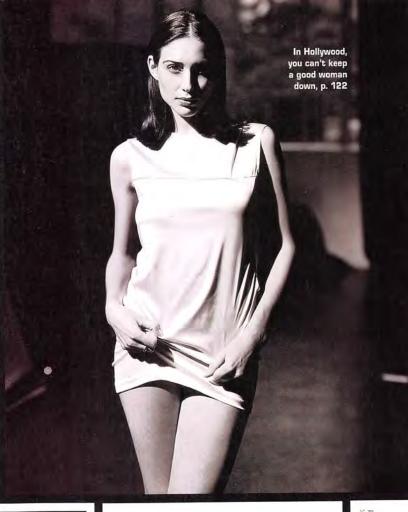
TRAVEL

RUSSIAN ROULETTE 132

Their economy has tanked, their leader is pickled, and life in Russia has taken a serious turn for the weird. Hookers, gangsters, and drunks, oh my! Don't worry, Maxim maps the terrain.

C-C-C-COATS 140

Cool winter outerwear that'll keep you from looking like a frozen dinner. Or a pig in a blanket.





On the Cover: Jennifer Esposito

Photographed by Andrew Eccles

Styled by Karen Shapiro

Hair by John Sahag

Makeup by Sam Fine

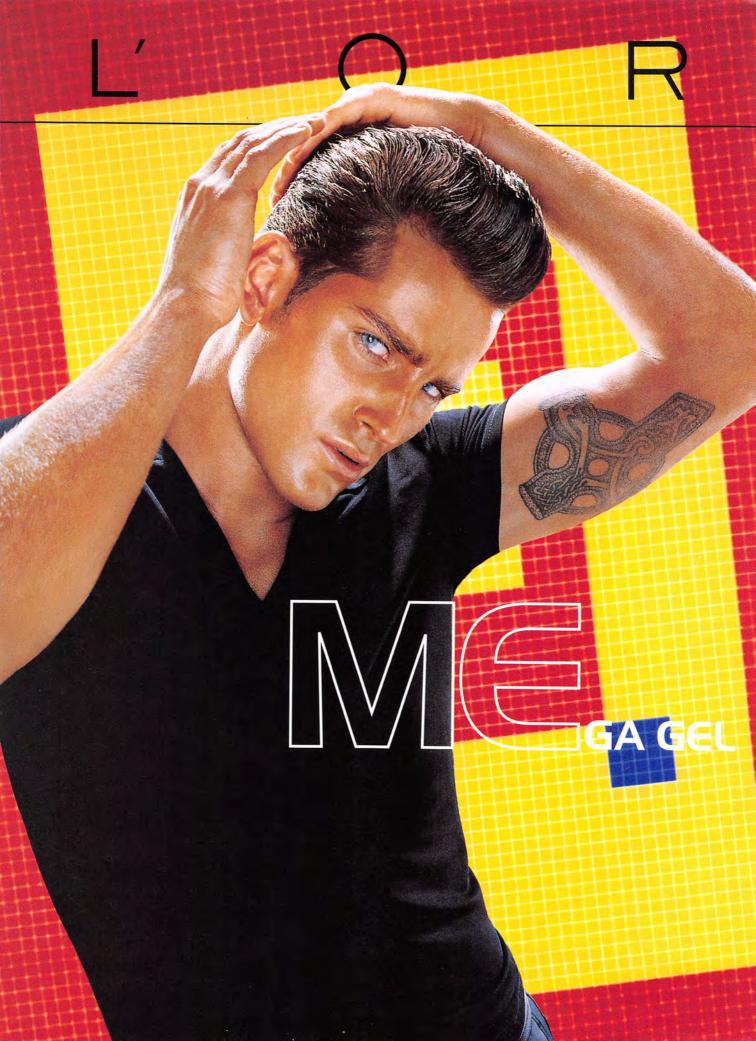
Manicure by Roseann Singleton Prop styling by Reno Dakota



Photographs (clockwise from top) George Holz/Ou Paul Miller, AP Photo; Illustrations (top to bottom) E



Set inventive, p. 114



É





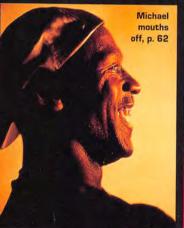


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Columns

SPORTS

62 MICHAEL JORDAN SAYS WHATEVER THE HELL HE WANTS

His Airness has been asked plenty of questions. But never ones as stupid as these.

SAYS HER 66 HOW TO DATE A GODDESS

It's easy. Start acting like a god...a god of taste, manners, and deep pockets, that is. Then land yourself one of those women who usually date Hercules.

70 PECKERS OF DEATH

Cockfighting in the Dominican Republic is not only a way of life, it's good eatin'.

BUCKS 74 THE HARD CELL

New cell-phone service options are more complicated than nautical flags. Use our bullshit filter to get what you really need.



Briefcases don't have to be boring. Here's how to get one that holds...your coworkers' envious attention.

WINE & DINE 150 MORNING GLORY

There are many delicious things to have for breakfast other than beer. How to whip up two: the incredible, edible egg frittata—and French (though we hate to admit it) toast!

STUFF 152 QUEST FOR FIRE

If civilization began with fire, then lighters must be the most civilized things in the world. Especially these babies.

Departments

32 CIRCUS MAXIMUS

Run for Congress, turn your car into a tank, use the power of Floyd to find great speakers, plus page after page of priceless baloney.

58 TOY CHEST

Gadgets no grown-up threeyear-old should be without

156 HANG TIME

bar, p. 40

Our cut-through-the crap guide to the latest movies, music, television, and books
This issue: film morons, bad CD titles, and more!

168 INSERT CAPTION HERE

A contest for the sick and twisted

APTITUDE TEST



APTITUDE TEST

Which one is not a covert operative?









Which is best when infiltrating an enemy stronghold?









High testosterone levels can be detrimental in which scenario?







Divulge critical information only when being tortured with a ________









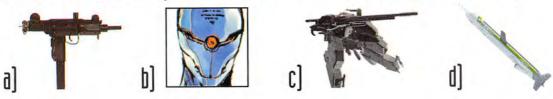
He's the president of Armstech. And the biggest 5.0.8. in the world. S. b. Every Special Forces soldier knows cardboard boxes make excellent hiding places. "Oly-oly-above. Research shows that the male hormone is a liability in most life-and-death scenarios. Sorry, fellas. 4. None of the best game of the years of development, critics are hailing Metal Gear Solid as the best game of the year. End of story. S. True. After three years of development, critics are hailing Metal Gear Solid as the best game of the year. End of story. S. C. One walking battle tank and you'll be quaking in your gen-x poser boots. X. d. Playing Metal Gear Solid may cause all sorts of titillaling physiological side effects. Retead walking battle tank and you'll be quaking in your gen-x poser boots. X. d. Playing Metal Gear Solid may cause all sorts of titillaling pattle tank and you'll be quaking in your gen-x poser boots. X. d. Playing Metal Gear Solid may cause all sorts of titillaling pattle tank and you'll be quaking in your gen-x poser boots. X. d. Playing Metal Gear Solid may cause all sorts of titillating pattle tank and you'll be quaking in your gen-x poser boots. X. d. Playing Metal Gear Solid may cause all sorts of the playing the gear of us a bit gassy.]

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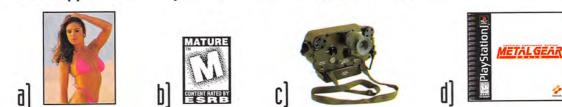
S Critics are hailing Metal Gear Solid as the best game of the year.



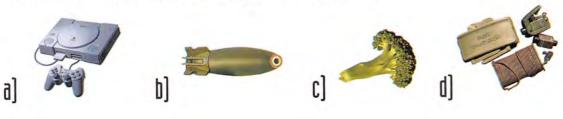
Mhich one will make your worthless civilian life flash before your eyes?



Sweaty palms and rapid heart rate are symptoms of ________.



Which one could create a 30-megaton "incident"?











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21-Gun Salute

or one reason or another, the flavor of the moment in Hollywood seems to be "war." Between Spielberg's *Saving Private Ryan* and Terrence Malick's soon-to-be-released *The Thin Red Line*, by year's end, moviegoers will have seen hundreds of men dying on-screen in such graphic detail as to make the entire *Rambo* series look like a sensitive love trilogy.

I'm not about to discuss the artistic merit of these films. Instead, I want to talk about the one question you and I will ask ourselves as we sit there in the darkened theater, bravely doing battle with our oversized Cokes and bags of Twizzlers: How would we conduct ourselves under fire?

I'd like to think the best; that I'd do what had to be done when it needed doing. Maybe my performance would be lacking in over-the-top heroics, but I'd stand my ground and deal with what came my way without turning tail and, I hope, without needing a change of underwear.

Of course, that's easy for me to say from my cushy, 23rd-floor Manhattan office. The most belligerent foes I face are taxi drivers who won't let me smoke in their cabs.

In other words, until you're actually there, with the bullets flying, grenades bursting, and friends dying...it's all speculation.

This month we talk to three men who don't need to speculate. They not only experienced the whole bloody nine yards but displayed valor of such astonishing magnitude that each was awarded the highest military tribute this country can bestow: the Medal of Honor.

Their stories are nothing less than awe-inspiring. Read them and see if you don't agree that when we apply the title *hero* to yet another sports star or tree-hugging celebrity crusader, we cheapen the word.

MARK GOLIN Editor-in-Chief



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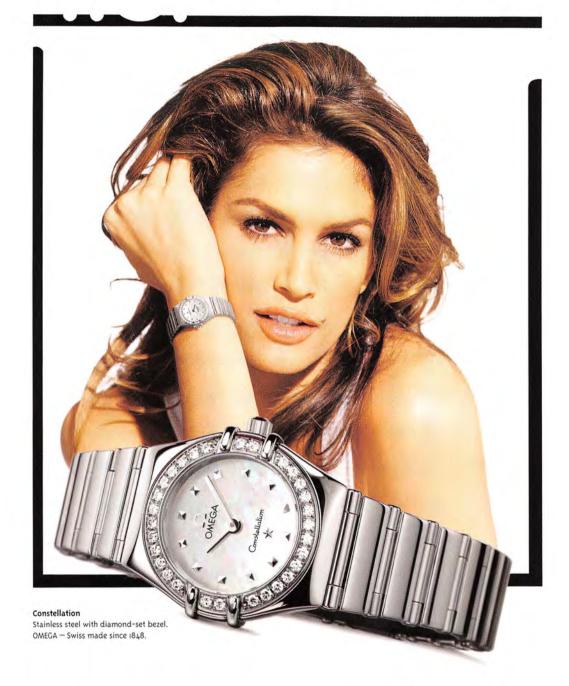
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Cindy Crawford's Choice



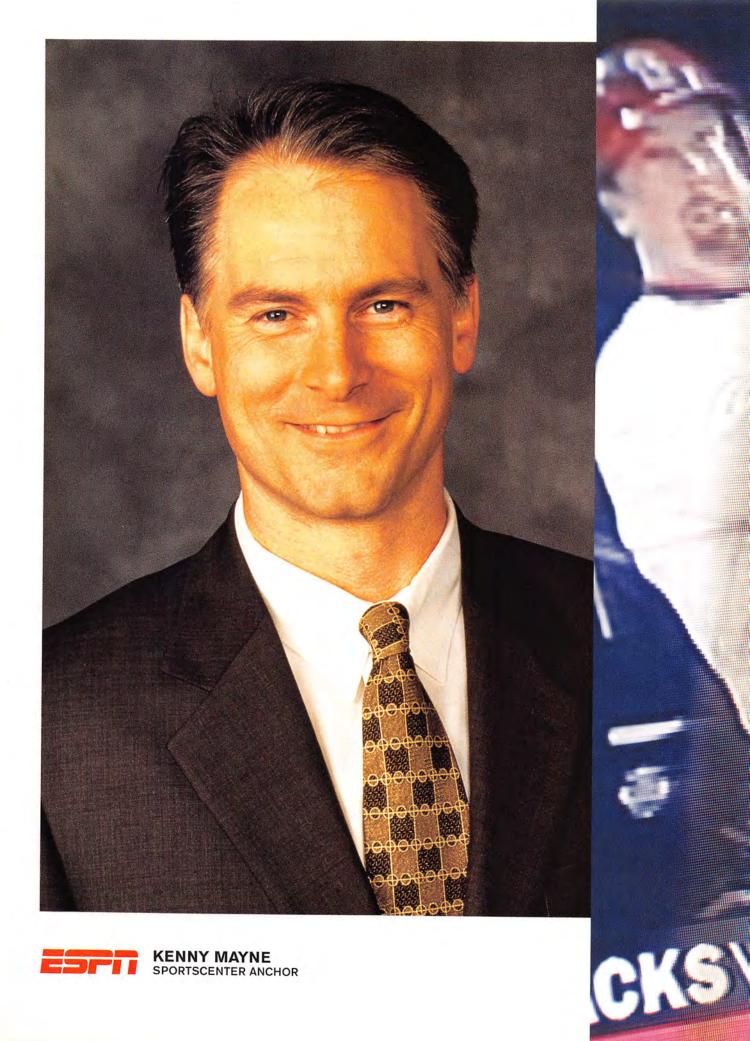
Omega -- my choice Cing Cum



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otograph, Andrew Ecoles, hair and makeup, Eric Barnard for Cloutier; Manicure, Deborah Espisito; styling, Karen Shapiro; tther pants by Behrle Leather; furry jacket by Roberto Cavalli; Illustration, Rian Hughes; next page, FPG

Rants and Ravers

Applegate of His Eye

I've been reading Maxim for months now but never went crazy over it like some of the people who write in. Then I saw Christina Applegate on your September cover. Oh, dear Lord. The woman is an absolute goddess, and you guys have brought her back for us mere mortals. I thank you on behalf of mankind. She has brought light into my otherwise meaningless life.

Paul Avelar

Princeton, NJ

Don't sell yourself short, Paul. Sure, it would be great to be a millionaire or to date a supermodel or even just to have friends, but the world also needs people like you to make the rest of us feel good. You serve a purpose!

Trophy Case

Concerning the "Insert Caption Here" contest, you should offer a laminated full-size copy of the picture with the winning caption, the winner's name, and the date of publication. Don't get me wrong: The watch is nice, but bragging rights are better. If I could display my prize like a trophy, it would be fantastic!

Chris Milk Ottawa, Ontario Here's a better idea: Cut out the

Letter of the Month

I WAS READING "Create Your Own Sitcom" [September] on a recent flight, and I laughed so hard that Coke shot straight out of my nose and my bitchy neighbor in the aisle seat thought I was a total asshole.

Eric Schwarz (via E-mail)

We've notified the FAA. Your nose has been classified as a potentially deadly weapon; from now on you'll be required to fly without it.



picture, tape your caption and name at the bottom, write the word Winner across the top, and display it on your wall. That way, we don't have to do any work and you don't actually have to win!

P.S. Laminating is for sissies.

Italian Ice

I HAVE AN ITEM for inclusion in the next installment of "Brand-Name Bloopers"—Dunkin' Donuts' Coolatta drink. It's the English spelling of the Italian (Venetian) dialect word incullata, which has come to mean "a penis in the rectum." Originally, it was a Renaissance punishment perpetrated upon dishonest public officials and other liars. Held in an upright, sitting position with their legs straight out in front of them, they were forcibly thrown to the ground so that their posteriors landed on a large rock, ruining their rumps for posterity. I hope they don't try to market it in Italy.

Paolo Mengaziol (an Italian of Venetian descent) New York, NY Interesting, but we've done a little research of our own and discovered that "Mengaziol" translates into "Romeo of the Barnyard."

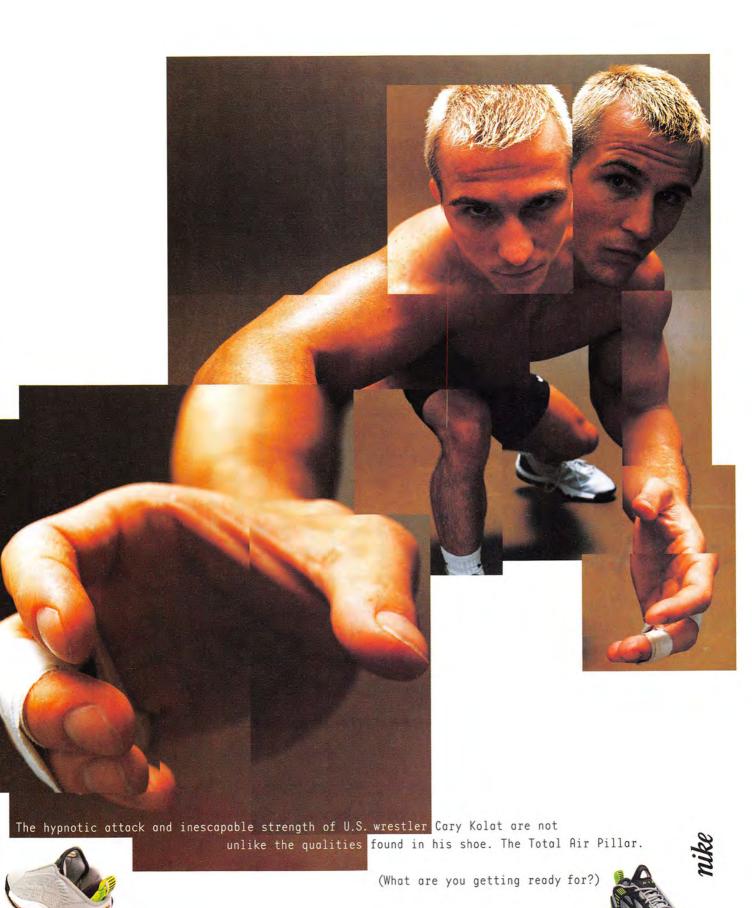
Death Wish

I THOUGHT your mission was to expose your readers to the trappings of the "ideal" average American male. I am totally befuddled as to why you profiled "Dan," the so-called Death Dealer [September]. Were we to be amused by his antiheroics? Were we supposed to aspire to be him or one of his clients? I hope neither is the case. Dan is detestable. He wants us to see him as this fearless macho heman. Dan doesn't want anyone to know who he really is because he is a consummate coward.

Len Moore
Fort Worth, TX
Dear Len, Dan lives in Fort
Worth...just a couple of doors
down from you.

Better Brew

THE ARTICLE "Forbidden Fruit" [July/August] sucked. Only



fruity guys drink fruity beer, and they all have fruity names like "Lance" or "Simon." Real men drink Budweiser or Miller Genuine Draft and would kick the shit out of Lance or Simon the moment they saw a Maid Marion Berry Ale in his hand. What's next, "Guys Who Drink Catalina Blond and Their Feminine Sides"?

Mac Harkin (via E-mail) What a great idea! We'll get Lance working on it right away!

Brian's Song

I LIKE TO KEEP your magazine and the others that I subscribe to on the coffee table for spontaneous reading purposes. Well, my in-laws were over for dinner, and my father-in-law happened to pick your magazine out of the pile (a compliment). He flipped right to the page with Brian Zembic [July/Aug.] showing off his melons. I then had to listen to 30 minutes of how this kind of stuff is weakening this nation.

Sergio Lucio Rosemead, CA

Your father-in-law is wrong. Dead wrong. In reality, it's coffee tables that are weakening this nation, and we're going to do something about it...as soon as we're finished playing this video game.

Idiot Box

THANK YOU, thank you, thank you! This is the only magazine that my husband actually reads! I never thought he would give up his addiction to TV, but he has! I get the evil eye if I try to read Maxim before he does, but then I actually get to look at Maxim if I'm good!

Tammy Edwards Kingman, AZ

Changed your address? Missing an issue? Please write to Maxim, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142 Or call 904-447-0212



The 1999 Funniest Photo in America Contest

Make Us Piss Our Pantsand Win

We're tired of straining our booze-addled brains



to amuse you and getting nothing in return but 9,000 nearly interesting letters a day. Now we want more (as our girlfriends say, "A relationship is a two-way street"). We want your photos, and we've created this contest to get them.

- There is only one category: FUNNY. By this. we mean "funny ha ha!" not "weird tumor on your 90-year-old bum that makes people gag."
- Appropriate subjects: Ugly pets, hopelessly drunk friends, accidents with antlers, objects in noses, your embarrassing teen years-anything that'll make us laugh, or at least wheeze heartily.
- Inappropriate subjects: Children under the age of 18, clowns, naked anything, bogs, cheese.
- The booty: Our grand prize winner scores a Minolta Vectis 300 camera. Three second-prize winners receive 10 disposable cameras each. Runners-up will snag a mythical Maxim T-shirt. Winning photos will be published in our special April Fools' issue.
- How to enter: Send your original photos with short descriptions by January 15, 1999, to: Maxim's Funniest Photo in

America Contest, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018, Include your name, address, and age.



Thanks for your letter. We're doing what we can to make sure that no man ever again wastes his valuable time watching PBS.

History Lesson

I AM A first-time reader of your magazine, and I find it very interesting and enlightening. However, I must say that I do not know if a mistake was made

in your "And The Wiener Is..." piece on page 22 of the September issue. The story starts with Maxim announcing the results of a contest it held back in 1897. I hope that you mean 1987. If not, please tell me when the first issue of Maxim rolled off the presses. I will look for your answer in your next issue.

Mrs. Janet Berger Palm Springs, CA We're glad you asked. Maxim was founded in 1861 by Horace Greeley and caused quite a stir, thanks to foxy First Lady Mary Todd Lincoln, who posed seductively for the cover. Needless to say, that issue is quite a collector's item today.

Car Talk

I JUST READ your article "Blood, Sweat, and Gears" [September] about the last 50 years of stockcar racing. How could you show a picture of the Pure Oil/Hart Fullerton car Marshall Teague drove to an 18th-place finish in the 1953 Indianapolis 500 and pass it off as a 1950s stock car? This from a magazine that chided the motion-picture industry for mistakes ["Film Flubs"] in an article in the same issue.

J. F. Koller Robertsdale, AL Golly, you 'Bama folks know yer cars like you know yer cousins.

Sizing Up

ACCORDING TO that penis measurement gizmo in the September issue, I am qualified to be the editor in chief, publisher, and chairman of the whole shooting match. Please advise of salary and benefits.

Harry Arvey Santa Fe, NM

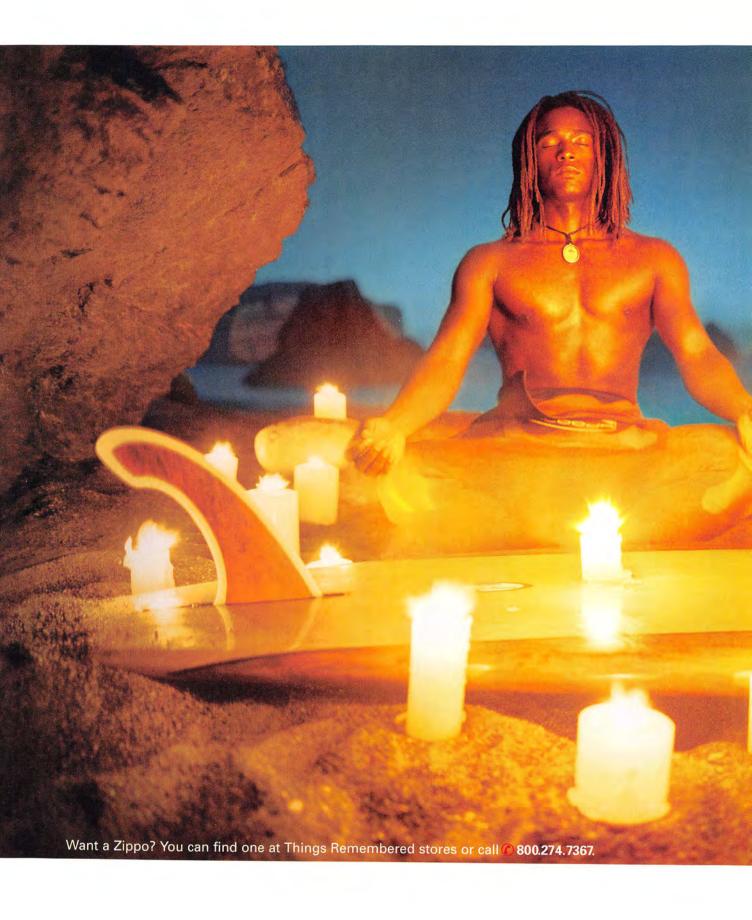
According to our lie detector on page 58, your nose is about 20 times longer than your penis. But you can be our skivvy-scrubber...

Letters should be sent to Editors, Maxim Magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018; or E-mail us at editors@maximmag.com.



THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS ENGINEERED BY DAKUTA JACKSON.

POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.







Die Laughing

Clip Job

This guy sticks his head into a crowded barbershop and asks, "How long before I can get a haircut?" The barber looks around the shop at all the customers and says, "About two hours," and the guy leaves.

Every day, the same guy pokes his head in at the busiest time, and every day he's told there's a long wait and he leaves. Finally, after about two weeks of this, the barber looks over at a buddy and says, "Bill, why don't you follow that guy and see where he goes?"

In a little while, Bill comes back into the shop, laughing hysterically.

"Well?" says the barber. "So where does he go?"

"To your house."

Change of Command

Officer: "Soldier, do you have change for a dollar?"

Soldier: "Sure, buddy."

Officer: "That's no way to address an officer! Let's try it again. Soldier, do you have change for a dollar?"

Soldier: "No, sir!"

Zen and How

A Zen master visiting New York City goes up to a hot dog vendor and says, "Make me one with everything."

The hot dog vendor fixes a hot dog and hands it to the Zen master, who pays with a \$20 bill.

The vendor puts the bill in the cashbox and closes it. "Excuse me, but where's my change?" asks the Zen master.

The vendor responds, "Change must come from within."

Ball Bearing

An Amish woman is driving her horse and buggy down the road when she gets pulled over.

"You have a broken reflector on your buggy," the cop says, "but more important, one of your

reins is looped around your horse's balls. That's cruelty to animals. Have your husband take care of that right away!"

Later that day, the woman tells her husband: "A policeman pulled me over today for two reasons. First, he said the reflector was broken."

"Well, that's easily fixed," says her husband. "What else?"

"I'm not sure...something about the emergency brake."

Last Writes

Old Fred's hospital bed is surrounded by well-wishers, but it doesn't look good for him. Suddenly he motions frantically to the pastor for something to write on. The

Joke of the Month

Ale-ing the Seven Seas

Bob and Doug, adrift in a lifeboat, see an old lamp floating in the sea. Bob starts rubbing the lamp, and a genie pops out and says she'll grant them one wish. Without giving much thought to the matter, Bob blurts out, "Turn the ocean into beer!" Immediately the genie claps her hands and disappears in a puff of smoke, and the entire sea turns into brew. Only the gentle lapping of beer against the hull breaks the stillness. Doug looks disgustedly at Bob and, after a long, tension-filled moment, shouts, "You idiot! Now we have to pee in the boat!"

\$150 goes to Dan Brown of San Francisco "One more wish! Please, one more wish!

pastor lovingly hands him a pen and a piece of paper, and Fred uses his last bit of energy to scribble a note, then dies. The pastor thinks it best not to look at the note right away, so he places it in his jacket pocket.

At Fred's funeral, as the pastor is finishing his eulogy, he realizes that he's wearing the jacket he was wearing when Fred died. "Fred handed me a note just before he died," he says. "I haven't looked at it, but knowing Fred, I'm sure there's a word of inspiration in it for us all."

Opening the note, he reads aloud, "Help! You're standing on my oxygen tube!'

Bad Medicine

A man and a woman are riding next to each other in a train's first-class section. The man sneezes, then pulls out his penis and wipes off the tip. The woman can't believe what she just saw and decides that she was hallucinating.

A few minutes pass. The man sneezes again. He pulls out his penis and wipes off the tip. The woman is about to go nuts. She can't believe such a rude person exists. When it happens a third time, she turns to the man and says, "What the hell kind of degenerate are you?"

The man replies, "I'm sorry, ma'am. I have a very rare condition so that whenever I sneeze. I have an orgasm."

"I'm sorry," says the woman. "But you have to admit that's very strange! What do you take

The man looks at her and says, "Pepper."

We'll send \$150 to the reader who sends us the next Joke of the Month. Write us at Maxim Jokes. 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018. Or E-mail your joke to us at jokes@maximmag.com.

pure Yummy.



When Yummy plays in the thick, smoke-filled air of
Brownies, NYC they take something pure and raw
within themselves and pound it into the eardrums
of the crowd before them. But if you didn't make it
past the bouncer at the door, we think
you should still hear them as if you did.









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The life and times of Wendy Layton.

A 70-ton miracle.

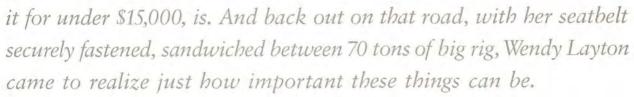
"He's not stopping," was all Wendy Layton's brain had time to scream before the dump truck slammed into the rear of her Saturn. The impact was so forceful it sent, no, hurled her car, which had come to a stop, headlong into the back end of another dump truck, which had also stopped just moments before.

Now this might be as good a place as any to point out a few things about a Saturn's steel-reinforced spaceframe and safety cage. For starters, it alone cannot always save your life. But what it can do and did do in this case was absorb the bulk of a pretty powerful impact and dissipate it through front and rear crumple zones, while helping to keep the passenger compartment from being totally crushed.

Okay, you're thinking, safety cages, crumple zones, steel-

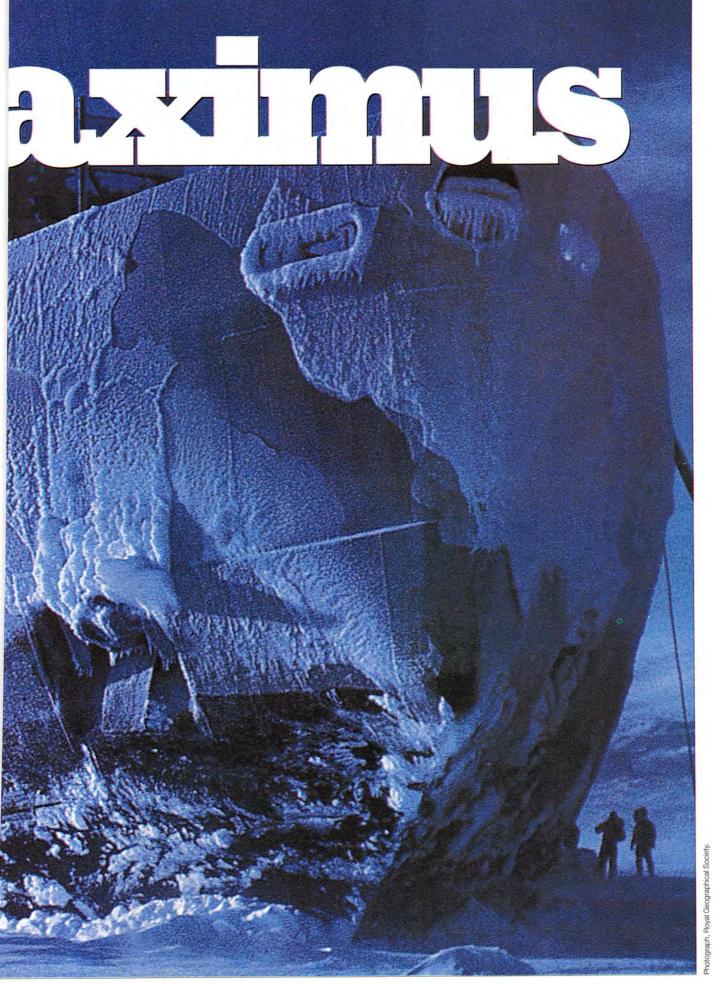
reinforced spaceframes—these aren't exactly unique. But putting them all together

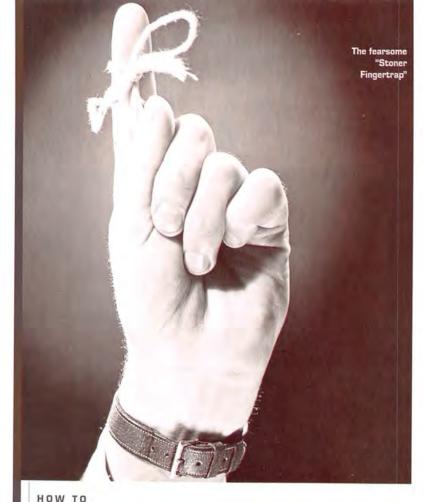
in a thoughtful package, and doing



Okay, you're also thinking, Wendy Layton was incredibly lucky. She was indeed. But she also wasn't about to push that luck again, which is why she went right back and bought another Saturn.

MACHINE SHOP **Cold Warrior** That little joke about Monica Lewinsky not inhaling isn't an icebreaker...this is an icebreaker. You've heard of a Caribbean cruise ship? Meet its polar opposite: a 492-foot, 21,000-ton nuclear-powered Russian icebreaker. Almost half as titanic as the 46,328ton octopus hotel of that name, this behemoth crashes through the frozen north by pushing its reinforced bow up onto sheets of ice until its sheer weight punches through like the top half of a pair of scissors. To see this thunderous beast in action-and to brave weather so cold your testicles will shriek like women and scamper halfway up your bladder-sign up for Quark Expeditions' icebreaker trip to the North Pole. An estimated \$15,000 to \$20,000 fee will get you aboard the Sovetskiy Soyuz, which leaves from Murmansk, Russia, in July 1999. At the top of the world, you'll have a North Pole barbecue, a tour of Santa's workshop, and, for the wholly brain-dead, a quick dip in the Arctic Ocean. (Quark Expeditions, 800-356-5699)





Escape from Restraints

Who hasn't been tied to bedposts, fitted with a rubber-ball gag, and had a whip stuck up his butt to make him look like a pony? We haven't, that's who-let's keep it that way. We asked the experts how to make sure we're never in a bind.

Tip: Keep your hands out in front.

Having your wrists tied behind you doubles the difficulty of escape, according to New York City magician Ace Starry. "With your hands in front of you, you can use your teeth on the knots."

Tip: Assume the position. When your wrists are tied flat together, in the praying position, the rope loop is small and your chances slim. Instead, make an X with your hands and keep both thumbs pointing up. Your wrists will be bone to bone, which will give you wiggle room when you flatten your wrists together after the kidnappers go for coffee.



Tip: Flex while you're being tied, then relax. A little slack is often all you need, and Mistress Patricia from Chicago swears by this one. Starry says filling his lungs and taking shallow breaths when being tied also helps.

Tip: Work up a good sweat.

According to Mistress Patricia.

"Some types of rope will absorb moisture and loosen up, providing slack."

Tip: Try to grasp a bit of slack rope before they tighten it. "When they're winding the rope around your hands." says Starry, "try to gather part of a loop between your hands and hold some tension before they tie you off. Do this and you're home free."

Tip: Cheat. Don't be a hero. If you're not tied to anything, roll out to a 7-Eleven for help. Then have a Slurpee.

HEAD-TO-HEAD

KENNETH STARR THE DEATH STAR

One's a round, deadly force of destruction that spews trouble wherever it goes; the other was in Star Wars. Which one rules?



Created a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away Edge: Death Star

Created in 1946 in Vernon, Texas

DESIGNED TO LOOK LIKE

A small moon Edge: Death Star A fleshy pink potato with glasses

To crush the rebellion with a single blow Edge: Death Star

To crush the presidency over a couple of blows

OPERATED BY

Humorless authoritarian fascists

Newt Gingrich. Rush Limbaugh

Draw SPECIAL POWERS

Tractor beam can suck in entire Millennium Falcon

Monica Lewinsky's mouth-oh, skip it Edge: Kenneth Starr

Giant death ray

Wide-assed blue cocktail dress Edge: Kenneth Starr

Uncountable billions in space-walking slave labor

A mere \$40 million in taxpayer chump change Edge: Kenneth Starr

Alderaan, a peaceloving planet Edge: Death Star

Clinton, a president who loves to get a piece

A tiny thermal exhaust port

The tiny attention span of the voting public

Draw

It was a no-holds-barred match, but the big, bad planetoid KO'd the big, bad prosecutor. The Death Star triumphs, 4-3.

We take our time making Gentleman Jack at Jack Daniel Distillery.



From Jack Daniel Distillery in Lynchburg, Tennessee comes this gentleman's whiskey.

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Alcohol 40% By Volume, Distilled And Bottled By Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352. If You'd Like To Give Gentleman Jack As A Gift. And then we take a little more.



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LIAR, LIAR #6

Serial Thriller

Nothing turns a woman on like a guy with a cool job. And when your *real* job doesn't qualify, it's time to lie. This month you are: One of Those Scary Guys Who Hunt Down Serial Killers.*



Your Job

As a profiler for the FBI, you supply investigators and police with psychological composites of suspected serial killers and other violent criminals, just like in *The Silence of the Lambs*. Your noggin takes in crime-scene photographs and reports; analyzes them according to your encyclopedic knowledge of demographics, psychology, ballistics, and a dozen arcane and profane sciences; and produces a perfect description of the killer, right down to his blood-soaked Air Jordans.

Your Training

At John Jay College of Criminal Justice, you snagged a degree in forensic psychology or criminal justice with a minor in chemistry. Then, over the next 15 years, you studied at the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia, joined an antiterrorist squad, worked as an undercover agent, and pounded the beat with Homicide and/or Violent Crimes. After being hand-picked by your superiors, you found yourself back in Quantico, where you became a profiling coordinator. In your spare time, you've visited prisons and mental institutions, interviewing rapists and murderers and other sick motherfuckers.

Your Gear

A super-lightweight, modem-equipped laptop computer lets you access criminal profiles and other secret inside information from even the most remote crime scene. A walkie-talkie is surgically attached to your hip, along with a jet-black beeper—and when that mother goes off, you book. When a case is hot, you carry a 10 mm semiautomatic Glock and a pair of case-hardened steel handcuffs. Finally, tucked somewhere in your wallet is one unspeakably gory crime-scene photo you categorically refuse to show to anyone... "except maybe you, sweetheart."

Your Lingo

Collector: Killer who takes something from his victim, usually a body part or a personal object, as a trophy or prize.

Family album: Loose-leaf notebook of 8"x10" photos of the murder scene and the victim. Lividity: Part of the body where the blood settles after death.

Floater: A dead body found in the water.

Do the dog: Nose around a crime scene looking official when it's not your case.

Bag and tag: Collect crime scene evidence and identify it.

Conversation in a Can

If she asks: "How do you handle the gore?" You answer: "I have a very strong stomach, I guess—you actually develop a tolerance for horribly mutilated bodies and the stench of all that blood. The world is filled with sickos, but someone's got to take 'em out so decent people like you can live without fear." If she asks: "How do you put together a criminal profile?"

You answer: "Well, it's not easy: I try to tap into a person's unusual habits, bizarre traits, and idiosyncrasies. In simple terms, I become the criminal."

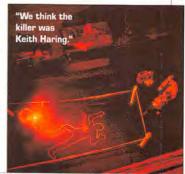
If she asks: "Can you tell anything about me just from looking?"

You answer: "You're very smart, that's obvious, but your extreme good looks get you into all kinds of trouble. You don't like being lied to, and you cried during *Steel Magnolias*. Should I send you my bill for that, or should we just settle up at my place?"

*Special thanks to Gregg O. McCrary, retired FBI profiler.

ALL-PURPOSE ANECDOTE

"Five women have been murdered: all single, attractive, 25 to 35. I've got two kid sisters; guys like this just make my blood boil. Anyway, the latest victim's been stabbed with an ice pick, and her thumbs have been cut off. Ice pick, I'm thinking. Who uses an ice pick? Then it hits me: Sharon Stone from Basic Instinct. And the thumbs? Right out of The English Patient. On a hunch, I stop by the local video store and find this guy fondling a little sack around his neck. I cuff him, look inside, and bam: It's full of goddamned thumbs."







Attention: Objects in mirror are actually having even more fun than it appears. Buckle your seatbelts, hit the gas, put in some tunes and don't look back. You've got a Sony Car Ready Discman[®] CD player. And with its advanced ESP² SteadySound[™] anti-skip technology, you can rock & roll down that highway called life and never miss a beat. Wanna stop for tacos, no problem, the Sony Car Ready Discman CD player is completely portable. Ahhh, the open road, the wind in your hair, your favorite CD's and your portable CD player...Is this fun or what!





SONY

I WILL NOT BE A SLAVE TO THE MACHINE.

From Friday at 5:15 until Monday at 8:30.

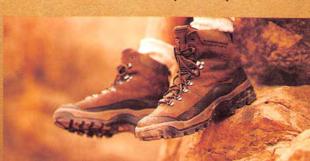
Corporate culture be damned. We've built a whole line of shoes that will take you from

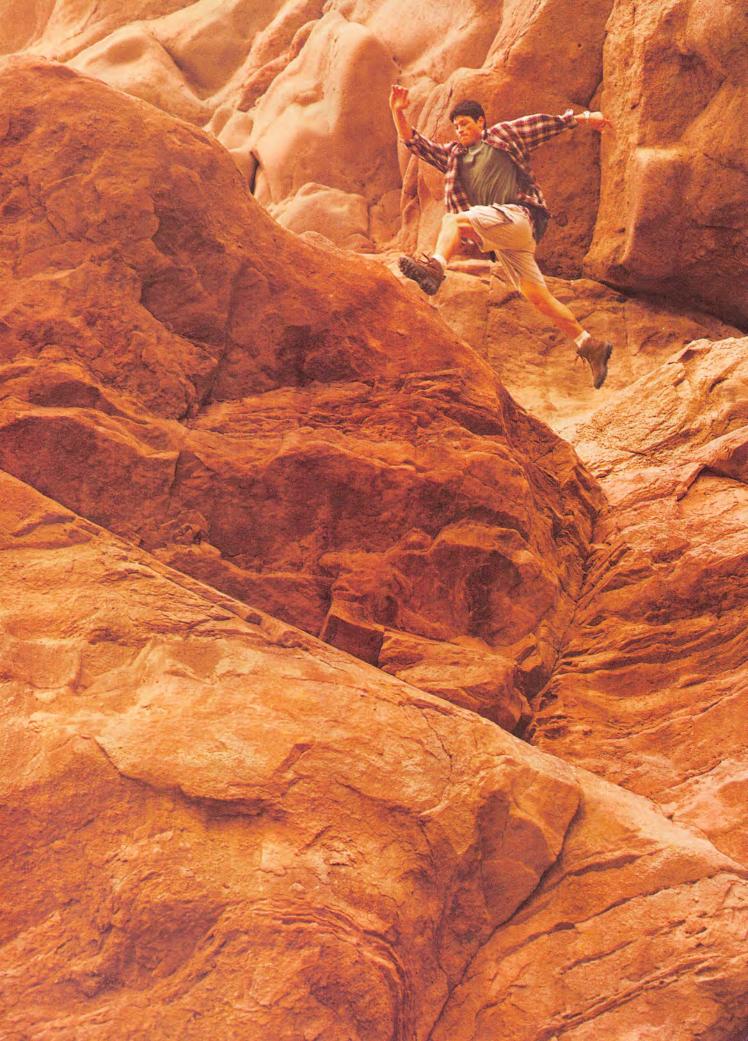


a secluded woodland stream to the highest rocky cliff. Now all you need is some time off.

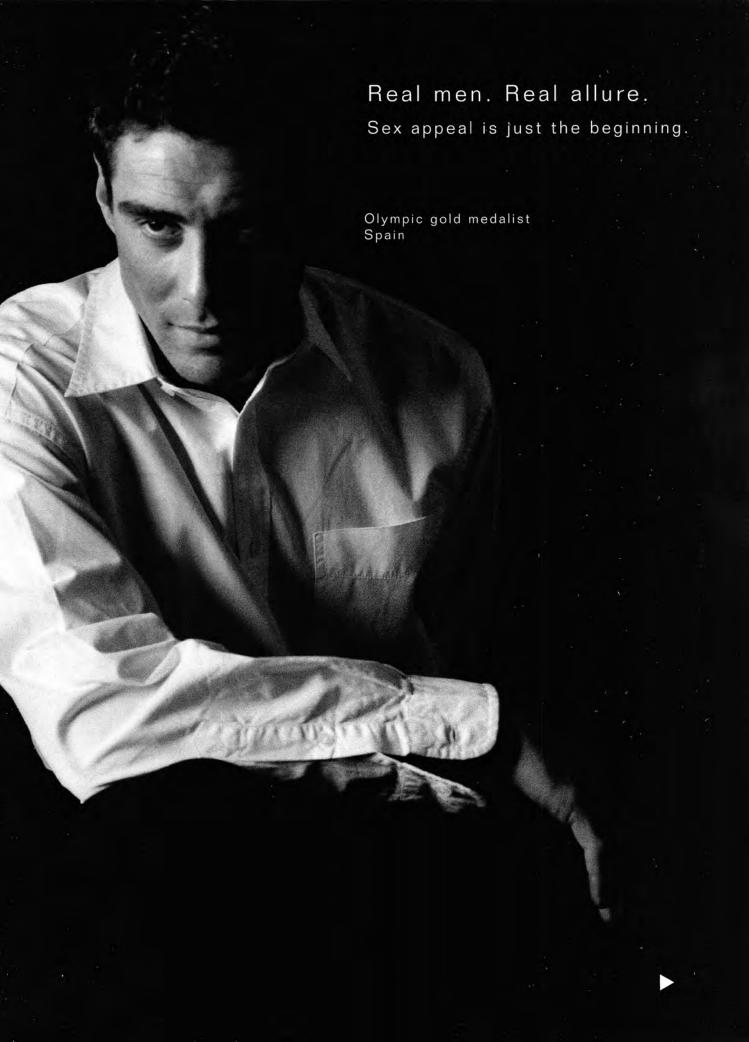
Built for the way you really live:

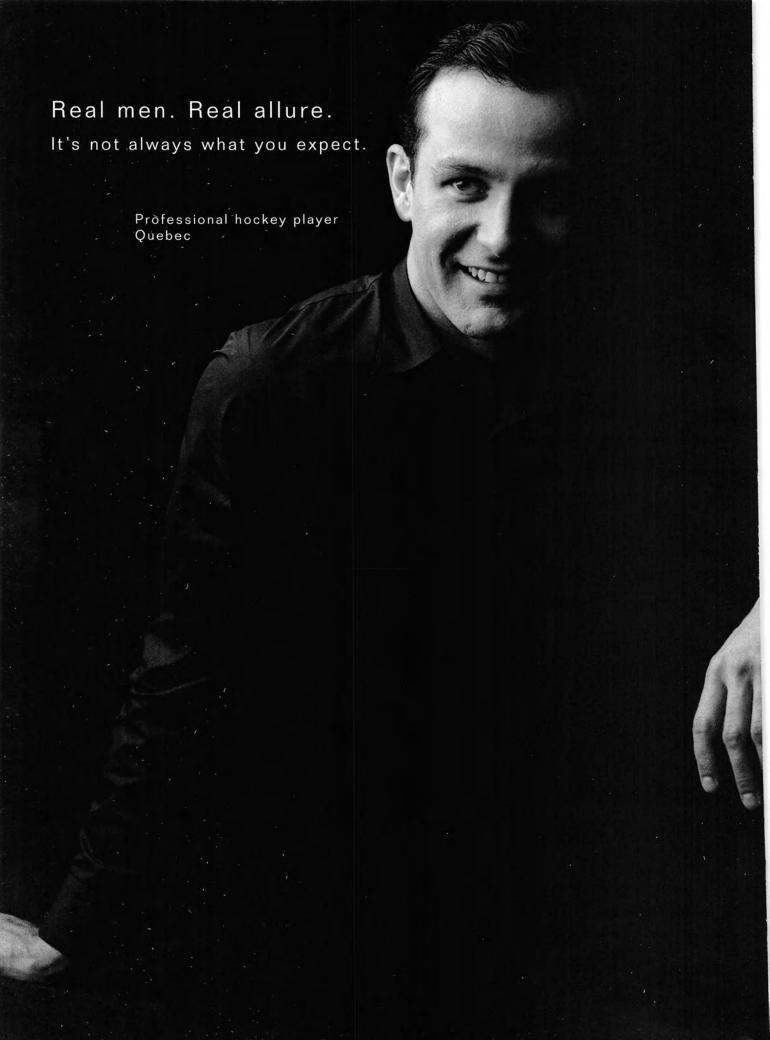
Available at Larry's, Sibley's













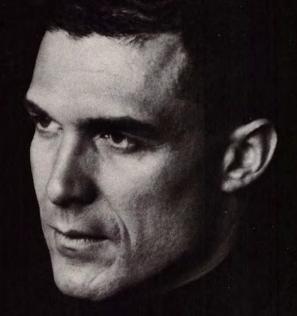
tó experience

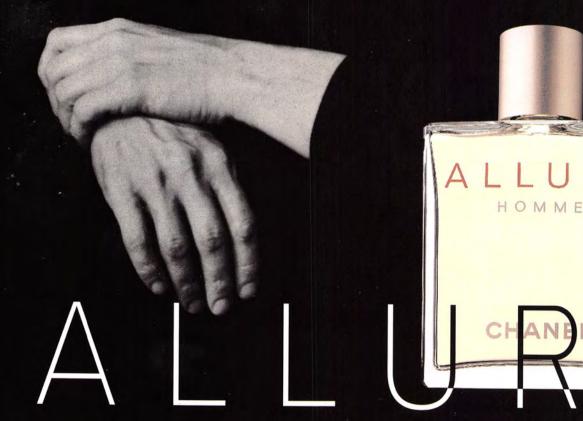
FOR MEN

Real men. Real allure.

Passion is a key ingredient.

Hotelier New York/Los Angeles







The new men's fragrance from CHANEL.

DAYTON'S HUDSON'S MARSHALL FIELD'S













HOW TO

Find Great Speakers

With a little green and a little Pink, you can really crank up your stereo experience.

Face it: You're not the know-it-all audiophile geek you once were. Never fear: Maxim's here to help you pick out the quality speakers you can finally afford. Experts reveal the criteria to look for; Maxim provides the Pink Floyd songs that help you zero in on each one.

Criterion: Wave-Form Fidelity

Floyd You'll Need: "The Gunners Dream," The Final Cut
According to John Strohbeen, president and chief designer of Ohm Acoustics (www.ohmspeakers.com), wave-form fidelity is a measure of how well speakers reproduce sound in all its nuances and prevent a gunshot and a car's backfire from sounding like the same damned thing. Just before the bridge in "The Gunners Dream," Roger Waters' cry morphs into the wail of a saxophone. The sounds are designed to blend seamlessly, but if you've got good wave-form fidelity, the transition should be loud and clear.

Criterion: Balance

Floyd You'll Need: "Another Brick in the Wall Part 2,"
The Wall If you don't eat your meat (i.e., check for good right-left balance), you can't have any pudding (i.e., great sound). Stand midway between the speakers and close your eyes. When that helicopter

comes down, it should seem directly above you, Vic Morrow style.

Criterion: Frequency Ranges

Floyd You'll Need: "Careful With That Axe, Eugene," *Ummagumma* Speakers typically come in two flavors. Two-ways use woofers and tweeters to handle low and high frequencies, respectively; three-ways add a separate midrange. Your speakers need to prove they can handle the whole range. Listen for the part about halfway through when the menacing, low-down bass riff turns into the high-pitched screaming of the crazy freak and see how the speakers make the transition. It should be terrifying.

Criterion: 3-D Stereo Imaging

Floyd You'll Need: "Us and Them,"
The Dark Side of the Moon

This is how a speaker acoustically reproduces the layout of the place where the music was recorded so you feel like you're there. Test using a softer track with background singers. The echoes of these lyrics—"Us (us, us, us) and them (them, them, them)/And after all we're only ordinary men"—should proceed in a circle

from the right speaker, to behind Roger (who's sonically between your speakers), and around to the left.



THANKS FOR EVERYTHING

Native American Curses

In commemoration of those groups who *didn't* fall all over themselves thanking the Pilgrims, here are translations of some classic Native American curses.

■ Shungka sapa! ("Black dog!") Lakota; pronounced: shoong-kah suh-pah

■ Chiidiini! ("You devil!") Navaho; pronounced: ch-nnn-dee-kni

■ Poksona! ("Dog lover!")
Hopi; pronounced: poak-so-nah

■ Tsi' tek! ("Eat shit!")

Mohawk: pronounced: dzee'-dunk

■ Akwo niwihdi nanina! ("Go far away from me and walk around some other place!")

Navaho; pronounced: a-coe nah-wet-day nanina

■ Wiyengyeska! ("Half-breed!") Lakota; pronounced: wee-yeng-es-kah

■ Kanelsona! ("Sheep lover!") Hopi; pronounced: kuh-nel-so-nuh

■ Wozhapi gleglegha yuta ichhagha! ("You who grew up on given-away pudding!")

Lakota; pronounced: woe-zhah-pee gle-gleghah yoo-tah eech-hah-ghah

■ Gijiid! ("Your anus!")
Ojibwee; pronounced: gi-jeed





HOW TO

Run for Congress

If you really want to dismantle the IRS or legalize poodle hunting, get off your apathetic ass and do it.

Step 1: Make sure you're quali-

fied. As detailed in Article 1, Section 2 of the Constitution, to become a member of the U.S. House of Representatives you have to be at least 25 years old, a U.S. citizen for at least seven years, and a resident of the state you're running in. How do they determine who's a resident? "There's no hard-and-fast rule," says Lee Daghlian, public information officer with the New York State Board of Elections. Being registered to vote in the state, having a state driver's license, living in the state six months out of the year, and paying state taxes are all good indicators.

Step 2: Call the feds. The Federal Election Commission (800-424-9530) will send you a packet of forms and a guide to federal election laws, explaining how to create a campaign organization, report contributions correctly, and generally avoid

a postelection indictment.



Step 3: Get a posse together.

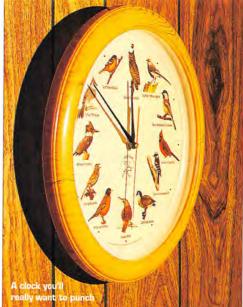
According to Gene Cisewski, author of How to Have Fun Losing Your Race for Congress (The Monticello Group Ltd., 1994), you'll need a campaign manager, a treasurer, a finance chair (the guy who gets donations), a communications director to handle advertisements and news articles, a researcher, and a scheduler. "In your informational race," Cisewski writes, "you may wear all these hats except treasurer." The treasurer's name has to appear on all your posters and ads, so pick someone who "balances the ticket": e.g., a woman, or someone whose ethnicity or religion is different from yours.

Step 4: Get on the ballot. The regs vary from state to state, so call your state election department for the skinny. In most states, you'll need a petition with a lot of signatures. For example, an Independent running for a New York seat needs 3,500 registered voters to sign up.

Step 5: Start stumpin'. Think local, says Cisewski: Don't just yak about education; discuss specific policies about specific schools or districts.

Step 6: Go after the big guys. A major candidate will often act nicey-nice when making appearances with you. Don't bite. Research his positions (a great source: www.vote-smart.org) and fight!

Step 7: Get a blow job from your intern. Wait a minute—that's a typo. Forget we said that.



IMPULSE BUYS

Beak the Clock

A singing bird clock that's sure to drive people cuckoo.

Soon to be gracing the walls of bird fanatics everywhere, here's the National Audubon Society Singing Bird Clock. Marketed by Telebrands, this clock is festooned with pictures of 12 birds instead of numbers, and every hour, on the hour, the clock plays that particular warbler's distinctive song! Enjoy the melodic sounds of the sultry Tufted Titmouse; the randy Great Horned Owl; and the depressed, alcoholic Belted Kingfisher. A merciful light-activated sensor turns off the music at bedtime so you can toss and turn for a few fitful hours before the bird calls crank up again. Included is the National Audubon Society's Singing Bird Clock Key, which has info on what these critters look like and where you can find them (but not what kind of buckshot to use). Order online at www.telebrands.com for \$19.95 plus shipping and handling.

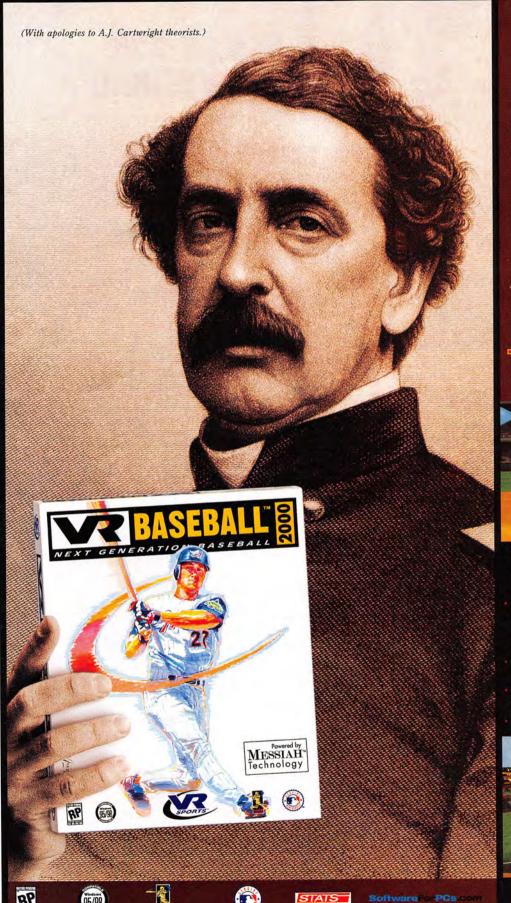
QUICK FIXES

Body Work





According to the police report, Grandma stumbled off the roof and landed on the 26 bullets. You're not so sure. Now, with a call to (800) AUTOPSY, you can find out the truth. Autopsy/Post Services, Inc., founded in 1989 by Vidal Herrera, offers private "postmortem" services such as autopsies and blood and tissue procurement for DNA tests. Costs start at about \$2,000. The company is located in the Los Angeles area, but more than 10 percent of the firm's autopsies are done on bodies from out of state, and Herrera, according to a New York Times interview, is considering offering franchises all over. (He foresees a promising market in crime-ridden Russia.) Just think, that O.J. mess could have been cleared up with one phone call.



THE GAME

UBLEDAY

would have

INVENTED

HAD HE UNDERSTOOD REAL-TIME

deformation and tessellation



Introducing the PC game for baseball purists, the most realistic-looking, most realistic-playing game there is.

- Powered by Shiny Entertainment's Messiah Technology; real-time deformation and tessellation lets you see muscles flex and jerseys stretch.
- Player models created from over 100,000
- All MLB teams and players including the latest rosters, schedules and statistics.
- Track over 7,500 statistics













www.vrsports.com For more information, please call 1-800-INTERPLAY



Kids Read the Darndest Things

The latest "chain E-mail" to cross our laptops is this list, which started as a Washington Post contest of evil titles for kids' books. (Of course, we couldn't resist joining the fun.)

- Daddy Drinks Because You Cry
- Garfield Gets Feline Leukemia
- All Dogs Go to Hell
- Bi-Curious George
- What Is That Dog Doing to That Other Dog?
- Katy Was So Bad, Her Mom Stopped Loving Her
- Some Kittens Can Fly!

Maxim's suggestions:

- It Burns When I Pee, Charlie Brown!
- Why Grandma's Not Moving
- See Dick Stiffen
- The Princess and the Pill
- Don't Stop Feeding the Fish!
- Horton Blows a Who
- Hell: Where Little Kids Go Who Don't Brush Their Teeth
- How the Grinch Knocked Over the 7-Eleven
- Charlie and the Fudge Tunnel
- The Emperor's New Hos



WHO CARES?

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all your nagging, petty, eternal questions.

Q. Why are flamingos pink?

A. Flamingos eat themselves pink. Day after day, they gorge on shrimp and other aquatic goo that contains a pink-orange pigment called carotene. The carotene is taken into their bloodstreams and eventually absorbed by their feathers, turning them the color of Don Johnson's worst suit. "Flamingos actually start out

"Flamingos actually start out white when they're born," says Steve Conners, the general curator of the Miami Metro Zoo.

"After a few months, they turn sort of brownish. Then, after a year, they go through a molt and lose their brown feathers. The new feathers come in pink because of all the carotene they've eaten, and they stay that color for the rest of their lives."

Q. Why is shit brown?

A. Blame it on bile, a digestive juice secreted by the liver into the small intestine. Bile contains bilirubin, a product of red blood-cell breakdown, which has a brownish hue. If it weren't for bilirubin, your shit would actually come out yellow or green...and nobody wants that.

Q. Why are most cameras black?

A. When George Eastman introduced the first "Brownie" camera in 1900, its outside was made of naturally finished wood but its inside was painted flat black to stop light leaks that might fog the film. Ever since then, cameras have been black on the inside to keep light out. And ever since plastic hit the scene, they've been black on the outside, too. This is because most cameras are made out of plastic, explains James Blamphin, company spokes-

"I'd like the trough of fries, please."

man for Fastman Kodak. "The least

man for Eastman Kodak. "The least expensive way to keep the inside of the camera black is to make a mold that is solid black throughout."

Q. Why are the interiors of so many fast-food restaurants orange or red?

A. "The warm colors, especially the oranges and reds, are appetite stimulants," says Leatrice Eiseman, a Seattle-based color psychologist and executive director of the Pantone Color Institute. "They affect the appestat, the portion of the brain that stimulates the appetite and makes us want to eat more." Another reason: Consumer research lets restaurant designers find out what colors customers prefer, and orange and red were especially popular in the late '70s and early '80s, when many of today's fast-food joints were built. Of course, that period was also known for Devo. shag rugs, and mood rings, so maybe it's time to do some rethinking.

Send your question to:

"Ask Anything," c/o Maxim magazine, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018.

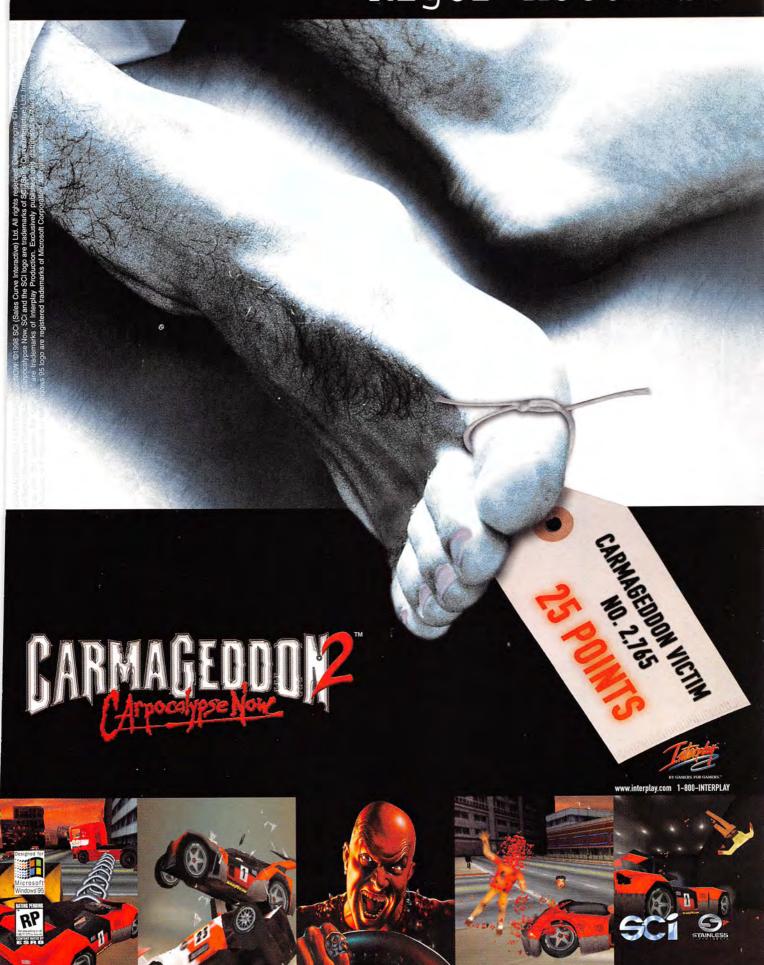


graphs (olockwise from the top left), Robert Fishman; Jim Tuten/Animals Animals; alterman/FPG; Peter Steiner/Stock Market; Illustrations by Rian Hughes.

Keep off your

lawn!

Rigor Motorist







THE CRIMINAL MIND

Are You a Target?

How thieves decide whether or not you'll make their day.

Every two seconds a crime happens in America. *Maxim* talked to cops and security experts to identify which behaviors catch the eye of the criminal element. Avoid these, and you won't be next.

Dumb move Quickly looking down or away from a guy who's giving off bad vibes is dicey, says John Kennish, specialist in security and safety and a member of the International Association of Professional Security Consultants.

Why it's bad Perps prefer to pounce on the sickly and the weak—it just makes life easier, says Kennish. Looking cowed marks you as easy pickin's.

Instead Maintain eye contact, walk assertively, and hold your head up.

Dumb move Getting engrossed in a newspaper or a magazine on your commute—it's asking for trouble, says W. Jon McCormick, a member of the American Society of Law Enforcement Trainers,

who's interviewed cons on their methods.

Why it's bad Someone who's preoccupied is extremely unlikely to be focused on selfpreservation, says McCormick.

Instead Set yourself

up in a "safe" spot (e.g., in the doorway of a business or with your back to a wall). Then, keep tabs on people around you.

Dumb move Arguing with a nut job who spouts gibberish or swears he knows you. Why it's bad Criminals tend to strike in pairs, says "Officer Friendly," formerly with the NYPD (he didn't want to be named). One guy distracts you while his partner lifts your wallet.

Instead Cut it off quickly and walk away purposefully, says Kennish.

Dumb move Stumbling up to an ATM for cab fare after a night of boozing. Why it's bad Nobody walks out of an ATM without a couple of crisp twenties,

says Friendly. Thieves love to know you're loaded—in every sense of the word. Instead Keep an emergency \$20 bill tucked away in your wallet to avoid this. If you do have to drink it (shit happens), bring a bud to watch the bank's door.

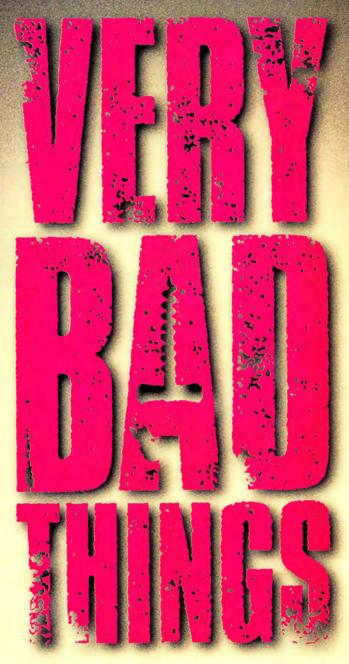
Dumb move Getting out of your car in a secluded area to inspect damage after a fender bender.

Why it's bad According to Officer Friendly, it makes an easy carjacking setup.

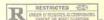
Instead Don't feel compelled to confront the other driver. Friendly advises: If you're the one tapped, and things look suspicious, just drive off.

CHRISTIAN SLATER

CAMERON DIAZ















EASY MONEY

mazing, but False!

Mythical studies to help you scam money from your friends.

The following study is 100 percent bullshit—just a twisted fabrication from the "minds" at Maxim. But that doesn't mean it's not useful. If you clip this nugget and tuck it in your wallet, you can use its counterintuitive "results" to win loads of cash down at your local watering hole. You make an outrageous claim, take the bets, whip out the proof, and collect your scratch. Don't say we never gave you nothin'. (Important tip: Lose this intro. Einstein.)

Amazing, but True!

The world is a bizarre and amazing place, isn't it? And nothing proves that more than the strange but true facts gathered by our team of researchers. This month:

Women have twice as many sexual thoughts per day as men do, says a recent National Council of Psychiatrists study. The NCP report states that while men have sexual thoughts and fantasies approximately once every 18 seconds, on average, a woman has such thoughts every eight to 10 seconds. NCP researchers painstakingly monitored the thoughts and behavior of more than 2,000 men and women across the nation to reach these conclusions.

Circus Maximus contributors:

osie Amodio, Paul Bibeau, Michelle Bowers, Mason Brown, Jennifer Calonita, Dan Cassidy, Tim Clark, Charles Coxe, Greg Emmanuel, Greg Ferro, Molly Ginty, Mike Hammer, Rob Hill, Jordan Matus, Nancy Miller, Tom Moran, Laura Morgan, Jeff Ousborne, Alix Strauss, John Tessitore

POLITRICKS

Red Heads

baldness.

Want to know who'll succeed liquorhead of state Yeltsin? Check out Mother Russia's pattern

Now that ruble trouble has all but driven lovable. pickled Boris Yeltsin from office, who's next in line for the Russkie throne?

Pundits and knowledgeable Kremlinologists of all political stripes subscribe to what's becoming known as the Bald-Hairy-Bald

Theory of Russian Power Succession. (Check out the alternating hairlines in the successive Comrade Bigs pictured at left-temps like Yuri Andropov not included.) "I fully subscribe to the theory," says Ariel Cohen, senior policy analyst in Russian and Eurasian studies for the Heritage

Foundation in D.C. "It's as good as any. [Since Boris is

hairy] the trick is to pick the next leader from the variety of bald Russians." So who's up for

Yeltsin's job when the

boozy old bear staggers

out of office at last? The

dollars, by the way-is on

Luzhkov. "Alexander Lebed has plenty of charisma," says Joan Urban, professor of politics at Catholic

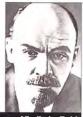
University of America in

Washington, D.C., "but I

don't think he can compete with Luzhkov's bald head."

smart money-that's in

the shiny-pated Yuri





Joseph: Hairy





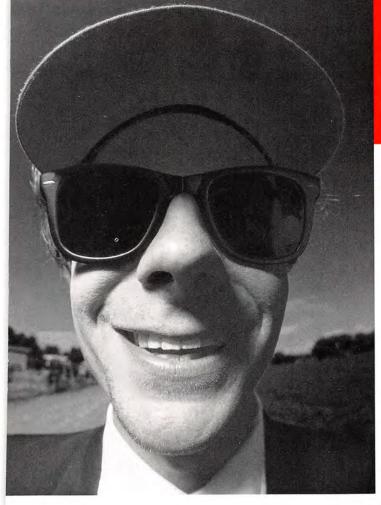


more sense than their economy!

Next Month: The Mustachioed-Mustachioed-Mustachioed Theory of Iraqi Succession

Photos; East News/Sipa Press; AP Photo; T. Boccon Steve Finn/Alpha Globe Photos; AP Photo; AP Photo/E.J. Flynn; Illustration, Rian Hughes

Stay totally



wired

without that nervous, ittery feeling.



Sign up for Net surfing like you've been waiting for-with no worries about getting on or staying on.*

Relax. One click and you're on the powerful AT&T network, ready to email, chat,

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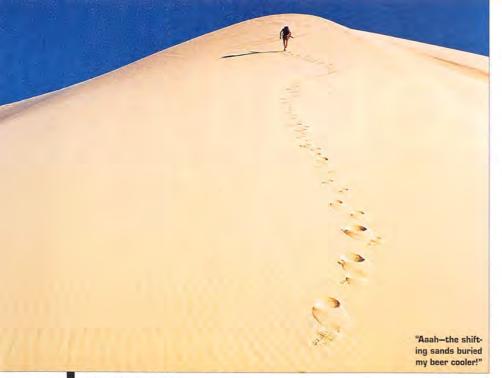
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I 800 WORLDNET



ON THE ROAD

The World's Most Remote Places

When you absolutely, positively have to get lost for a while, here are civilization's most out-of-the-way hiding spots.

You never know when circumstances might force you to get the hell out of Dodge. Luckily there are still a handful of places you can go where the outside world won't find you for a long, long time.

Tristan da Cunha

Where: Island in the South Atlantic, 1,315 miles from the nearest inhabited land.

Your fellow exiles: Originally stumbled upon by British troops, T da C was abandoned in 1817 except for one corporal, his wife, and a couple of British Navy types. The colony ultimately ballooned to today's teeming throng of 280.

Local pastimes: Tristanians have one bar, two churches, a nine-hole golf course, and one full-time cop who mans a jail that's been empty for eight years. Until recently, Tristan's official currency wasget this—the potato.

How to get there: Once a year, the Royal Mail Ship Saint Helena takes visitors from Cape Town, South Africa. The next trip leaves January 17, so start packing.



Pitcairn Island Where: In the middle of the Pacific, just south of the Tropic of Capricorn. **Your fellow exiles:** Descendants of the famous *Bounty* mutineers, nine of whom took refuge here in 1790.

Local pastimes: Making woodcarvings, watching amateur porn, avoiding the temptation to start picking off fellow islanders with a sniper rifle.

How to get there: Take a boat from Tahiti, approximately 1,200 miles away. But since there's no harbor, only a ring of rugged cliffs, you'll have to transfer to a rubber dinghy, then climb.

Inner Dolpo

Where: A remote valley in northwestern Nepal separated from the rest of the world by the Himalayas.

Your fellow exiles: Tibetans in grim, spare villages where customs and culture have remained boring for centuries.

Local pastimes: Herding, pounding mustard seed into oil, counting how many toes you have left. Each village has a *gompa*, a monastery/temple, where you can hang with monks.

How to get there: A series of planes from New Delhi will get you to the nearest town, Jomsom, and then it's time to strap those tennis rackets to your shoes and hike for 10 days or so. Wear moisture-wicking underwear.

THE BIG HOUSE

Kickin' Penalties

Creative judges are doling out sometimes cruel, always unusual punishments.

Now that we seem to have more dangerous, violent criminals than our nation's jails can hold, some jerk-offs are being assigned entertaining punishments on the outside.

Minnesota: In August, Roger Bendickson, 18, was convicted of vandalizing a veterans' memorial park. The judge sentenced him to watch *Saving Private Ryan*.

Massachusetts: Upright (ahem) Boston citizens caught picking up streetwalkers were sentenced to clean the streets.

Illinois: Convicted of bashing a neighbor's face with a fuel pump, a 62-year-old farmer had to post this on his property: A VIOLENT FELON LIVES HERE. TRAVEL AT YOUR OWN RISK.

California: A purse snatcher was forced to wear tap shoes so potential victims could hear him coming.

Tennessee: A man who doused his wife with lighter fluid was forced to deliver a sermon to his congregation about controlling one's temper.

Minnesota: Two teenagers charged with larceny were forced to prepare a picnic for their victim and his entire 'hood.

Texas: A man who kidnapped his kids during a custody fight had to shovel horse shit at a police station every month for six years.

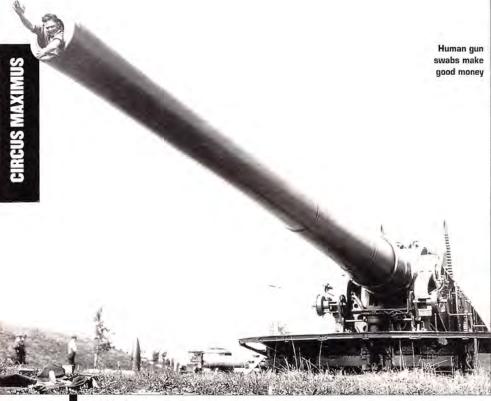






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HOW TO

Get Fired

You don't love your job anymore—you're just going through the motions. Here's how to make a clean break and still get benefits.

You and your job had a great thing going for a while, but now it's just work. You want freedom-the freedom that comes from sitting on your couch, collecting unemployment checks. And that means getting fired. The catch: According to federal and state guidelines, getting fired for misconduct almost always makes you ineligible for unemployment insurance. Here's how to break up with your boss and make him think it was his idea.

Become a complainer. Whenever you're hanging out with coworkers, especially if they include some sniveling geek who'll rat you out to the big cheese, start griping. The idea's to get pegged as someone with a communicable "attitude problem" so the boss'll be in the mood to get rid of you as quickly and smoothly as possible. "If the reason for your dismissal is not proven misconduct," says a New York City unemployment officer, "I don't see why you would be denied unemployment benefits."

Get ugly. If it's not against stated company policy, let your appearance

go, start a goatee, develop nervous habits that make people uncomfortable, talk incessantly about your relationship with God or, better yet, with Satan. "People get fired for all kinds of reasons," says an

unemployment caseworker from St. Louis. "Sometimes the boss doesn't like your looks or the smell of your breath."

Start screwing up in subtle ways.

Miss deadlines, lose memos, forget to file reports. Be careful: You don't want to violate company policy or give the boss any reason to invoke the benefits-scotching "misconduct" clause. You just want him to know your heart's not in the job anymore.

Apologize, but don't improve. When he warns you and warns you and warns you-when he has conferences with the personnel director and tallies up your responsibilities for easy reference-act humble and contrite. And then fuck it up again. You want him to think you're trying but it's hopeless. This is the hardest part: You have to act like you're sorry, then go out and do it again, until he gets the idea.

Get fired gracefully. When the big guy finally takes you into the office for that last big meeting, resist the urge to hop up from your seat and laugh, "I fooled you, you bastard!" Instead, pretend you're sorry but you understand why he has to let you go. If you can make your eyes go a little watery, do it. Shake hands, ask for a referral while you "get back on your feet," and casually mention unemployment benefits. Then go home, pop open a beer, and turn on Springer. You're home free, dude!

POP QUIZ

Misery Loves Country

Can you spot the fake C&W song title among these here divorcin', pickup-crashin', job-losin' real thangs?

Country music's peculiar genius is that it boils complex emotions (grief, malaise, the shame of fathering pig-ugly offspring) down into corny, unfunny jokes, e.g., "Sleeping Single (in a Double Bed)." With help from Mike Harden, who's been compiling country song titles for The Columbus Dispatch for years, here's the Maxim quiz: All but one of the song-singer combos below are real; one is a made-up title paired with the name of a serial killer. Find the diamond in the goat's ass. Answer, below right.

"I'm So Miserable (Without You, It's Like You Never Left)"-Billy Ray Cyrus

"(I've Been) Flushed from the Bathroom of Your Heart"-Johnny Cash

"Get Your Biscuits in the Oven and Your Buns in the Bed"-Kinky Friedman

"Your Coffee's on the Table but Your Sugar's Out the Door"-M.C. Potts

"I Bought the Shoes That Just Walked Out on Me"-Stoney Edwards

"I Wish My Beer Was As Cold As Your Heart"-Henry Lee Lucas

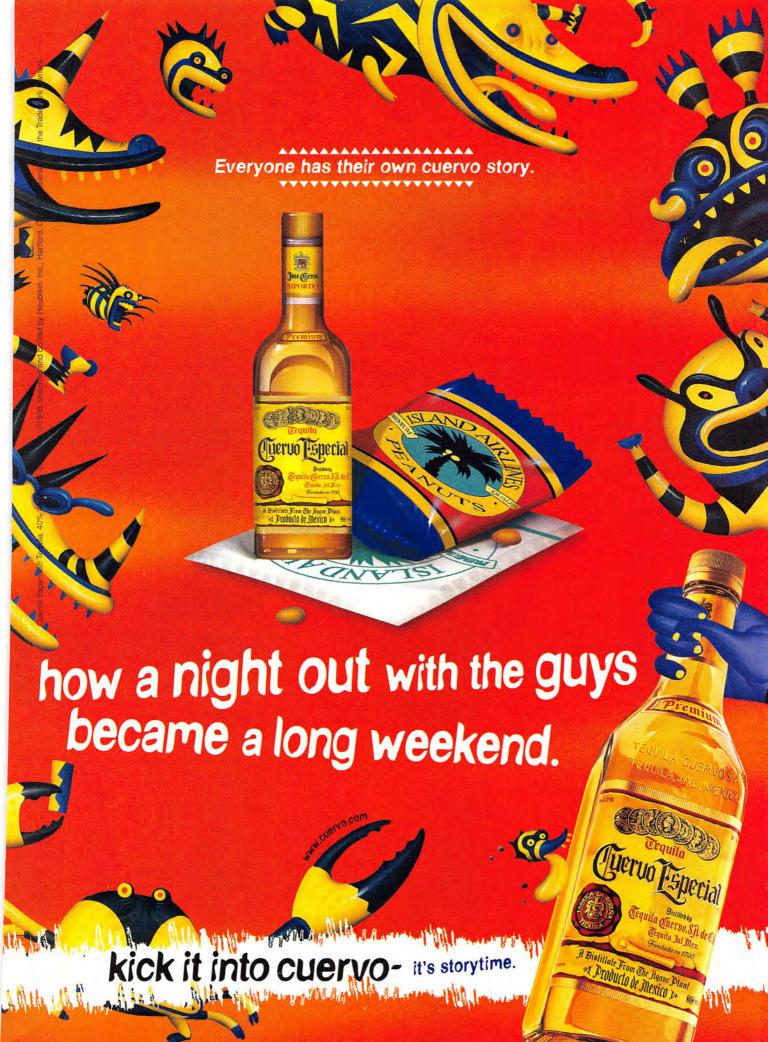
"The Last Word in Lonesome Is Me" -Eddy Arnold

"Let Me Love You Where It Hurts" -Jim Ed Brown

"We Used to Kiss Each Other on the Lips (but It's All Over Now)"-Ann J. Morton

"Walk Out Backwards (Slowly So I Think You're Walking In)"-Bill Anderson





Great New Products



Is your home secure? Children cared for? Hidden camera radio lets you watch - and record - even in the dark.

What goes on when you're not there? Is a thief at work? Is your babysitter taking proper care of your kids? Loose cash "walking away"? Now see for yourself, 24 hours a day. Handsome full-function Magnavox alarm clock/radio (with AM/FM and weatherband) has a secret. Inside is an undetectable auto-focus micro-camera! So sensitive it sees clearly in semi-darkness, records all the action in any room. Definition is amazing, equal to systems costing three times the price.

Definition is amazing, equal to systems costing three times the price.

Set it up in minutes. Connects to TV for direct viewing, or your VCR to record any chosen time periods. The most effective security tool yet, nails them red-handed. Camera functions – silently, invisibly – with radio on or off. Comes with all connecting cables, battery, 12V and AC adapters. Also great for stock rooms, stores, day-care or nursing homes.

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- Wireless Full-Color Guardian Eye, same as above, but transmits to TV or VCR in living color. #HC-CL \$499.95



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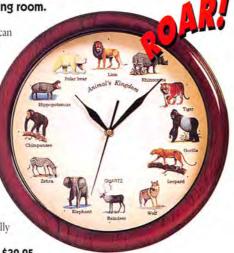


Capture intruders

Wild animals roar into your living room. Every hour on the hour.

It's certainly not everyone who can tell a friend that a snarling leopard gave you the time of day. If they don't believe you, just have them over! Beautiful woodgrain Wild Animal Clock sets free hooting gorillas, bellowing elephants, lions, tigers, bears (oh, my!) and howling wolves, too. Each sounding so real you'll buy a whip and a chair next. You'll know the hour without even looking. Chimps whooping it up? Must be nine o'clock. Guests are thrilled! You will be, too. Measures 13.5" across, glasscovered, runs on three AA batteries, not included. Photocell automatically puts the critters to sleep for the night.





Micro-recorder is built right into handset. Records up to 3 hours. Could save you a fortune – or a lawsuit.

"Boy, I wish I had that on tape." How many times we've wished it! The solution is now miniaturized right into a standard telephone handset. Just click out your present handset, and replace it with the Record-A-Call. You get crystal-clear recording, even on multiple lines. With no extra gear. Record shaky deals, critical instructions, promises from your broker, advice from doctors, or just the voices of far-off loved ones. Plus, unlike digital recorders, you can take the micro-tape with you. Records up to 3 hours on a single microcassette, without annoying beeps. Hooks to most any phone. Takes 2 AA batteries, included.

Record-A-Call Deluxe Handset, #71201 \$79.95

Surreptitious third-party interception of phone conversations is illegal. Check your state guidelines on recording your own two-party conversations.

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Machine Watch III, #0340-M \$39.95

binoculars break through optical size barrier. Now in big 10x power. Never before have the best BAK-4 lanthanum prisms (used

Brilliant new

in \$600 Zeiss units) been incorporated into such a compact binocular. Slip them from your pocket or the included case. Crystal-clear 10 x 25 power instantly brings far-off details startlingly close. And unlike ordinary SportTechs have 15-layer genuine ruby-coated lenses. IR haze and UV glare are nullified, with zero eye fatigue. Most incredibly, they measure just 3" x 3" x 1.4"! Rubber finish armors against dust, moisture, shock, or abuse. Enjoy vivid front-row scenes anywhere, and leave your clunky oldfashioned binoculars at home.

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Who can you trust? Who is telling the truth? Try this on them.

Car dealer honest about your repair bill? Babysitter trustworthy? Truth seekers throughout the years have developed many methods to gauge a person's guilt or innocence. In the 1970s, the military sponsored research to develop covert lie detection, using voice and psychological stress analysis. Now Daka Research has incorporated these theories into the new Truth Machine™. As someone speaks, check out the bank of glowing LED barlights. The degree of detected tension runs from green (low) to yellow (medium) to red (high). Although no machine can absolutely tell truth from fiction, this astonishing marvel is fascinating to watch as you engage in conversations. (Great at a party - you'll be surprised at the confessions you'll hear just having the Truth Machine there!) Even test it on phone conversations, recorded voices, or newscasters and politicians on TV or the radio! Takes one 9V battery, not included. Built-in mic and phone connector. Adjusts for sensitivity. Measures just 6" x 5" x 1", so you can test for lies anywhere!

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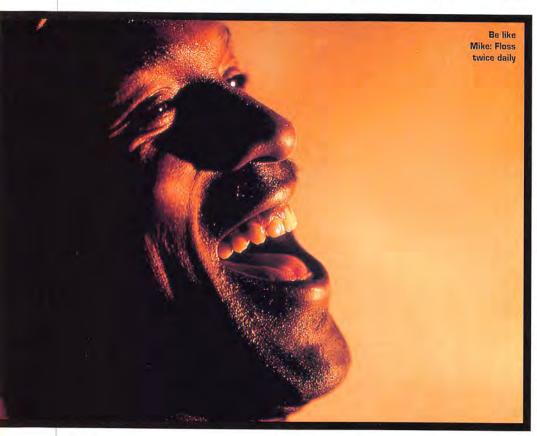




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Michael Jordan Says Whatever the Hell He Wants

He's won six championships, led the league in scoring for 10 years, and earned hundreds of millions of dollars. But can Michael stand up to a grueling *Maxim* interview? **By Tom Zenner**



here comes a time in the life of every millionaire superstar icon when he feels like spouting off. For MI, that time is now. Let's be brutally honest: Over the last 12 years, His Airness has been pretty well muzzled—by corporate sponsors, the NBA, and his own good sense. Fortunately, that's all changed. Now that he's accomplished absolutely everything and stands firmly on the brink of retirement, Michael couldn't give a rat's ass what anyone thinks. Why not answer a few outrageous questions? Why not tell it like it is?

MAXIM: Let's start with a tough question. For years you've said you wear your North Carolina

"If you print that, every cop will want to give me a ticket!" practice shorts every single day. C'mon, Michael, how's that possible? They'd be worn out!

MICHAEL JORDAN: I get asked that question a lot...but usually by little kids. I don't have one pair. I have at least 50 pairs. And I do wear them every day. [Showing his flair for the dramatic, Michael lifts his shorts to reveal North Carolina practice shorts.] Whenever I run out of them, they send me more.

M: We know you like to drive fast. Is there a cop in the city of Chicago with the balls to give you a speeding ticket?

MJ: If you print

that, every cop will want to give me a ticket! My kids ask me, "Ever get a ticket?" I say no. Then they ask, "Ever get stopped?" I say yeah. Then they want to know, "What do you do when you get stopped?" I tell my kids that I give the officer my autograph and he lets me go. [Breaks into laughter]

M: That works every time?

MJ: Get out of here. I've done it a couple of times. I never lie to the cops. I just tell them the truth. They say, "You were doing 85." And I say, "Sorry, Officer. It was a late game, and I just want to get home and go to bed."

M: You're probably the most recognized man in the entire world. Ever wear a disguise when you go out in public so you can get a little privacy?

MJ: No, you have the wrong MJ. That's Michael Jackson, not Michael Jordan. The closest I come is wearing a hat and putting on some shades. But my head's shaved, and that kills me: Now everyone recognizes the shape of my head from the picture on my cologne.

M: I'm glad you brought up the cologne. It's one of the fastest-selling colognes ever—but do you wear it?

MJ: Not every day.

M: Do you like it?

MJ: Ask the women if they like it.
[Someone interrupts the interview to ask Michael if he wants a drink. He requests Gatorade. Lemon-lime!]

M: So Michael, let's talk about the players just starting out in the league. Why don't more of the young guys try to learn from you? ▷

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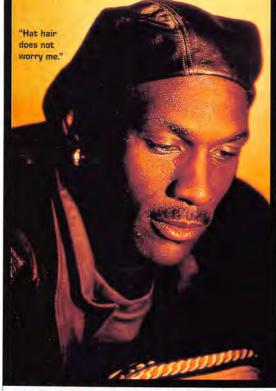
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NFL Quarterback Club '99
NHL '99
Waialae Country Club True Golf Classics
F-1 Pole Position 64

WWF Warzone
NHL Breakaway '99
FIFA '99
WCW/NWO Revenge
F-1 World Grand Prix



All Star Baseball '99
NFL Quarterback Club '98
NHL Breakaway '98
FIFA Soccer 64
FIFA: Road to World Cup '98
Madden 64
Wayne Gretzky's 3-D Hockey '98
World Cup '98
Mike Piazza's Strikezone
International Superstar Soccer 64
Nagano Winter Olympics '98
WCW vs. NWO: World Tour
Tennis Tour
Olympic Hockey '98





MJ: 'Cause most of the young kids are assholes. And that's because of y'all. The more media coverage the kids get, the more money they get, and that's when they become assholes. They won't let coaches tell them how to improve. I didn't get my stripes until late. Nobody expected me to be anything, and that was great for me. A player who stays in college for four years is the player who's going to be good.

The problem is that a lot of the young kids look at my success too much, and they think they can take shortcuts to get it. For example, the North Carolina kids came

[to Jordan's basketball camp outside of Chicago], and they were the worst I ever had. I'm not fucking kidding. They wanted my car to go downtown and go *shopping*. They didn't want to do any work. They thought that since I was a North Carolina guy, I'd give them a free ride. They're all cosmetics: They work when they have to, but when they don't have to, they take a shortcut.

M: Any young player you have your eve on?

MJ: My best pro-to-be? Mike Bibby [drafted by Vancouver]. I love him. Man, I love that kid. I love him because he's quiet and works hard. You never really notice him until the game is over...and then you see who the real leader was. And all the endorsements don't faze him. He's the modern-day Maurice Cheeks with a jump shot.

M: Now that it appears you've played your final pro basketball game, there are bound to be movies based on your incredible life. Is there an actor you'd like to see play you? You know, Dennis Rodman was pretty good in that Van Damme movie.

MJ: First of all, there *is* a movie coming out about me next year, but I don't endorse it. It's unauthorized. I'm too young to have a movie about me. I'm only fucking 35 years old.

M: Michael, you're dodging the question. Who would you like to have play you?

MJ: Someone who knows how to play basketball. Damon Wayans would be good. He comes to my adult camp in Vegas.

M: I didn't know Damon Wayans was a player.

MJ: He could beat you. Do you have a game?

M: I happen to have a very effective jump shot. Some people might even call it devastating.

MJ: You have to do more than shoot. You have to *move*. All white guys can shoot, but you start moving and that's where you get into trouble. Just ask Steve Kerr.

MICHAEL VS. THE WORLD

Sure, he's the best

hoops player in the

history of the game, but how does Jordan stack up against the kings			13	Jø.
of other team sports?	Michael Wo Jordan	Wayne Gretzky	Joe Montana	Babe W Ruth
Number of championship rings	6	4	4	7 Winner
Scoring	Led league for 10 seasons (points per game)	Led league for 5 seasons (goals)	Led league for 2 seasons (TD passes)	Led league for 12 seasons (home runs) Winner
Best team winning percentage	.878 (72-10, 1995-96 Bulls)	.744 (57-18-5, 1983-84 Oilers)	.938 (15–1, 1984 49ers) Winner	.714 (110-44, 1927 Yankees)
All-star teams	11	14 Winner	7	3
Hmmmm: Not looking so good for take all the facts into consideration	His Airness. Gu	uess we need	to dig a little	deeper and
Career free throw percentage	83.8% Winner	0.0%	0.0%	0.0%
Slam dunk competition titles	2 Winner	0	0	0
Highest per-year salary	\$36M Winner	\$7M	\$4M	\$80,000 (about (\$760,000 in 1998 dollars)
Highest per-year endorsement earnings	\$47M Winner	\$8.75M	\$6M	\$500,000 over his career
Annogramon in a			4	2

Winner

Appearances in a Michael Jackson video











WELCOME TO CIVILIZATION

M: You've got the most famous tongue in the history of sports. Every time you soar to the rim, you stick your tongue way out of your mouth.

MJ: Yeah. So? M: Ever bite it?

MJ: These are insane questions! Yeah, I've done it a couple times. But only when I'm chewing gum. [Editor's note: Gum is the only known substance on the planet that Michael Jordan does not endorse. Coincidence?]

M: When you retire, are you going to miss being asked annoying questions by the media?

MJ: You guys aren't going to miss me. You all will have enough to write about without me.

M: Still, some players have a hard time giving up the limelight.

MJ: Who?

M: Magic Johnson. Ozzie Smith.

MJ: That's because they didn't leave on their own terms.

M: If you retire, will you go to Bulls games?

MJ: I didn't go much when I retired the other time. I went twice. I never will watch, not until my sons play for the Bulls...and they're not gonna play for the Bulls until Jerry Krause is gone.

M: So, if you're not going to watch games, what are you going to do...other than hack up the golf course?

MJ: Motorcycles. I'm gonna get a new one. [A BMW dealership] recently gave me a cream one with

black trim, just like the one in the James Bond

movie. I've been riding all day. If I didn't have my boys with me, I'd have ridden it here. I even had my

wife on it. At first she swore she another Bulls game wouldn't get on, but I was driving her around our driveway. Still, she won't let me take her outside the gate. Motorcycles—the only way to fly.

"I won't watch

until Jerry

Krause

is gone."

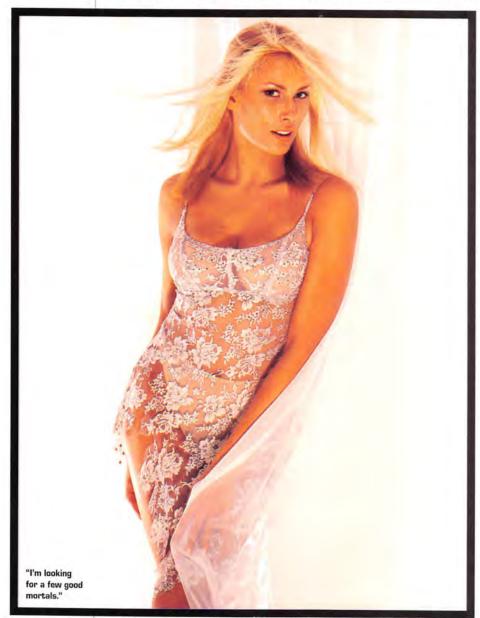
M: Michael, as you know, Maxim usually puts a beautiful girl on its cover. Would you like me to try to get you on the cover? Should I push my editors? Would that mean a lot to you?

MJ: Nah. I don't need another cover. Been on enough covers. M



How to Date a Goddess

Is the phrase "Find a *nice* girl" starting to sound less like your mother's nagging and more like a damn good idea? You and a million other guys, pal. To land a quality woman, you've got to be a stand-out man. **By Nancy Miller**



our swinging-single stories are the envy of your ball-and-chained pals, but one by one, your fellow bachelors are defecting and joining the ranks of the willingly settled down. And last Saturday morning, when you tripped over your pants trying to sneak out of yet another one-night-wonder-woman's apartment,

you asked yourself if the thrill of the kill hadn't gotten a little old. For the first time in your life, quality is beginning to look sexier than quantity.

The flip side of snagging a quality woman, however, is the reality that she's looking for a quality man. And if you're still busting your frat-boy rap, you are just another annoying buzzing sound in the swarm of drones trying to get into the hive. To score the worthiest of women, you've got to break out of the pack, which is not as difficult as it sounds. Here's my in-like-Flynn guide to modern courtship.

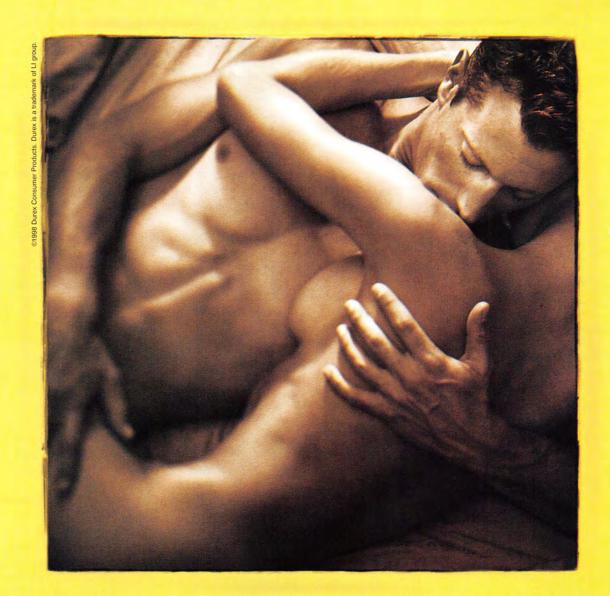
Tell her when you'll call.

Then set your alarm. This one is so easy, so obvious, and quite often overlooked. When you were 22, if you called a girl at two in the morning two weeks after you met her, you had a 50-50 chance she wouldn't hold it against you. Well, no more. Today's pickier woman is looking for followthrough on even mini-commitments-it indicates you'll likely be solid and reliable when the big tests come. If you get her digits on Saturday, cut out the weird waiting game and tell her you'll call on Tuesday at seven. Then do it. "Every woman I've dated in the last three years has told me they love the fact that I call when I say I'm going to call," says Jeff, 30. "It's just one of those little things that puts me wa-a-a-a-y ahead of the other guys."

ldiot-proof your master plan.

When a woman agrees to go out with you, the last thing she wants to do is play cruise director. "I'm impressed with a guy who takes the time to make a plan. It shows he thinks I'm worth a bit of research, that he knows the difference between generic and cool, and that he's a can-do kind of man," says Celia, 28. To start, find two restaurants you're familiar with that offer something specific you can tell her about. Say something like, "I know this great Italian place where they make the

fographs, Gary Gross; hair, Trevor Bowden; makeup, Elizabeth Drabinski, both for Elizabeth Watson Inc.; dress by Belsy Johnson.



During lovemaking, sexual stimuli

travel to the brain at 170 miles per hour.

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most amazing handmade gnocchi." What's gnocchi? Who cares? She'll be impressed you're taking her some place where she doesn't have to order by number. If she doesn't dig Italian, well, hey, you know this awesome Thai place with a perfect river view. You'll come off as a man who knows how to get the most out of life.

Stop being so damned cool.

Any guy who seems underwhelmed on a first date comes off like a guy who'll waste his life being bitchy and bored. Besides, you and I both know you were so excited when she gave you her number, you almost licked her face like a six-week old puppy. So proffer up some genuine pep. On the phone, tell her you're looking forward to seeing her. When she opens the door, give her a "Wow. You look great." Later, openly appreciate things other than her black leather pants. Comment on what a beautiful night it is or how great the food tastes. You'll boost the mood of the date, which reflects well on you.

Bone up on Miss Manners.

Even my most die-hard feminist womyn friends click their combat boots with joy when a man shows them the solid respect that good manners bring. A sense of politesse assures a woman that at some point in your life, somebody cared enough about you to teach you how to use a fork and knife instead of locking you in a closet with a plate of raw meat and a television as your only source of light. So open doors, let her order first, pour her wine when her glass is empty, and don't talk with your mouth full. In other words, brush up on the manners you were raised with and show them off. "I once went to a small dinner party," recalls Caitlin, 32, "and when I walked into a living room full of people, one man stood up to greet me. I didn't think, What a patronizing jerk. I thought, Wow, how charming. The man literally stood out."

Pick up the check.

Then pick it up again. Maybe she can pay her own rent and buy her own car, but it's the gesture of your breaking out the bills that she is judging you by—not the free grub. "When a guy pays for me, it's his way of showing he's financially stable and not stingy," says Angela, 27. And splurge with dignity. When the check comes, don't let it lie there as if somebody had dropped a severed limb on the table. Pick it up, glance at the amount (refrain from letting

your eyes bug), and lay your credit card down. If she offers to pay, say, "No. It's my pleasure. I insist." After dinner, Daddy Warbucks, you can let her buy you an extra-dry martini.

Be thoughtful: A \$2 treat beats two dozen roses.

Flowers are for brides, moms, and sick people. As a date momento, however, they're sadly forgettable. Customize your minigifts. "I'll remember something a woman told me she liked in a previous conversation, and I'll bring it to her," says Jason, 31. "One girl mentioned she loved to play those scratch-off lottery games. So the next time I went out with her, I brought her two. It cost me two dollars, and it was so friggin' easy. But she thought it was the greatest thing." Why? Because these personalized presents show that you're not only thoughtful, you pay attention.

Don't swing for the fences on the first date.

I'm talking sex, knucklehead. Somewhere between a handshake and humping her leg is a way of leaving the evening with her wanting more—not less—of you. If you can hold back the impulse to throw her over your shoulder and King Kong your way up the stairs, trust me, you will be gratified sooner than later. "I would love it if a guy kissed me on the cheek on our first date," says Jenna, 27. "It would be so refreshing, a huge turn-on." So, under the 250-watt interrogation bulb on her front porch, pull back the reins, lean in with your hands on her shoulders, and plant a nice smack on her cheek. Even if you could swear she was tearing your clothes off with with her eyes, let her decide if you guys should make out on her couch for three hours. Trust me, this G-rated good night will guarantee an R-rated future. And quite possibly, an X-rated happily-ever-after. M

MY LIFE AS A FORMER DOG

I used to treat women like McDonald's: Get it, gobble it, and forget about it. Then I got wise. By James Heidenry, managing editor, Maxim



Back in the day, I spent most of my time drinking beer and getting laid. That is, I spent most of my time drinking beer and trying to get laid. Every weekend, my friends and I went from bar to bar, getting drunk and hoping to score, after five minutes of conversation, with some girl with huge guns. I used to love hearing myself sweet-talk some girl into ignoring her better judgment and going home with me. My success rate was about 1 in 10. But any sex was better than no sex, right? I thought it was cool. My friends thought it was cool. At the time, I loved that lifestyle and never wanted it to end... but it did.

I had just turned 26. One summer night at an outdoor bar, I looked around and realized that everybody around me was a loser, including me. Every guy was a dick and every girl had big fucking hair. I was tired of being asked my astrological sign, pretending to be interested in women who had nothing to say, and worst of all, listening to myself peddle my same old bullshit to whatever woman would listen. I began to question what kind of person I was and what I wanted out of a woman. I realized I wanted to be with a woman whose brain turned me on as much as her body.

After that night, I was more selective. Instead of hitting on every female in the room, I would approach the one I actually liked. I went home alone a lot and sometimes that really sucked—but it's better than wishing my bed had an ejector button the next morning.

So now I'm dating a nice girl. I spend most of my time (and money) making her happy, which I'm perfectly happy to do. Technically, I'm whipped, as my friends are more than willing to point out to me all the freakin' time. But, hey, you know how that goes.



Peckers of Death

There's a reason we fry chickens: They're natural-born killers. **David Hatchman** puts you in a feather-side seat at a Dominican cockfight.

found out about the cockfights on day four of my week-long getaway at Sosua, in the Dominican Republic. I was off the island on a booze cruise with fellow tourists when Yana, a sunny blonde student from Finland, invited me to see the bloodsport with her and her boyfriend. The whole three's-a-crowd thing aside, I agreed in a heartbeat, and in a silky voice, she delivered the details.

Cockfights occur twice weekly and aren't promoted, so few tourists know about them. The semi-secret arena was a stone's throw from my hotel. The fight was in two days, so I had 48 hours to figure out how much to bribe the captain to bust an oar over her boyfriend's head, tie our remaining bait around his waist, and roll him overboard. According to my calculations, I'd need about 600 pesos—roughly 58 bucks U.S.

It also gave me two days to think over the morality of what I was about to witness. I mean, this was a cockfight. Two roosters battling in a frenzied, bloodsoaked whirlwind of feathers, squawking in pain and triumph, for the amusement of a small crowd of bettors. Is it unforgivably barbaric to shout yourself silly as you cheer dueling chickens in their fight to the death? Only one way to find out.

Talon Scout

The venue wasn't a bright red barn, as I'd absurdly expected, but a modest, two-level, octagonal wooden structure...the Globe Theatre on a grade-school dramaclub budget. Directly outside, at a pair of barbecue grills, you could purchase the losers of recent bouts, roasted up for your snacking pleasure. The smoke from the fallen warriors' sizzling flesh wafted lazily into the arena, no doubt providing added incentive to the feathered fighters. I was told the meat in question is surprisingly good, having been thoroughly tenderized by the beak and claws of the victor. Still, I declined to sample the goods, mostly because the smell of chicken shit (here not a taunt. but cold, nauseating reality) had already killed my appetite.

At the gate, four excited young ball cap-wearing Dominicans waltzed through for free, but I got stopped by the gatekeeper. Touristy-looking guys like me had to pay: \$6.50 for standing room in the balcony, \$10 for a spot on one of six or seven lower levels of grimy wooden benches

surrounding the pit. I glanced up into the cheap seats and saw my lovely Yana and her doofus friend, making my decision all too easy.

The crowd was small, 150 to 200 locals and 15 or so tourists, and the atmosphere reminded me of the Russian-roulette sequence in *The Deer Hunter*.

Except for all the chickens, of course. Yana greeted me enthusiastically; her boyfriend was less demonstrative. A helpful teenage Dominican gambler named Milton gave us the

lowdown, and Yana the linguist translated for us while the first cocks were brought to the ring for prefight inspection.

Through Yana, Milton informed us that we could bet on either Red Bird or White Bird, so designated because of the colored leg bands that were part of their natural markings. The fight card was crowded—dozens upon dozens of bloody bouts that would last all afternoon. Milton, our new friend, placed a two-dollar bet on White Bird, so now we had a chicken to root for.

And with that, the first fight began.

Fight One: A Peck of Trouble

Toting their chickens by the underbellies, and with small scythes of mysterious purpose dangling from their belts, the bird handlers strode toward the center of the ring, where they thrust ▷



The losers are roasted up for your snacking pleasure.



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the birds at each other three times without releasing them; the restrained chickens squawked and wildly batted their wings, dying for a chance to peck each other's eyes out. This baiting process took about 30 seconds and pissed off the combatants suitably for a fight to the death.

And then they let them go.

The flying of feathers! The spraying of blood!

Holy shit! I was horrified at the speed and ferocity of the attack, the flying of feathers, the spraying of blood. The crowd began shouting at the top of its collective lungs, and many people pumped their arms as if coaching "their" birds from afar.

The fight was over in less than two minutes, before my retinas

could relay to my brain exactly what I was witnessing, ending with White Bird not quite as alive as it used to be. I wondered how those petite beaks could possibly create a flow of blood reminiscent of *Evil Dead II*. Soon enough, I discovered that the handlers tie sharpened metal spurs to the chickens' legs, bumping up the brutality of the proceedings to dizzying heights.

Yana showed no girlie squeamishness and seemed as enthralled by the spectacle as I was. I even noticed her licking her lips a couple of times...real freaky shit. I was watching Milton glumly pay up when she tapped me on the shoulder and pointed back to ringside, where White Bird's handler was dragging his loser to a chopping block I hadn't noticed before. As I watched, he removed the scythe from his belt and deftly separated the bird's noggin from its neck.

WHEN ANIMALS ATTACK...EACH OTHER!

You call this civilization? It's often illegal, and always cruel, but around the world, heartless handlers incite animals of all kinds to attack one another in battles to the death. By Josh Dean



Dog Fights

Pit bulls were bred specifically for blood sport by 19th-century English coal miners, and they're still duking it out

today in 16-foot-square pits that dot lowincome areas all over the world, including south central L.A. and parts of the Bronx. Cheered on by pulsating, liquor-soaked crowds, the doggies tear at one another's eyes, ears, tails, and nuts in a blood-soaked frenzy for up to two hours...not unlike a session of marriage counseling. Why so violent? During training, breeders command dogs to hang by their teeth from ropes to strengthen their jaws, feed them gunpowder to amplify their aggressiveness, and toss them kittens and other small animals to feed their killer instinct. The result: dogs that work themselves into such a berserk fury that they'll continue to fight after both front legs are broken.



Bearbaiting

Bearbaiting is quite common and virtually unpoliced (though technically illegal) in rural Pakistan and elsewhere. In a small enclosure surrounded by grinning

schoolkids, pairs of dogs (pit bulls or bull terriers crossed with a local Kohati breed) battle a 250-pound Asiatic black bear who's been restrained by a rope or chain. The bear loses if he curls up into a submissive position before his job is done (taking on three successive pairs of dogs in three-minute bouts). The dogs lose in a more obvious way.



Camel Carnage

For centuries, men in Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates, and many other Arab

nations have set vicious male camels against one another in gladiator-style battles. The kicking, spitting, biting, and head-butting circus that results (camels, it should be noted, are about as friendly as they are proficient at ballet) rarely ends in a fatality, but injuries can be serious; and more than one shamed loser has likely made it into the stewpot of his incensed owner.



Mongoose Melées

The mongoose is one nasty little snake-killing bastard. Smart and fast, armed with razor-sharp

claws and protected by thick, coarse fur, it usually kills almost anything that tangles with it. In the back streets of India and Japan, street entertainers whip out snakes and mongooses for impromptu brawls. If you get close enough, you might even get to hear the snake's skull crunch—the mongoose typically shatters it in its first bite.

Siamese Fighting Fish Frenzies

In many Asian countries—notably Thailand,
hence the name—elaborate tournaments pair the famously
aggressive fish in claustrophobically small
bowls; the last fish swimming gets to escape
the sushi knife. The result: Sea
World in a blender.

Fight Two: Pullet Surprise

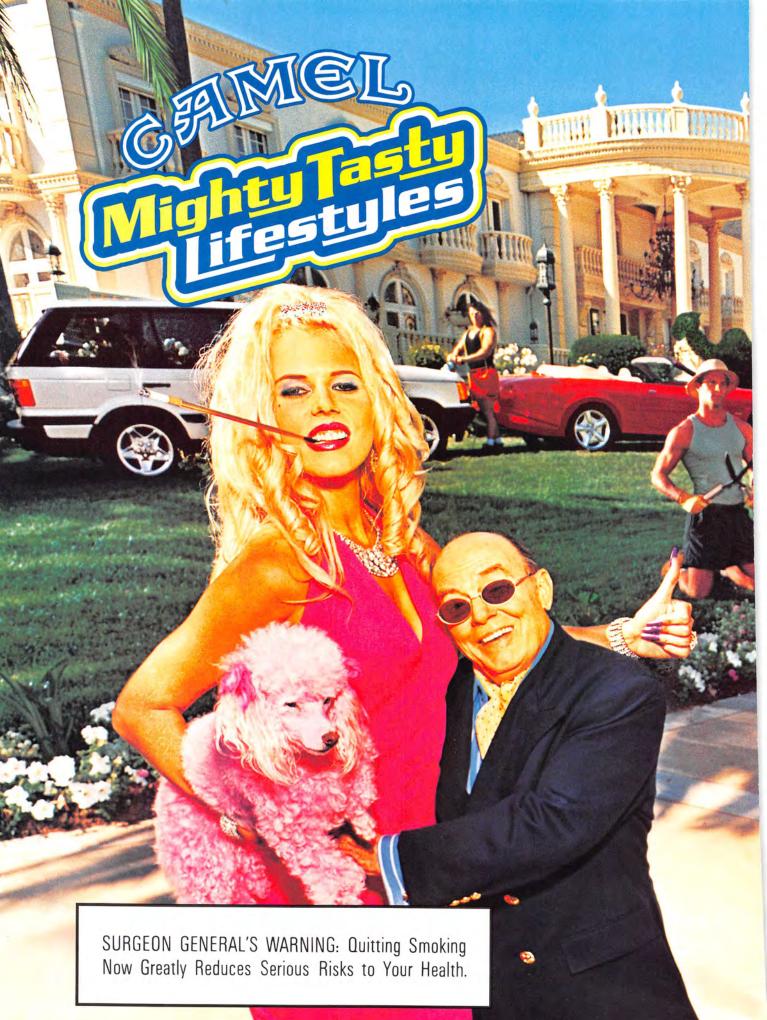
After the second-place chicken's mortal remains were stripped of feathers and reverently carried off to the barbecue, it was time for Round Two. This time, during the prefight inspection of the birds, Milton was agitated: The Red Bird about to enter the ring had two big, gaping holes where its eyes used to be. I'm no Jimmy the Greek, but I know a handicap when I see one; and my bet went down against Red Bird faster than you could make a Stevie-Wonder-in-a-slap-fight joke. All moral qualms I'd been wrestling with were immediately forgotten.

Then the chicken handlers held up their cocks—no snickering, please—and the fight began. As I yelled and pumped my fists in the air, the visually impaired Red Bird somehow dodged the first attack. But a moment later, White Bird flew up into the air and swooped on top of Red Bird, whose handler rushed in and scooped up his beaked buddy, forfeiting the match and giving

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- 2. You may enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately. No mechanically reproduced entries will be accepted, R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company is the Sponsor of this promotion. Sponsor is not responsible for lost, late, postage-due, misdirected, or stow-delivered mail. All entries become the exclusive property of Sponsor and will not be returned. Incomplete, illegible or mutilated entries are ineligible. Sponsor will not acknowledge receipt of or confirm eligibility or ineligibility of any entry(s) nor return any ineligible entries. Sweepstakes participation is restricted to smokers 21 years of age or older who are U.S. residents, except

employees of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, their affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies and immediate families of each. All federal state and local laws and regulations apply. Void in MA, MI, VA and where prohibited by law. Prize delivery limited to United States only.

3. There will be 4 Grand Prize Winners. Winners will be determined by a random drawing from all entries received. The drawing will be held on or about May 31, 1999 by an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this promotion. Odds of winning depend upon the number of eligible entries-received. Approximate number of entries distributed; 14 million.

4. Prizes

Grand Prizes: Each Grand prize consists of a choice of one of the following lifestyle prize packages or the cash equivalent of \$300,000.* Total approximate retail value of all prizes: \$1,200,000.

Approximate Retail Value

PRIZE DESCRIPTIONS:

Lotto Winner: Prize/ARV*) - Airstream Trailer (\$40,000), Monster Bronco (\$45,000), Satellite dish w/ installation (\$688), Satellite TV service for one year (\$1,290), Industrial barbecue grill (\$4,000), Above ground swimming pool (\$3,989), Riding lawnmower (\$12,670), Refrigerator (\$1,299), One year's supply of pork rinds (\$548), \$1,000 taxidermy gift certificate (\$1,000), Cash (\$189,516). Total approximate retail value of prize: \$300,000.

Hollywood Star: Prize (ARV*) - Cigarette boat (\$150,000), Dodge Viper (\$73,000), Astrology chart for 1 year (\$3,120), Malibu home rental for 3 months including travel for 3 trips to Malibu for 2 (\$29,875), VIP Treatment at a trendy nightclub for 1 week (\$25,000), Award show wardrobe (\$10,000), 1 year's supply of hair gel (\$105), 4 cell phones (\$3,400), Watch (\$5,500). Total approximate retail value of prize: \$300,000.

Trial Lawyer: Prize (ARV*) - Mercedes SL600 (\$135.845), a career's worth of legal pads (\$1.559), 158-het capacity paper shredder (\$1.895), Condo in the Cayman Islands for 2 weeks including travel to the Cayman Islands for 2 (\$9,700), 20-channel police scanner (\$473), Golf clubs (\$2,095), Toll-free number for 1 year (\$5,475), 10 pinstriped suits (\$7,950), Cash (\$135,008), Total approximate retail value of prize: \$300,000.

Suburban Gold Digger: Prize (ARV*) - Jaguar XK8 (\$75,280), Range Rover 4.655 (\$65,125), 1 year's supply of bon bons (\$700), Tanning bed (\$2,500), Champagne for 25 baths (\$37,500), 1 year's supply of diet cola (\$364), Condo for 1 month in Palm Beach, Florida including travel to Palm Beach for 2 (\$13,000), Cash (\$105,531). Total approximate value of prize: \$300,000. *ARY-Approximate Retail Value

Automobile as Prize

Prize winners must be licensed drivers at time of prize acceptance. Registration, title, licensing fees and insurance costs if applicable are solely the responsibility of the winners. Prize winners do not have choice of carcoller or options.

Travel as Prize

Travel must be completed by May 31, 2000. Restrictions and blackout dates may apply. Accommodations are subject to availability and change without notice. Trip

companions must also sign and return a hability/publicity release prior to travel. Taxes, tips, alcoholic beverages, ground transportation not specified herein and all other expenses not specified herein are solely the responsibility of winners. All air transportation will be round-trip coach, unless otherwise specified herein, from airport nearest winner's home location. The difference between any stated value and actual value will not be awarded to winners. In the event of cancellation by winner, the ability to reschedule will be allowed only at Sponsor's discretion.

- 5. Provisional prize winners will be notified by mail by 6/30/99 and will be required to sign and return Affidavit of Eligibility/Llability and Publicity release within 20 days of delivery. Noncompliance within this time period or return of any prize/prize notification as undeliverable or refused may result in disqualification and an alternate winner may be selected. Provisional prize winners are subject to age verification. All federal, state and local income and other taxes, licenses, fees and insurance are the responsibility of the winners. No substitution, transfer of prizes, or election of cash in lieu of prizes will be permitted except at sole discretion of Sponsor or as specifically set forth herein. On he prize per household or family. Sponsor reserves the right to substitute a prize of greater or equal value if the prize chosen is not available. Any prize may be awarded in gift certificates or cash sums at Sponsor's sole discretion. All prizes will be awarded and will be fulfilled in 1999, except for travel, which may be fulfilled in 2000.
- 6. Any game materials including without limitation the offer, rules and announcement of winners, containing production, printing or typographical errors, or obtained outside authorized, legitimate channels are automatically void; and the liability of Sponsor, if any, is limited to the replacement of such materials and recipient agrees to release Sponsor, its parent, the judging organization and their respective officers, directors, employees and agents from any and all losses, claims, or damages that may result.
- 7. By accepting a prize, winners agree to grant R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company the right to use their names, biographical information and/or likenesses for promotional purposes without further compensation, unless prohibited by law. By claiming a prize, winners agree that R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, their affiliates, directors and judging organization shall have no liability for any injuries, losses or damages of any kind (including death) resulting from acceptance, possession, participation in or use of any prize.
- For advance copies of Affidavit of Eligibility/Release of Liability/Publicity/Prize Acceptance Form or the names of prize winners (available after 8/1/99), send a separate, self-addressed stamped envelope to Camel's Mighty Tasty Lifestyles Winners List, P.O. Box 5694, Norwood, MN 55583-5780, Indicate "Affidavit" or "Winners List" as applicable on the outside of envelope.

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me my first win. The whole deal was suspect: This Red Bird probably gets trotted out twice weekly as a tourist trap: God knows how half-drunk American tourists love to bet on an underdog.

Did I mention I love this country?

Fight Three: The Tail End

At this point Yana stood up: She and her boyfriend were going. Whatever, see ya. I'd more or less forgotten about her anyway. Milton and I, unable to communicate verbally in the absence of our translator, smiled and settled back to watch some chickens die.

For Round Three, I understood that Milton intended to bet on "Blanco! Blanco!" but our language barrier made it impossible for him to convey why. Who cares? I bet the whole enchilada on White and determined to call it a day regardless of the outcome.

The two handlers released the combatants into the ring, and Red and White took turns kicking and pecking the stuffing out of each other at a nice, normal, human boxing pace. It was a game of momentum: My White would be kicking serious ass; then Red would somehow change into Rocky Friggin' Balboa and turn the tables; then White would get a surge of energy and reverse the situation yet again. The identifying leg bands became tough to go by as both birds' legs got drenched with blood. Brutal? You bet. Thrilling? I was screaming

myself hoarse. I even accidentally gobbed on Milton, who was too fired up to notice.

Then, like a sack of McNuggets, my warrior went down. As Red circled warily, White curled its tired, peck-perforated head under its body.

Shit, I thought. Eleven bucks down the drain.

But son of a bitch if White didn't pull a Lazarus. Just as Red moved in for the kill, White flew up in the air and started whipping its wings as if it'd never been hurt. Incredible. My chicken had been playing possum. I leaped to my feet, and a mighty cheer exploded from my throat.

Within a minute, it was over for real. Red's dead, baby...Red's dead.

Wrapping Up the Leftovers

Flushed with excitement and flush with 11 extra dollars, I bought Milton a beer and walked alone back to the resort, where my energy soon dissipated into introspection. At the risk of sounding wimpy, I started to feel grossed out by my own enthusiasm. Could I live with myself after voluntarily witnessing this atrocity?

But I contented my soul with this: Struggling for survival on the field of battle is surely a better cosmic deal than living peacefully as a civilian roaster, i.e., spending your days in a box of your own shit, being killed by a machine, then being plucked, gutted, and baked in an extra-crispy coating for some fat kid to eat.

And I know when my time comes, I'm going out pecking.



Cell-phone services are famous for siphoning money from your pocket. Luckily, *Maxim*'s got their number. Our guide to going cellular for less. By David Ruben



ike beer, sports, and sex, cellular phones used to be pretty simple. If you wanted to go wireless, all you had to do was choose between the two cellular providers that served your town, take the phone that was handed to you, sign a contract, then fork over mountains of cash every month to cover the stratospheric per-minute charges.

Today an explosion of technologies and service providers has produced more choices, better quality, lower prices...and so much consumer confusion that some people would just as soon chuck the whole thing and use semaphore flags. But the Sign up for the wrong service and you'll kick yourself.



truth is, to thrive in the modern world, you need modern appliances. If it's not your girlfriend you absolutely, positively need to reach, it's your boss. Your client. Your buddy. Your mom. 411. 911. MovieFone. Dial-A-Prayer. So, damn the confusion—full speed ahead! Give me wireless or give me death...but which wireless? Analog or digital? Unlimited free nights on alternate Tuesdays through Groundhog Day, or first minute free with voice mail? As any cell slave can tell you: Sign up for the wrong service and you'll kick yourself every day until the contract expires-or until they toss your

ass in the poorhouse.

OK. Take a deep breath. You can do this.

What kind of phone should I buy?

Sorry, wrong question. First figure out what kind of service you want. The phone will follow. Service. Then phone. Got it?

OK, so what kind of service do I want?

Well, to start with, you have to wrestle with the existential quandary that has vexed mankind for, oh, two or three years now: namely, analog or digital?

Until recently, virtually all cellular calls were transmitted as radio waves—a format known as analog. Most still are. If you're looking at a traditional cellular service—a long-term service contract and a free (or almost free) phone—that's analog.

But you've no doubt witnessed the blizzard of newspaper and TV ads (talking parrots and the like from such companies as Omnipoint and AT&T Wireless Services) that tout the virtues of newer, sexier, digital cell phones and services. These services transmit conversation by breaking the sound waves into computer-friendly 1's and 0's, then reassembling them on the receiving end. At this point it's not a question of whether cellular services will go all-digital—it's a question of when.

And, in fact, digital transmission offers a slew of advantages over analog: It lets more callers in a given area converse simultaneously, which means fewer busy signals and "dropped" calls. It's less vulnerable to electronic eavesdropping and to "cloning" D

Illustrations, Tom Cocotos.



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(that's when bad guys rip off your phone's wireless code and bill their calls to your account). With digital transmission, not only sound but data (text messages, Email, even info from Internet services) can be sent and received. It requires less power than analog, so the battery lasts longer. (When you eventually choose your phone, ask about battery life. These puppies can drain fast; if you're a heavy user, this is a pivotal question.) Finally, digital transmission largely eliminates the annoying bursts of static that

Sounds great. What's not to like?

like, well, the plague.

Not much—except the cost (more about that in a moment) and the fact that the nation's digital networks remain works in progress. While analog cellular

plague many analog conversations

FREE CELL CALLS!

The scam that service providers don't want you to know about.

If you're really, truly serious about only wanting a cell phone for dire emergencies, here's a little-known scheme. Score an old cell phone, charge it up, then toss it in the glove compartment, and don't buy any service at all. By FCC



fiat, service providers must put through all 911 calls even if they originate from unactivated phones. No need to mention you heard it here.

Don't be seduced by goodies you don't need. networks blanket more than 90 percent of the country, digital transmissions are currently limited to larger metropolitan areas. And because there are several, competing digital standards—which isn't the case with analog—not all digital phones work on all digital networks. This means that as you travel out of town, your phone may morph from cutting-edge communicator into high-priced paperweight.

Fortunately, there's a fix: Most digital services now offer "dual mode" phones, which automatically revert to analog when the digital signal disappears. Either way, you're covered.

So I'd be a weenie to choose analog, right?

Not necessarily. "For a lot of people, analog remains a good choice," says Jeff Goldberg, editor of Wireless Dimension, an on-line comparison guide to cellular services and phones.

In particular, Goldberg says, analog is still the best deal if you plan to use your phone only for emergencies or occasional short conversations-and actually have the self-discipline to follow through. (Few do: According to a recent poll, almost two thirds of all U.S. cell-phone users rack up more than 15 minutes of calling time each week.) In most cities you can buy a traditional analog plan for only \$15 to \$20 a month that, besides the free-or-almostfree phone, includes about 15 free monthly minutes. Digital phones, on the other hand, usually cost \$100 or more. The major downside: A basic analog plan is more likely to require a one-, two-, or even three-year service contract—including a substantial penalty (often \$175 or more) for ducking out early.

Short conversations? Emergencies? Bah! I'm a power user, baby!

Two words for you: Go digital. For reasons that have more to do

with marketing than technology, digital providers have been offering high-volume, low-cost plans that, despite the more expensive hardware, can produce serious savings for the frequent phoner in the long run. (You'll have to shop around to find out exactly how serious, as the plans in this hyper-competitive industry change from minute to minute and city to city.) The business user is also likely to appreciate digital phones' data-transmission features (such as E-mail) and long battery life (about twice as long as analog models'). "If you're going to be on the phone all day," Goldberg advises, "you don't want analog.'

Any specific tips on choosing a plan?

Yeah, nine.

1. First and foremost, know thyself. Before you sift through the hodgepodge of plans, keep a log for a couple of days and track the instances where you'd use the phone. Then take the number of calls and double it; you'll use it more than you think. There's no point in buying a plan with 100 free minutes a month if you're only going to use 50-or, conversely, in buying an emergencies-only plan (low monthly fee, high per-minute rate) if your idea of an emergency is having to speed-dial Domino's to change that large mushroom to a pepperoni-and-extra-cheese. It would be silly to subject yourself to stiff roaming rates if you travel all the time, or to snap up a freeoff-peak-minutes offer if you're a peak kind of guy. (Peak time is typically 7 A.M. to 8 P.M., Monday through Friday.) "Calculate vour needs," Goldberg says, "then comparison-shop like crazy." 2. Consult friends and colleagues who use various services in your area. How's the voice quality? Are many calls interrupted or dropped? Have bills contained unexpected "gotchas"? Because these factors are different in different cities, there's no substitute for local users' experience.

- **3.** If you plan to use your phone while traveling, across the state or across the country, beware of roaming charges. Most plans establish a home calling area and charge higher rates when you leave it. Check this out carefully; "local calling" could include a multistate region or be limited to your greater metro area, and the rates (as much as an extra dollar a minute) and additional fees (such as a four-dollar-monthly "roamer administration fee") add up fast.
- **4.** When billing your calls, most plans round up to the nearest minute; in other words, they count a 61-second conversation as a two-minute call. Look for a plan that bills in increments of six seconds or less—a significant money saver for the heavy user.
- **5.** Beware of hidden costs, such as "activation fees" (a one-time

charge, about \$25, to turn your phone on) and "landline charges" (an extra per-minute fee applied whenever you call a regular, non-cellular phone—in other words, most of the time).

- **6.** Don't sign a service contract unless you have to, and if you have to, opt for the shortest commitment. Better not to be locked in for the long haul when technologies, deals, and even your own needs change so quickly.
- 7. Ask about promotions, but don't be seduced by goodies you don't need. A common pitch promises buckets of off-peak minutes, but that's because providers know you're more likely to use your phone during work and commuting hours.
- 8. Most plans force you to pay for incoming calls, as if you were dialing them; some will spot you the first minute. If you receive a

THE 411

The fastest, easiest, cheapest way to figure out which service is for you.



Before you start talking to a silvertongued cell phone salesman, dial up these no-nonsense Web sites: The Cellular Telecommunications Industry Association site (www.wow-com.com) offers general shopping tips and a list of service providers in your area. Better still is

the comprehensive Wireless Dimension (www.wirelessdimension.com), an on-line shopping guide that will spit out a personalized, side-by-side comparison of all your service options. Though it's supported by advertising and service-provider "partnerships" (meaning you can purchase a service through the site), the information is objective. And it will help you hold on to your wallet.

> lot of on-the-run calls, this feature could save you big bucks.
>
> 9. Before you buy phone or service, insist on a change-yourmind period of at least 30 days.
>
> The only way to be sure both

work for you is to use them. M





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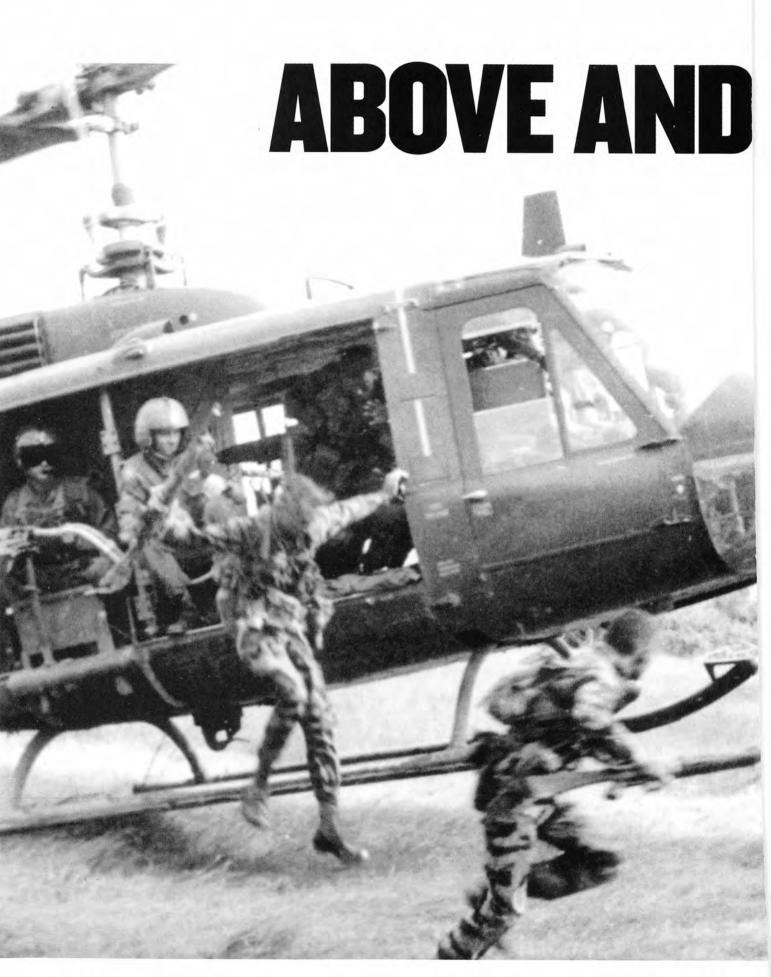
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BEYOND

Out of the millions of Americans who have served in battle, only 162 currently wear the Congressional Medal of Honor.

They are the bravest of the brave.
For Veterans Day, Maxim asked three recipients to tell their extraordinary combat stories. You better damn well read them.



G

eneral Patton said of the Medal of Honor, "I'd give my immortal soul for that decoration." Said President Truman, "I

would rather have that medal than be president of the United States."

Since the Medal of Honor (its proper name excludes the word Congressional) was created in 1861, only 3,410 servicemen have received the country's highest recognition of combat valor. Recipients are an elite fraternity.

"Every person who enlists in the service acknowledges they are willing to die," explains Ronald D. Dake, executive director of the Congressional Medal of Honor Society's National Headquarters, "but the medal goes to individuals who voluntarily take an action our government would not ask of you because chances are you would not come out alive." In the language of the military, the deed must be so outstanding that it clearly distinguishes the nominee's gallantry above and beyond the call of duty, and it must involve risk of the nominee's life. By way of illustration: Of the 239 medals awarded during the Vietnam War, 150 were conferred posthumously.

In times of peace it's hard to

appreciate the regard in which the Medal of Honor is held. "There's an unwritten rule that recipients warrant a salute, even from their superiors," says Wayne Downing, a retired four-star general who commanded the Special Forces that fought in Somalia. Whenever possible, the medal is given by the president at a White House ceremony, and recipients are invited to every presidential inauguration.

Yet recipients remain unwaveringly modest. Robert Ingram, who, as a hospital corpsman, crawled through enemy fire on a Vietnam battlefield to administer aid and redistribute ammunition—even after he'd been shot through the head—has said, "I don't think I'm any better than anybody who fought." Like many, he wears the medal for all who've served, especially those who did not return.

Following are the tales of three conferees, as told in their own words. Prepare to be amazed, humbled, and grateful.

BENAVIDEZ, ROY P.

Rank and organization: Master sergeant (then staff sergeant), Detachment B-56, 5th Special Forces Group (Airborne), 1st Special Forces

Place and date: Jungle west of Loc Ninh, Vietnam, May 2, 1968

I'm a true Texan. I was born in Cuero, but when I was a kid, my parents died of tuberculosis, so my brother and I came to El Campo to live with my aunt and uncle, who had eight kids of their own. They raised us, and they did a good job.

I grew up in poverty. We picked cotton out in the field. Like a fool I quit school, and since we had nothing in El Campo, at 19, I joined the army to see the world. I vowed to be the best soldier ever.



After three years in the service I heard about the elite Airborne troops, with extra pay and training, and decided that was for me.

In October 1965 I was assigned to Vietnam. One day, on a patrol I still can't remember, I stepped on a land mine. Two months later I woke up in an army hospital in ▷



Texas. Doctors told me that the mine had twisted my spine like a corkscrew, and that I should get used to a wheelchair. I spent the next six months sneaking out of bed at night, crawling to the wall

and pulling myself up—until I could stand under my own power. I walked out of there, and after a tough exercise program, hid my injury enough to parachute again.

In the summer of 1966, I made it into training for Special Forces—even more elite than Airborne. I was excited to be in that group, and despite my physical pain, got through the grueling training and earned my green beret. By early 1968, I was back in Vietnam.

May 2, 1968. That was one hellacious day. That day I earned my money for the whole month.

Coming from church, I saw some guys running, so I ran after them. Choppers were coming in shot up, with lots of wounded, and we helped them out. One of the wounded was the door gunner Michael Craig, a buddy of mine, 19 years old. He died right in my arms. I heard there were other guys still out there, and that they were my

friend LeRoy Wright's team. They had been inserted into a spot inside Cambodia. I knew the importance of the mission; the information the team was after was essential.

A pilot, Larry McKibben, said he was going back to get them, and I said, "I'm going. I can carry the wounded." I think about this a lot: I didn't have to go. But the men out there were my brothers, the best soldiers I've ever worked with.

As we flew in I could hear the gunfire cracking. The landing zone was too hot to land in, so I

made the sign of the cross, tossed out my medical kit, and rolled out of the chopper, weaponless except for my knife—why carry extra weight? I wasn't on the ground a couple of seconds before I caught a bullet in the leg. Then I got hit in the face and head. I ran so fast. You can move faster when you're wounded because you don't want to be a sitting duck.

At the tree line I found one of our men, Lloyd Mousseau. He had been shot in the shoulder, and his right eye had been blown out of the socket and was hanging down his cheek. He was propped up against a tree, firing his weapon with the strength he had left. The whole team was shot up bad: a couple dead, the rest wounded and almost out of ammo. My friend LeRoy was dead; he had taken a grenade to save his men. I would have given my life for LeRoy, and I know he would have given his for me, too. Another man, Brian O'Connor, was with him, shot in the arm, ankle, thigh, and stomach, disoriented by morphine, but alive; he had the interpreter with him, also wounded. They were pinned down by gunfire. When another bullet caught me in the thigh and knocked me down, I radioed for extraction and sent up green smoke to signal the chopper.

The enemy had us surrounded. I found out later that there were about 380 of them—a battalion of NVA [North Vietnamese Army] regulars—against me and 12 men, wounded and dead.

When the chopper came, I started dragging the men, begging them to move. We managed to help each other into the aircraft, but O'Connor and the interpreter were still out there, so I ran back, firing along the tree line. LeRoy had classified orders and maps on his body, so I left O'Connor and the interpreter crawling for the chopper. Just as I found LeRoy, I was hit with shrapnel from a grenade. I got the documents off him and was dragging his body when a bullet hit me square in the

IN MEMORY OF JAMES W. ROBINSON, JR. —Official Medal of Honor Citation

*ROBINSON, JAMES W., JR.

Rank and organization: Sergeant, U.S. Army, Company D, 2d Battalion, 16th Infantry, 1st Infantry Division. Place and date: Republic of Vietnam, 11 April 1966. Entered service at: Chicago, Ill. Born: 30 August 1940, Hinsdale, Ill. Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty. Company C was engaged in fierce combat with a Viet Cong battalion. Despite the heavy fire, Sgt. Robinson moved among the men of his fire team, instructing and inspiring them, and placing them in advantageous positions. Enemy snipers located in nearby trees were inflicting heavy casualties on forward elements of Sgt. Robinson's unit. Upon locating the enemy sniper whose fire was taking the heaviest toll, he took a grenade launcher and eliminated the sniper. Seeing a medic hit while administering aid to a wounded sergeant in front of his position and aware that now the 2 wounded men were at the mercy of the enemy, he charged through a withering hail of fire and dragged his comrades to safety, where he rendered first aid and saved their lives.

While patching his own wounds, he spotted an enemy machinegun which had inflicted a number of casualties on the American force. His rifle ammunition expended, he seized 2 grenades and, in an act of unsurpassed heroism, charged toward the entrenched enemy weapon. Hit again in the leg, this time with a tracer round which set fire to his clothing. Sgt. Robinson ripped the burning clothing from his body and staggered indomitably through the enemy fire, now concentrated solely on him, to within grenade range of the enemy machinegun position. Sustaining 2 additional chest wounds, he marshalled his fleeting physical strength and hurled the 2 grenades, thus destroying the enemy gun position, as he fell dead upon the battlefield. His magnificent display of leadership and bravery saved several lives and inspired his soldiers to defeat the numerically superior enemy force. Sgt. Robinson's conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity, at the cost of his life, are in keeping with the finest traditions of the U.S. Army and reflect great credit upon the 1st Infantry Division and the U.S. Armed Forces.



back and knocked me down.

When I came to, I could barely breathe. I looked up for the chopper, but it had been shot down and was smoking on the ground. Luckily most of the guys were alive, firing from its tail. McKibben was dead. The copilot was alive, but he had a tree branch sticking out of his ear and he was covered in blood. We got everyone out of the chopper and set up a perimeter around a clump of trees. I called in air support-fighters with napalm and cluster bombs. They came in so low we could feel the heat of their afterburners.

We held out for six hours. All the other guys were wounded, lying close to me, and I was bleeding to death. It was hell, man. Six hours like six years. But we pulled together. Faith and determination and attitude, they'll keep you going.

More air support came in, firing into the tree line, and then one chopper landed about 30 yards away. This was our last chance. I gave O'Connor his third shot of morphine, and we loaded the last of our ammo. Shots were coming

from every direction, and another caught me in the leg. A medic ran out of the chopper, and we started carrying men. The door gunners were firing, even the pilot and copilot were shooting. The NVA were charging in on every side. I ran to get Mousseau, and I was on my way back with him when an NVA smashed me in the back of the head with his rifle butt. I turned around and he smashed me in the face, knocking me down. As I reached for my knife, he slashed my arms with his bayonet. I stabbed him and left my knife in him as he fell. Then I carried Mousseau to the chopper. As I dropped him inside, I saw two NVA running toward the chopper at an angle outside the door gunner's vision, so I grabbed a machine gun and cut them down before I was hauled in and we took off for Loc Ninh.

I was dying. They tell me I was already in a body bag. My jaw was broken, my right lung was destroyed, I had 37 puncture wounds, and my intestines were exposed. A guy recognized me and yelled for a doctor. When the doc came over to feel for a heartbeat, I spat in his face. I was going to live.

The mission was classified, and it was 13 years before I received the Medal of Honor. I'll never forget the president clasping it around my neck. I felt like the whole country was thanking me.

Because I wanted an education, I continued my military career. Back in El Campo, my brother and cousins are all successful businessmen. The name Benavidez is well-known. I made it, so I travel to schools and jails, trying to get kids straight. Youngsters need to realize that an education and a diploma are the keys to

success.

After nearly being given up for dead, I can't honestly say I'd want to do it again. Yet every day I thank God and feel like saying out loud that it was well worth it.

—As told to Charles Coxe

We held out for six hours. Six hours like six years.



MIYAMURA, HIROSHI H.

Rank and organization:

Corporal, U.S. Army, Company H, 7th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division

Place and date: Near Taejun, Korea, April 24-25, 1951

I was 15 when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. We lived in Gallup, New Mexico, a coal-mining town of about 8,000. My Japanese-born parents had opened a hamburger stand and built it into a small restaurant, and my father made it clear we would fight for this country because we were Americans. My dad's restaurant didn't even serve any oriental food.

After I graduated high school, I was drafted—January 13, 1944. It was in army basic training that I learned the American government had been putting Japanese-Americans in internment camps. I couldn't believe it. I'd never experienced any racism. But this made me anxious to prove my loyalty.

Most Japanese-Americans felt the same way, so special segregated battalions were created. While I was on the way to Europe, however, the war there ended. So I pulled occupational duty in Italy until 1946.



Back home, I enlisted in the army reserve and married a Japanese-American woman who had been interned for three years. In 1950, when North Korea invaded South Korea, I was called back into the now-desegregated service.

By 1951 the Chinese had entered the war, and that spring I was in North Korea. My squad, two machine gun crews plus four riflemen (about 16 men altogether), was on the north side of a mountain. The two guns were about 50 feet apart, and as squad leader, I was in the center. Another squad was on our left, though

I couldn't see them. The rest of the company was on the mountain's south side, out of contact. I was given the order to hold the position as long as I could. So we dug in and waited two days.

Midnight, on the pitch black night of April 24, we heard bugles, whistles, hollering. It's a psychological tactic the enemy used you don't know where it's coming from and it puts you on edge.

All was dead silent again for a very tense half hour. And then they hit. I'd felt fear during the bugles and noise, but once you're being fired upon, you're in a different frame of mind. They were climbing up the mountain in front of us, firing, and we returned fire into the darkness. After two hours, I realized they'd gotten behind us. Machine guns can't be swung around, so I turned and picked them off until I couldn't see any more of them-I had an M-1 rifle, a carbine, a pistol, and grenades. I don't know why they never saw me. To this day I think I had a guardian angel. Anyway, I knew we were going to be overrun, so I ordered withdrawal. And I felt it was my job to stay behind and cover the retreat.

I manned the big machine gun on the right and continued trying to hold off the oncoming enemy. The gun eventually jammed, so I stuck a grenade in it and blew it up, then switched to my other guns and grenades. When I saw phosphorous bombs-ours-firing on my position, I realized I had to get the hell off that mountain. As I started down a trench, an enemy soldier was coming up, a grenade in his hand. I stuck him with my bayonet and shot him, but he threw the grenade at me and the shrapnel hit me in the leg. At the time, I didn't know I was injured. I guess my adrenaline was flowing.

I jumped up and ran down to the other side of the mountain. But

IN MEMORY OF BRYANT E. WOMACK

-Official Medal of Honor Citation

*WOMACK, BRYANT E.

Rank and organization: Private First Class, U.S. Army, Medical Company, 14th Infantry Regiment, 25th Infantry Division. Place and date: Near Sokso-ri, Korea, 12 March 1952. Entered service at: Mill Springs, N.C. Birth: Mill Springs, N.C. G.O. No.: 5, 12 January 1953. Citation: Pfc. Womack distinguished himself by conspicuous gallantry above and beyond the call of duty in action against the enemy. Pfc. Womack was the only medical aid man attached to a night combat patrol when sudden contact with a numerically superior enemy produced numerous casualties. Pfc. Womack went immediately to their aid, although this necessitated exposing himself to a devastating hail of enemy fire, during which he was seriously wounded. Refusing medical aid for himself, he continued moving among his comrades to administer aid. While he was aiding 1 man, he was again struck by enemy mortar fire, this time suffering the loss of his right arm. Although he knew the consequences should immediate aid not be administered, he still refused aid and insisted that all efforts be made for the benefit of others that were wounded. Although unable to perform the task himself, he remained on the scene and directed others in firstaid techniques. The last man to withdraw, he walked until he collapsed from loss of blood, and died a few minutes later while being carried by his comrades. The extraordinary heroism, outstanding courage, and unswerving devotion to his duties displayed by Pfc. Womack reflect the utmost distinction upon himself and uphold the esteemed traditions of the U.S. Army.

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Several men gave up hope. They fell out of line and you never saw them again. by the time I got to the company area, I didn't see anyone but one last tank withdrawing, and though I tried to flag it down, they pulled out. I'd lost so much blood and was so exhausted I collapsed.

I was unconscious for a couple of hours until footsteps woke me. I knew they had to be Chinese, so I stayed still. When the noise stopped, a voice said, in English, "Get up, you're my prisoner." A Chinese soldier was pointing a pistol at me. I stood up and hobbled to an area where some of the members from the other squad, many injured, were being held.

I learned later my own squad had made it back to the company. I believe this is why I received the medal, not for the people I had killed, but for the lives I'd saved.

When morning came it was foggy and gloomy. They lined us up, and I was sure they were going to shoot us, but they said they were marching us to a POW camp.

We hiked north over mountains, for a month covering 300 to 500 kilometers. There were about 10 to 15 of us, and we were given very small amounts of emergency rations. And since we drank from streams, we developed dysentery:

When you tried to move your bowels, there was nothing but pus and blood, and it left you weak.

We were so damn tired and hungry, it was difficult to go on. I was 24 and married, but some of the younger guys said they had nothing to go back to, so they just gave up. They'd fall out of line and you'd never see them again. We lost several men along the way.

There were a couple hundred Americans, as well as other U.N. troops, at the camp. I spent 28 miserable months there. Mornings, we got a cup of watery soy milk, and our daily meal was a potato in water. And if they didn't think you'd

adopted the right attitude—they were trying to convert us to Communism—they'd put you in a hole in the ground for seven days. The prisoners on burial detail were burying one or two guys a day.

Time dragged on. Month after month, season after season. At first we talked about when we'd be released, but after a while we just lived day to day.

For a year, my wife didn't know if I was alive or dead, until armistice talks began and they released our names. It was another year before I got out. The date was August 21, 1953. I weighed 98 pounds. We were trucked down to an encampment they called Freedom Village, in South Korea, where I saw the Stars and Stripes flying over the camp. To this day, when I see the flag, I choke up.

I had been awarded the medal as an MIA, but the government told no one, not even my family; they weren't sure what the Chinese would do to me if they knew.

I decided that to get on with my life, I had to put Korea in the back of my mind. My wife has letters I sent her from camp that I've never read. Today, however, I speak when invited. I've always thought that the American government just didn't know the Japanese-Americans, whether we could be trusted, and they acted in haste. But now, like then, I want people to know we were willing to do our part, even to die for this country.

—As told to Catherine Romano





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CURREY. FRANCIS S.

Rank and organization:

Sergeant, U.S. Army, Company K, 120th Infantry, 30th Infantry Division **Place and date:** Malmédy, Belgium, December 21, 1944

The average life span of a World War II rifleman in the infantry was 10 days. I'd been in constant combat as a rifleman for nine months and was considered a very fortunate survivor.

I had grown up in Hurleyville, New York. My father died when I was five and my mother when I was 12. I went through the fostercare system until they cut me loose at 16. I had no family. At 17, I was a high school graduate and old enough to enlist, so I did.

At 19 I was sent overseas, and after a solid year of training, I was looking forward to fighting. On December 17, 1944, my unit was moved from Holland to guard a bridge in a tiny Belgian town called Malmédy. The small stone bridge crossed a river and linked to a highway leading to the U.S. supply base in Liège, Belgium. German access to this bridge would have had dire consequences. Our orders were to guard the bridge, and to expect only a few German soldiers on foot.



Nothing happened the first four days. Around three in the morning on December 21, we heard the grinding, cranking sounds of tanks coming from the south. Though we couldn't see them, we could tell from the deafening noise that we were seriously outnumbered. There were five of us, with no commanding officer, a small ammunition supply, and no combat backup for miles. We had one bazooka but only a few rounds left. The five of us took position in an abandoned paper mill that had been used as an army hospital. It was located on the edge of town right next to the bridge.

At daylight, the first tank came in to check things out. I noticed an

abandoned halftrack loaded with ammo parked across the street from the mill. It was then I realized there was an antitank unit somewhere, but we had no contact with them.

Although I knew I'd be the target of German infantrymen who had followed the tank, I ran out of the mill, across the street, and grabbed as much ammunition as I could hold, right

off the half-track. Bullets whistled past my head, but I didn't have time to be afraid. I just thought: I have to do this. Besides, I was 6'2", 132 pounds, and in good shape, so I could run fast. German bullets kept me moving even faster.

World War II bazookas only shot about 50 feet, so as the tank headed toward the bridge, two of us snuck up behind it, and as fast as I could, I fired the bazooka and landed the rocket right where the turret joins the chassis, jamming the tank so it couldn't move. It was a perfect, lucky shot I probably couldn't have repeated again in a hundred tries. I took cover in a couple of three-foot hedges. For hours, my men and I continued the battle with the Germans who had positioned themselves in the surrounding houses. Then three more German tanks pulled up and parked right beside the first tank. They turned their aim toward the mill, giving me three perfect targets. I used up a whole box of antitank grenades that afternoon blowing away the four tanks before I returned to the mill.

Two of our guys were wounded, but the rest of us moved from window to window so we wouldn't be easy targets—and they wouldn't know there were so few of us. Then I ran out of the mill and into the doorway of a nearby house, surprising three Germans. My Browning rifle got off 19 shots in 20 seconds. They were dead before they could raise their guns. As ▷

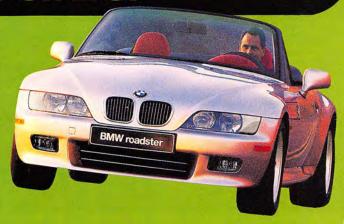
IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM ADELBERT FOSTER

—Utticial Medal of Honor Citation

*FOSTER, WILLIAM ADELBERT

Rank and organization: Private First Class, U.S. Marine Corps 17 February 1915, Cleveland, Ohio. Accredited to: Ohio. Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as a rifleman with the 3d Battalion, 1st Marines, 1st Marine Division, in action against enemy Japanese forces on Okinawa Shima in the Ryukyu Chain 2 May 1945. Dug in with another marine on the point of the perimeter defense after waging a furious assault against a strongly for-tified Japanese position. Pfc. Foster and his comrade engaged in a fierce handgrenade duel with infiltrating enemy soldiers. Suddenly an enemy grenade landed beyond reach in the foxhole. Instantly diving on the deadly missile, Pfc. Foster absorbed the exploding charge in his own body, thereby protecting the other marine from serious injury. Although mortally wounded as a result of his heroic action, he quickly rallied, handed his own remaining 2 grenades to his comrade and said, "Make them count." Stouthearted and indomitable, he had unhesitatingly relinquished his own chance of survival that his fellow marine might carry on the relentless fight against a fanatic enemy, and his dauntless determination, cool decision and valiant spirit of selfsacrifice in the face of certain death reflect the highest credit upon Pfc. Foster and upon the U.S. Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life in the service of his country.

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Nobody believed five guys held back 50 German soldiers and knocked out four tanks. I ran to another house, looking for more Germans, I found five men from the U.S. antitank unit hiding in a fox hole, pinned down by fire. I crawled along the ground until I reached the foxhole, grabbed a machine gun they had, and kept shooting until one by one they escaped into the mill and over the bridge. I never saw them again.

The battle was long, beginning at four in the morning and lasting well over 20 hours, until the Germans withdrew. We didn't know how we were going to get to the next post. And then I found an army hospital unit jeep, so we loaded the two wounded men on the two stretchers on the side, and I rode on the spare wheel that was

mounted on the back of the jeep. If we were stopped by any Germans, I was to hop off, start shooting, and the jeep would take off to safety. There we were, driving at about 10 mph down a rural road in Belgium in the middle of the night, not having the slightest idea where we were headed.

Eventually we reached the next unit of American soldiers. Nobody could believe five guys had knocked out four tanks and held back what was probably 50 troops—until somebody went back to check things out. General Eisenhower told me when I met him in Washington, D.C., that had we not been there that day the war could have gone on six weeks longer than it actually did.

I served five more months of duty after December, and then the war ended. I received the Medal of Honor in July 1945. In January 1946 I went back to Hurleyville, All the men were coming home from the war and the whole town was celebrating. It was a happy time.

I couldn't see myself spending the next 30 years with a gun over my shoulder and saying "Hep. Hep. Hep," so I took a job in New York City as a benefits counselor for vets. After I retired from the VA in 1980, I went to Cornell University and got my degree in a special gardening program. I had a land-scaping business for a few years—still have quite a few trees I like to keep up in my yard.

My Medal of Honor buddies agree we've gotten more attention in the last five years than in the past 40. A couple years ago, Hasbro modeled a G.I. Joe figure on me, in their Medal of Honor series.

I can think of three reasons I did what I did: training, luck, and youth. I'd decided I was never going to be captured and I'd rather die than let the enemy get me. And I was 19 years old. I had no fear. Beyond that, I did what I had to do—for my men, for my country. We all did.

-As told to Nancy Miller

FALSE HEROES

Cowards who impersonate Medal of Honor recipients have FBI Special Agent Thomas A. Cottone, Jr. to answer to.

Everyone who knew Judge Michael O'Brien knew his war record. For nearly two decades he pretended to be a recipient of the Medal of Honor, and even had two medals with his name engraved on the back framed in his office. He reportedly marched in parades and gave speeches on bravery. It was not until 1992, when he applied for Medal of Honor license plates, that a real recipient exposed the judge as a fraud.

Fred Renz, a wealthy California businessman, included his biography in company brochures, listing his service as a fighter pilot in Korea and his awards, including the Medal of Honor. After a newspaper published a picture of him wearing the medal, it was discovered he had never been in combat, or Korea, and investigators claim he was

actually afraid of flying.

Cases like these land on Thomas A. Cottone Jr.'s desk every other week. A special agent with the FBI for 26 years, Cottone mainly investigates violent crimes. His true passion, though, is tracking people who fraudulently claim to be MOH recipients.

It is a federal offense to wear, manufacture, or sell any military award without authorization; if that award is the Medal of Honor, the offense is punishable by a \$100,000 fine and a year in prison. As yet, no one has done jail time for MOH fraud: Sentencing is normally more creative. A recently convicted Florida man was made to write a letter of apology to each of the living Medal of Honor recipients, place an apology in a paper on Memorial Day, and perform 250 hours of service in a V.A. hospital.

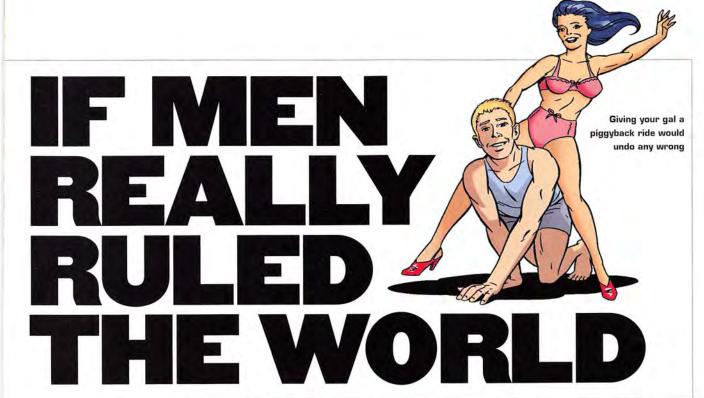
The FBI's biggest catch was H.L.I. Lordship Industries, Inc., the company contracted to produce medals for the U.S. government. In 1996 they admitted to illegally selling 300 Medals of Honor. "Every impostor we've caught had a medal made by this company, so they really created this problem," explains Cottone.

"Most of these imposters do it for personal advancement," says Cottone. "It's a tremendous insult, not only to recipients of the Medal of Honor but to any veteran who appreciates what these awards really mean."—C.C.









Join the *Maxim* staff as we explore an alternate world where the wisdom of women is simply ignored.

ead end and you have be seat sin civilization the vast leaders

ead enough world history and you'll notice that men have been in the driver's seat since the dawn of civilization. Even today, the vast majority of world leaders are men. You

might think we do, in fact, rule the world. Unfortunately, you'd be dead wrong.

Need proof? Go to any supermarket and you'll immediately notice that the first aisle is full of fresh fruits and vegetables. If men really ruled the world, wouldn't the first aisle be smoked pork products on sticks and Cheez Doodles?

Not an earth-shattering observation, perhaps, but let's explore further. If men really ruled the world, would there be any folk singers? Wine-and-cheese parties? Wicker furniture, galoshes, table manners, or a five-day waiting period for handguns? Hell no.

Conclusion? We don't rule the world.

Men may walk around dressed in the trappings of power, but ultimately we take our cues from the fairer, less hairy, and more civilized sex.

But what if? What if the soft, gentle hand of reason and refinement were removed? What if we had our own bullheaded, deaf-to-good-sense, adolescent way?

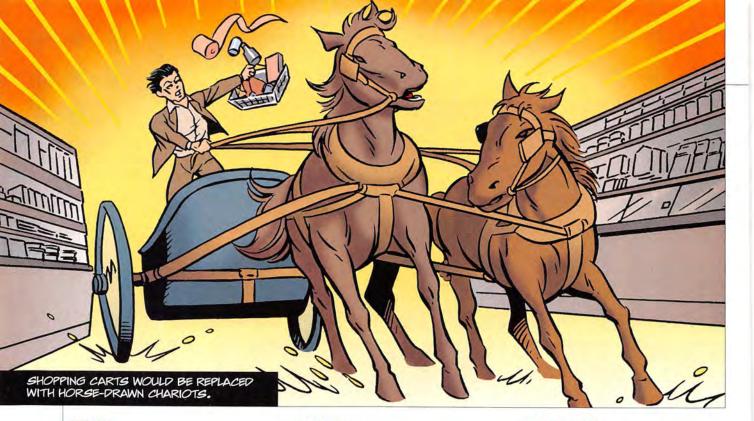
We're so glad you asked.

SEX AND RELATIONSHIPS

- Any fake phone number a girl gave you would automatically forward your call to her real number.
- Nodding and looking at your watch would be deemed an acceptable response to "I love you."
- In order to expedite the sleepingtogether part, eye contact would count as a first date.
- Foreplay would be discarded in favor of a new concept: fourplay.
- A man could give up a lucrative job for a career in the rodeo without having to hold a "family meeting."
- Hallmark would make "Sorry, what was your name again?" cards.
- Speaking solely in Clint Eastwood quotes would count as "opening up."

- When your girlfriend really needed to talk to you during the game, she'd appear in a little box in the corner of the screen during a time-out.
- Brassieres could be unclasped by gently blowing on them.
- You could never be turned down when asking a woman to dance, because there'd be no more fuckin' dancing.
- Answering machines would automatically edit out your lame jokes, coughing fits, and long, anguished pauses.
- When women climaxed, they'd make a noise like a pinball machine.
- Breaking up would be a lot easier—a smack on the ass and a "Nice hustle, you'll get 'em next time" would pretty much do it.
- Birth control would come in ale or lager.





WORK

- You'd be expected to fill your resumé with gag names of people you'd worked for, like "Heywood J'Blowme."
- At any time, and for any reason, you'd be allowed to build a campfire in your office.
- Each year, your raise would be pegged to the fortunes of the NFL team of your choice.
- The funniest guy in the office would get to be CEO.
- Every memo would require, as a cover sheet, a photocopy of the author's ass.
- Sorry I'm late, but I got really wasted last night" would be an acceptable excuse for tardiness.
- Ties would still be required, but they'd be made of beef jerky.
- At the end of the workday, a whistle would sound and you'd jump out your window and slide down the tail of a brontosaurus and right into your car like Fred Flintstone.

HOW MOVIES



LEISURE

- Flipping the board over in Monopoly would make you the winner.
- It'd be considered harmless fun to gather 30 friends, put on horned helmets, and go pillage a nearby town.
- Lifeguards could remove citizens from beaches for violating the "public ualiness" ordinance.
- Tanks would be far easier to rent.
- Garbage would take itself out.
- Instead of beer belly, you'd get "beer
- Easy chairs would give hand jobs.
- All bars and clubs would have comfy "sleep it off" rooms.
- There'd be a spray, similar to the ones that keep pets away from furniture, that would keep your in-laws away from your
- Disney World would introduce MedievalTortureLand.
- Car horns would be loud enough to crumble stone walls.

TRADITIONS

- Instead of an expensive engagement ring, you could present your wife-to-be with a giant foam hand that said, "You're #1!"
- Dueling would make a big comeback.
- First the cigar, then dessert, and so on back through to the soup...salad only if you still had room.
- Valentine's Day would be moved to February 29 so it would only occur in leap years. Instead of candy and cards, it would involve a loving exchange of lunch meats.
- Handshakes would be replaced by shoves.
- The National Anthem would be played before the premiere of any porno film.
- On Groundhog Day, if you saw your shadow, you'd get the day off to go drinking. Mother's Day, too.



But it would be celebrated every month.





magazines



ENTERTAINMENT

- Garrison Keillor would be the prey in a *Wild Kingdom* episode.
- Cops would be broadcast live, and you could phone in advice to the pursuing cops. Or to the crooks.
- Two words: Ally McNaked.
- Regis and Kathie Lee would be chained to a cement mixer and pushed off the Golden Gate Bridge for the most lucrative pay-perview event in world history.
- Today show host Katie Couric would be replaced by The Incredible Hulk.
- Oprah would become a pro wrestler with the moniker Eater of Worlds.

SPORTS

- The Super Bowl would feature teams composed of actual superheroes.
- The victors in any athletic competition would get to kill and eat the losers.
- Michael would have to keep playing basketball long into his 80s, until his bones started snapping like breadsticks.
- The only show opposite Monday Night Football would be Monday Night Football from a Different Camera Angle.
- All auto races would be demolition derbies.



BASIC TRAINING WOULD INVOLVE CARING FOR A ONE-YEAR-OLD, SOLO.

AH, BUT WHAT IF WOMEN RULED THE WORLD?

- Every time you broke up with a girl, your penis would shrink by one inch.
- In a divorce, the only money a man would be entitled to keep would be one dollar for every minute of postcoital conversation he'd engaged in over the course of the marriage.
- Men would not be allowed to eat gasproducing foods within two hours of bedtime.
- Terms of Endearment VII
- All men would wear blinders while walking down the street.
- All toilet seats would be bolted to their bowls.

LAWS

- You could murder, with impunity, any man who draws a distinction between heat and humidity.
- It would be perfectly legal to steal a sports car, as long as you returned it the following day with a full tank of gas.
- Every man would get four real Get Out of Jail Free cards per year.
- It would be a class-A felony for a man to call himself a feminist.
- Death row gladiator championships.

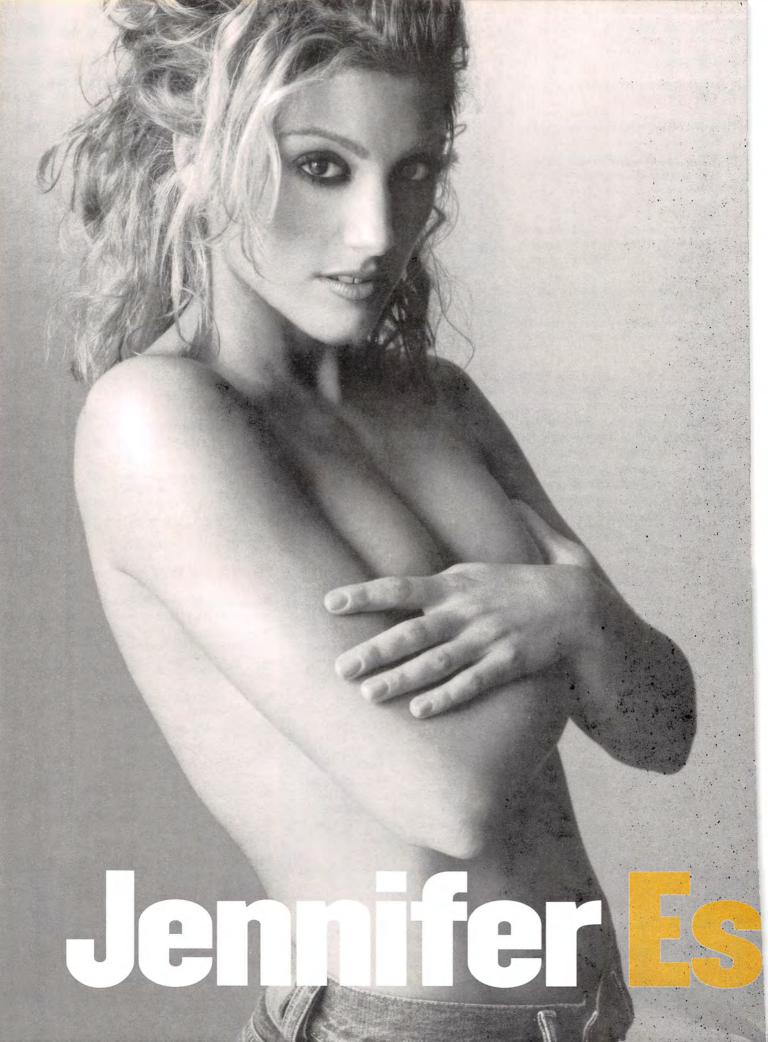
- Antiquing would be a crime punishable by being flayed alive.
- No highway would have a speed limit, and every one would be shaped like an oval.
- When a cop gave you a ticket, every smart-aleck answer you responded with would actually reduce your fine. As in: Cop: "You know how fast you were going?" You: "All I know is, I was spilling my beer all over the place."

Cop: "Nice one. That's \$10 off."

EVERYTHING ELSE

- Elevator close door buttons would be responsive to the point of injury.
- Male nurses would just be called doctors, no matter what their level of training.
- Faucets would run "hot", "cold," and "100 proof."
- The Statue of Liberty would get a bright red, 40-foot thong.
- Sushi would be properly deep-fried.
- Instead of Muzak, elevators would play the sounds of slot-machine payoffs and machine-gun fire at Normandy.
- People would never talk about how fresh they felt.
- John Holmes, Nobel prize-winner.
- No guy would ever be laughed at for making screeching sounds while rounding a corner.
- Never cleaning mold off your shower curtain would count as having a green thumb.
- Daisy Duke shorts would never again go out of style.
- Telephones would automatically cut off after 30 seconds of conversation.
- Nothing would be taken too seriously. M





With two star-making movie roles—including one in Spike Lee's upcoming Son of Sam drama—the sexy secretary on Spin City has Hollywood taking notes. A Maxim Q&A

By Steven Russell Photographs by Andrew Eccles

For some reason, every waiter in this New York City diner keeps finding excuses to hover near actress Jennifer Esposito during our two-hour interview. Could it be her stories of growing up on nearby Staten Island as a laughably amateurish car thief? Is it her devilish Italian beauty? Or is she secretly handing them doggy treats? We may never know, but it's clear that Jennifer-already a standout on ABC's sitcom Spin City, starring Michael J. Fox-knows how to draw a crowd. This month she shares a dozen big-screen screams with Jennifer Love Hewitt and Brandy in I Still Know What You Did Last Summer. But it's her lead role in Spike Lee's recently completed film, Summer of Sam, that really has Hollywood buzzing: As a '70s disco queen who goes punk while a serial killer stalks her neighborhood, Jennifer is beginning to get the kind of attention usually reserved for adulterous presidents. Something tells us that if we come back to this same diner in six months, there'll be a sandwich named after her.





MAXIM: You filmed *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer* on location in some remote corner of Mexico, right? What was that like?

JENNIFER ESPOSITO: Horrifying. It took 11 hours to get there—the last part by donkey—and I had to get typhoid shots, malaria pills, all this crap. When we finally arrive, it's 103 degrees and we're surrounded by scorpions and gigantic bugs and bats. Then they put me in a room with a mattress on the floor, a broken air conditioner, and a television with only one channel in English that shows the same porno movie over and over.

M: Um...how many times did you watch the porno?

JE: Hey, it was the only thing on in English! I saw this girl in a magazine the other day and thought she looked familiar; then I realized she was one of those porno women. The worst thing, though, was the crabs.

M: [delicately] The crabs?

JE: First of all, let me just say that [Summer costar] Brandy told my crab story as her own on The Tonight Show. But I've got the pictures to prove it. One night I was in bed—and remember that I'm on the second floor of a hotel—when I spotted this crab coming toward me across the floor, watching me with his beady little crab eyes. I think he wanted to get in bed with me.

M: I had no idea crabs were so smart.

JE: If I moved, he moved. If I stopped, he stopped. It was ▷



a duel. Finally he scurried behind the couch. So I slammed the couch against the wall and figured it was bye-bye, crab. But when I woke up an hour later, the crab was sitting on my head! I freaked out and called the front desk, and their reaction was, "A crab? Big deal."

M: So you'd classify yourself as a city girl, then?

JE: Sure, give me civilization. I don't want to be pampered. I just want to be clean and have a crab-free bed and be able to eat the food. We sent a bunch of crew members home with dysentery—that's like diarrhea times 50.

M: Do you think the producers chose this luxurious location just to achieve true horror?

JE: If they did, it was very wise. I was screaming constantly, on the set, in my room...everywhere. When you see this movie, I look authentically terrified. In the future, all my movie contracts will have a no-crab clause.

M: You play a bartender in the Summer sequel. Did you ever work behind a bar in real life?

JE: Oh, you bet. But I spent more time waitressing—by far the worst job ever created. I had to stop because I threatened a rude customer with a plate.

M: What's the worst pick-up line you heard on the job?

"I've been up for every movie you can think of starring Salma Hayek and Jennifer Lopez...and now I got a big one."

JE: One night this guy actually said to me, "Your legs must be tired, because you've been running through my mind all night." It was so silly I didn't even get it. With lines like that, you might as well just stay at home.

M: I dunno...you seem like someone who's always craved excitement. Is it true you used to lock your grandmother in her basement room so you could party at night?

JE: Just as an extra precaution. When I was 15, my parents would leave me at home alone with her, so I'd invite my friends over. She was practically deaf, but I'd lock her in anyway after she went to sleep.

M: Sensible. What else did you do?

JE: One time we all wanted to go to a club in Manhattan, and the only person with a driver's license was my best friend from across the street. Unfortunately, her dad made her come home, but she left the keys to his car at my house, so basically...I stole my neighbor's car and stayed out all night, partying.

M: What happened?

JE: When I got back at six in the morning, my friend's father was out walking the dog! First I tried to tell him I'd borrowed his car to get some bagels...you know, in my *party clothes*. Then I pleaded, swore I'd never steal another car, and he didn't tell my parents. I told my mother years later, and she called him to apologize because her daughter had stolen his car five years earlier.

M: You locked your grandmother in the basement *and* committed grand theft auto in the same night?

JE: [laughs] Sounds pretty bad when you put it that way. **M:** How much is your *Spin City* character, Stacy, the feisty,

Jennifer at a Glance

Vital stats: Born April 19, 1972, in Brooklyn, New York, to a musician-producer dad and a former model. She's single but dating only one guy. Favorite sandwich: Nutella, that weird Italian hazelnut spread, and sliced bananas on Wonder bread. Why she doesn't want her MTV: Got her fill at age 16, as a regular dancer on Club MTV. "We taped eight shows in a single day. You could tell which shows were near the end of the day because we're dancing a lot slower."

First paying job: Played a model—a hand model, to be precise—on the soap opera *Loving*.

Worst audition strategy: Tried out for a college musical-theater production by singing "Happy Birthday" to the startled director. (It wasn't his birthday.)

Phobia: Flying. "I have to sit by the window; then I turn up my Walkman and put a coat over my head. One time I got stuck in the middle seat: I actually thought I was going to kill someone."

96



"I play this disco girl whose punk boyfriend makes her the lead singer in his band, The Boogers."

uninhibited Italian, based on you?

JE: Well, I'm Italian, but my family isn't stereotypical. I mean, I only have one sister and we don't yell or throw pasta at each other. My mother doesn't even have a secret spaghetti-sauce recipe.

M: Any chance we'll see Stacy hook up with Michael J. Fox this year? His character sure seems to get a lot of hot women, for a lowly deputy mayor.

JE: That's TV for you. And it's his show—he gets to do what he wants. In my case, though, they thought that would be a little much, since I work with him.

M: Enough about him. Tell me about next year's Summer of Sam, the film you just completed with Spike Lee.

JE: It's my dream come true. I've been up for every movie you can think of starring Salma Hayek or Jennifer Lopez, and now I got a big one. It takes place in the Bronx in 1977, when the Son of Sam serial killings were going on. But it's really about the fear that takes over when people have to live through that. It was sweltering that summer—there was the blackout, too. Everyone I talk to says they were so scared, they'd run from their cars to their front doors.

M: Does your character ever come face-to-face with the Son of Sam himself?

JE: No, she's just this neighborhood disco girl with Farrah Fawcett hair and a bit of a bad reputation. She gets involved with this punk-rock guy who makes her the lead singer in his band, The Boogers.

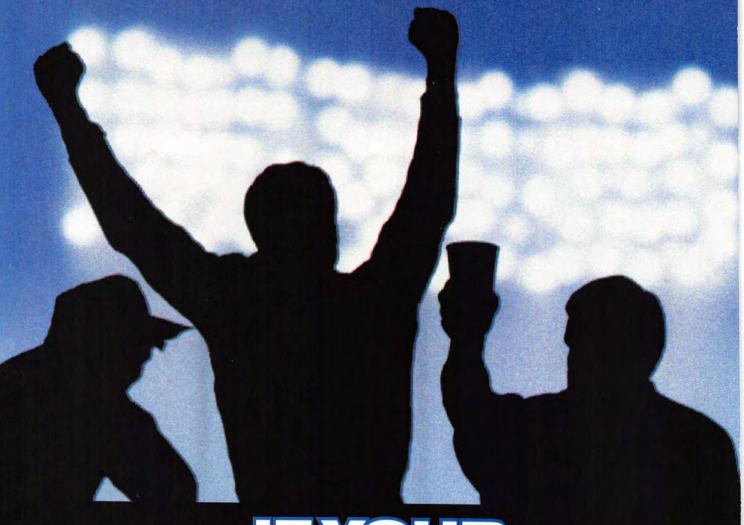
M: Disco to punk rock: That's quite a musical transformation. Do you actually sing?

JE: Sing? It's punk rock, so it's more like screaming. We shot at CBGB with real punkers as the audience, and they actually thought we were a real band. They wanted to know when they could buy my album.

M: Hmm...Michael J. Fox and Spike Lee. You seem to have a thing about working with short men.

JE: No kidding. Are you listening, Martin Scorsese?





IF YOUR TEAM'S SMOKIN' BUT YOU CAN'T...

WARNING:

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ALWAYS THERE IN A PINCH

SI CONGCUT

Another fine product from U.S.Tobacco



Strategies for absolution so total, your woman won't just forgive—she'll forget.

By Stephanie Williams

YOU SCREWED UP NOW NOW WHAT?

ou're a guy, and you've just bungled your way into the doghouse. And you can tell from that sinking feeling in your gut that you're going to need more than a standard apology to make things right with your woman. This blunder is going to require a strategic sorry: zeroing in on exactly which button you pushed, and then—like Superman flying backward around the earth so fast he reverses the events of the previous day—undoing the wrong. We're not talking smoothing things over. We're talking making her forget it ever happened.

Fortunately, so many guys screw up on a regular basis that we were able to poll them about their most common transgressions, talk to a bunch of women who have forgiven their men, and bring you the insights of our research in three painless pages. Read them and your next domestic squabble will be more of a Grenada than a Vietnam.

1 She found out you had more sexual encounters in your past than you said.

Her problem with you right now: She fears she doesn't really know you...and she's imagining all the other stuff you must be hiding. Not only that, you lied to her!

How to press reset: Tell her you were afraid your checkered past would scare her, so you stayed mum. Now, however, she knows the worst, and you're actually relieved, because your relationship can reach "a new level of intimacy." This worked for Matt, 35, a graphic designer in New York City. The only downside, he says, is that she may want to open up about her own wild period, and then you're faced with the equivalent of watching her audition amateur-porn costars. But hey, you'll have been absolved.

2 She caught you "talking down" to her.

Her problem with you right now: She thinks you believe you're a genius and she's a pea-brain.

How to press reset: Apologize for the condescending tone of voice—there's never any excuse for that—but then

show her why you feel proprietary about the area of expertise in question: First, concede her superiority at some other chore (don't make it a grubby task like housecleaning or diaper changing; go for high-end flattery). For example, say, "I surrender control of the banking to you, because if I were in charge of the books, we'd probably have had our doors kicked down by the IRS by now. But when it comes to investing, I've been doing it well for five years, and I think you should give me credit for knowing what I'm doing." (A little guilt never hurts in this situation.)

3 You said you'd call, but...

Her problem with you right now: She sat by the phone for 48 hours and assumes you didn't think of her once. This has created a serious power imbalance: She thinks she's 48 times more into the relationship than you are.

How to press reset: "Acknowledge that you blew it, and

How to press reset: "Acknowledge that you blew it, and give a legitimate excuse if you've got one," says John Bridges, author of *How to Be a Gentleman* (Rutledge Hill Press, 1998). But keep it short and sweet. "I was in endless mind-fucking meetings, and I didn't want to call until I could decompress a bit" is better than a litany of lame little problems all of which got priority over her. Next, restore the balance by clearing the weekend and making specific plans for two. Talk is cheap, but a confirmed hotel reser-

vation puts your money where

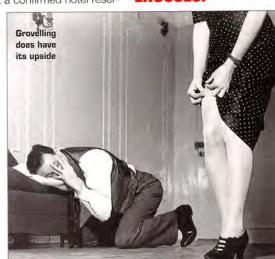
your mouth is.

4 You came too soon.

Her problem with you right now: You don't care that she ain't getting no satisfaction.

How to press reset: "Say, 'I like you so much, I got overly excited,'" says relationship expert Nita Tucker, author of How Not to Screw It Up (Crown, 1999). She'll think ▷

ONE SHORT REASON IS BETTER THAN A LITANY OF LAME EXCUSES.





this is adorable. Then take care of her needs—you know how. Promise that next time you'll make her come twice before you even penetrate. She'll probably settle for once.

5 You were late for dinner with her parents.

Her problem with you right now: Everything is all about you. Your life is so important, you've just dissed her and the people who gave her life.

How to press reset: A mumbled "Sorry" as you take a seat won't work here. Do serious penance, says Denver

psychotherapist Carolyn Bushong, L.P.C., author of *The Seven Dumbest Relationship Mistakes Smart People Make* (Villard, 1997). Say, "I'm really sorry that I'm late, and to make up for it, I'd love to take care of the meal. Order whatever you like"—and smile as her dad orders lobster. Next time, phone the restaurant ahead to tell your party you're running late. It'll save you a couple of hundred bucks.

6 You talked to a highly doable friend of your girlfriend at a dinner party.

Her problem with you right now: She thinks you want to screw her friend.

How to press reset: She's on to you, pal. We don't normally advocate this sort of thing, but it's time to lie. Tell your girl-

friend that Ms. Dream Girl was asking you dumb questions about the stock market, then explain away the mesmerized look you had on your face by saying that your attention was riveted by the ugly black hairs on her upper lip, or her disgusting breath, or the fact that her legs are as big as sequoias—stuff she knows you hate, so it'll have the ring of truth to it. "Then," says etiquette expert Bridges, "say something reassuring like 'You know you're the only woman for me.'" And try not to say it in a sad way.

7 You came to an event way underdressed.

Her problem with you right now: She thinks you're a child, you don't take anything seriously, and you don't care enough about how she feels to look good for her.

How to press reset: Remind her that in other areas of your life, you're as adult as her dad. Then throw yourself on the mercy of her superior sartorial sense. Try "Look, I work 70 hours a week overseeing \$2 million worth of blah,

on the mercy of her superior sartorial sense. Try "Look, I work 70 hours a week overseeing \$2 million worth of blah, blah, blah...but I'm the first to admit I haven't a clue whether 'Saturday afternoon cocktails' calls for pinstripes or a party hat." Then tell her that it took you two dress rehearsals to come up with the mess you're wearing (so she knows you made an effort). And cap it with a suggestion that she take you shopping for some impressive duds. Shopping together? You've scored major points.

8 You gave her the wrong birthday gift.

Her problem with you right now: She thinks you don't know her at all and that you haven't bothered to try.

How to press reset: Women invest months of time and thought, not cash, on The Perfect Gift for you. So thinking, for example, Next time I'll go for the whole mink coat instead of just the cuffs and collar won't help a whit if she's a member of PETA. When she takes you window-shopping around the time of her birthday, this is not a coincidence. She is dropping hide-saving hints. And poke around: Ask her girl pals and family what she wants.

As for the disaster at hand, say, "I can tell you're disap-

STEPPED IN IT BIG TIME?

You had a very public affair, or got sentenced to jail time for DWI, or gambled away the kids' college fund in Vegas. Is there any hope?

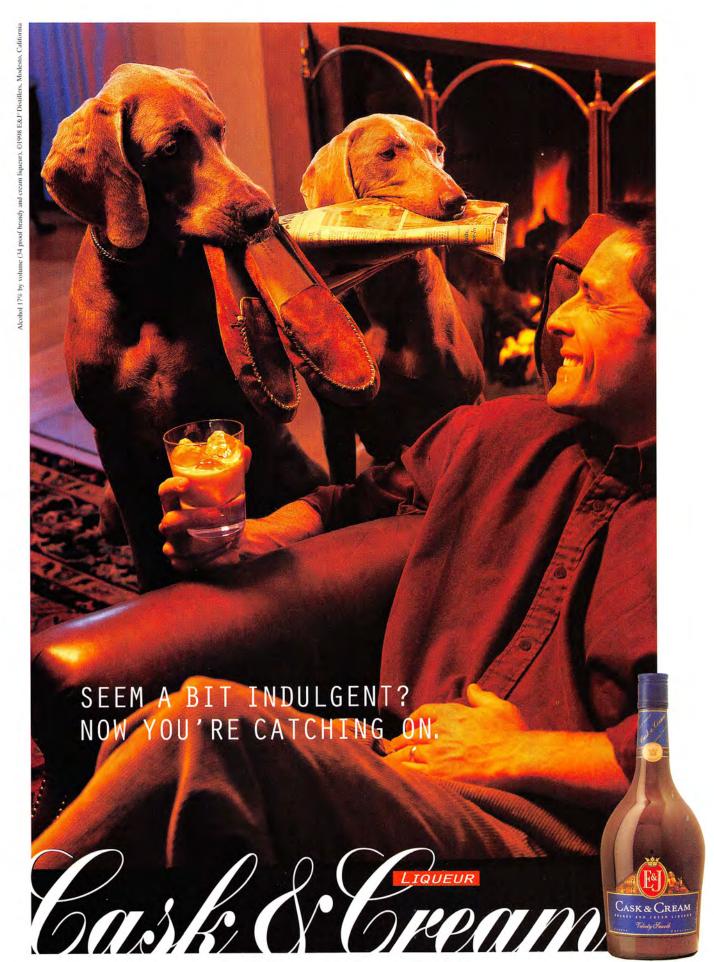


Her problem with you right now: She's thinking, Who the hell did I get involved with? How to press reset: Yeah, it may

look like Hugh Grant got quick absolution when he copped to his malfeasance, but we have no idea what really goes on behind those gilded doors. Chances are Elizabeth Hurley rarely misses an opportunity to zing Hugh with an "Isn't this mousse divine, darling? I'm finding it absolutely divine. And the color, it's such



a divine brown." Besides, you don't have the luxury of a public forum in which to apologize to your partner, who's just been publicly humiliated. So you'd better work doubletime on the personal side. "This one's going to take two to three years of your life to straighten out," says psychologist Dory Hollander, author of 101 Lies Men Tell Women (Harper Perennial, 1995). Hollander suggests getting help (be it therapy or AA) and reevaluating your whole life (ouch!). Basically, you're trying to become the kind of guy your woman would be proud to be with. "Be honest about the fact that you've bottomed out and that this is a wake-up call, then involve your partner in the next step," says Hollander. "If she's not willing to be involved, you're going to have to go it alone. If she is, you're a lucky guy."



CELEBRATE THE HOLIDAYS WITH THE DELICIOUS BLEND OF E&J BRANDY AND CREAM.

SHE'S WORRIED THAT YOU SEE HER **AS NO** THAN A SEX DOLL.

pointed. I feel awful, so tell me what you would have liked," suggests psychologist Dory Hollander, Ph.D., author of 101 Lies Men Tell Women (Harper Perennial. 1995). "Then, a couple of weeks later, surprise her with it."

In the heat of passion, you tried to enter through the back door uninvited.

Her problem with you right now: She's worried that you're bored with your sex life and that you see her as nothing more than a sex doll.

How to press reset: Never try to make her believe you didn't know where your penis was. Do you really want her thinking that? Remedy the situation during the act. "You'll have seemed a cad, so switch to cuddling lovemaking. including looking her in the eye," says Bushong. Later, tell her you thought you were so close, she might have wanted to try it (but admit you should asked first).

10 You said you'd be home around midnight: you showed up trashed at 4 A.M.

Her problem with you right now: You knew it would piss her off and worry her, and you did it anyway.

How to press reset: It's best to be honest and tell her that, as the shrinks say, you were "acting out." Get her to understand that every once in a while, you need to not be responsible to anyone for a solid eight hours, so she



doesn't think you were focusing on her. Don't give her a feeble list of stuff that kept you from the phone. "Take your knocks and deal with it in the morning," Bridges strongly advises. "And then just say you're sorry and you won't do it again, because you know you worried her."

11 You had sex with your new girlfriend without telling her you have genital warts. and she found out.

Her problem with you right now: She thinks you're a complete and utter shitbag.

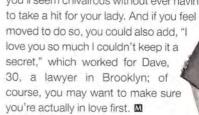
How to press reset: You may not be able to. You are a complete and utter shitbag. "You're lucky if you ever get another date with this woman, but regardless, you must come clean," says Tucker. Beg her forgiveness, then tell her you'll go with her to the doctor (and pay the bill). At this point you're doing public-relations work so she won't tell every gal in a 200-mile radius that you're a creep.

12 You weren't supposed to tell anyone about your office romance, but you did.

Her problem with you right now: She feels like she's just a notch on your bedpost.

How to press reset: You've just bragged like a seventhgrade boy. Time to act mature, real fast. Offer to take any heat from the suits at work if the word travels up that far. Assure her that you'll tell them it's not just a fling and that if there are to be any repercussions, they should come down on you. The brass will probably not find out, so you'll seem chivalrous without ever having

> about my nipple ring!"









Some guys play great defense: They rack up insurance points to offset future foul-ups. Here, five fully baked strategies that work.

- If I know I'm going to want something later, like spending a weekend day at a ball game with the guys, I'll say something like 'We should book those tickets to the Caribbean.' It's like money in the bank."-George, 33, restaurant owner in Detroit. MI
- "I always make sure to put my hand on my wife's knee and tell her she's beautiful when we're out with a group that includes some gorgeous woman I'm checking out. It's a defensive maneuver."-Jeff, 36, real-estate agent in Buckhead, GA
- "I came home from work knowing I was going out drinking later with my buddies, but I didn't tell my girlfriend. While I was waiting for a friend to call and tell me where to meet up, I started telling her how shitty things were going at work. I also hooked up her stereo system. so she'd look like a bitch if she tried to say anything about my going out."-Adrian, 30, wrestling coach in Jacksonville, FL
- When I've done something really bad that I know she's going to find out about, I cook my one culinary specialty, which is pork chops and acorn squash. It's totally simple to cook, but it seems like a gourmet thing, so I get tons of credit."-Nate, 24, computer consultant in Jersey City, NJ
- I always try to fake cry when I'm telling her stuff she doesn't want to hear."-Gary, 32, software designer in San Francisco, CA





THE MOVIE INDUSTRY IS A VICIOUS, CUT-THROAT BUSINESS. THANK GOODNESS SARAH IS NOW IN CHARGE.

It looks like Hollywood moguls aren't the ones with all the power anymore. Why? Because you've never had more control over the movies you watch at home, or how and when you watch them. In short, you've never had so many good choices at your fingertips.

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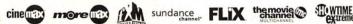
















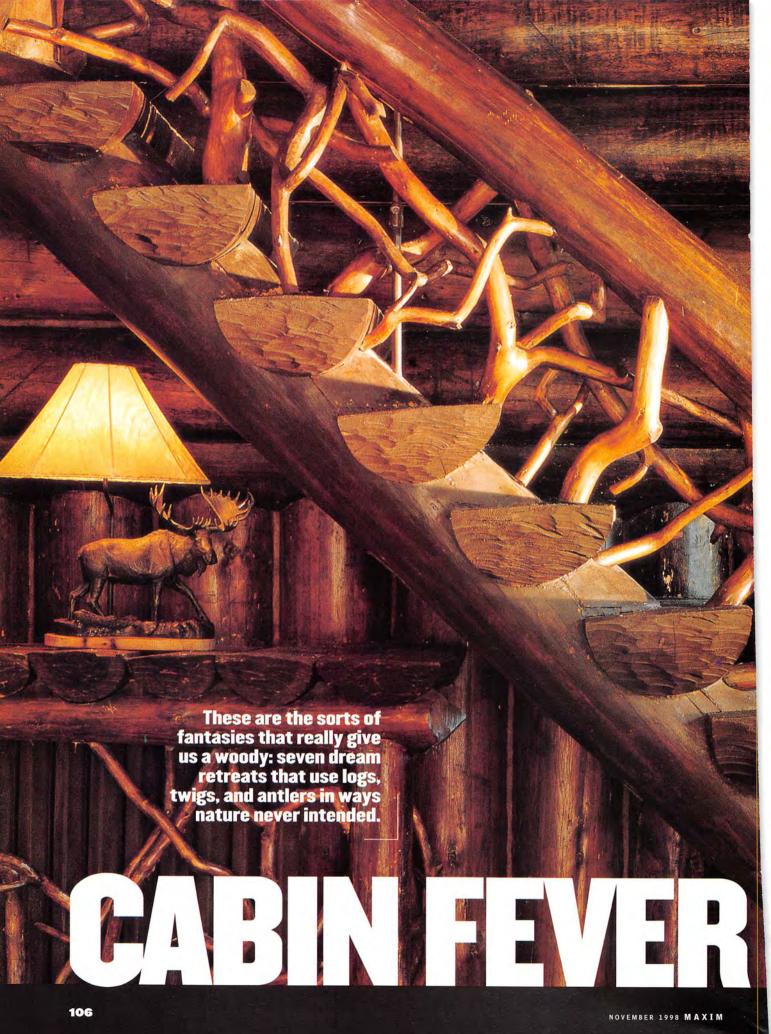








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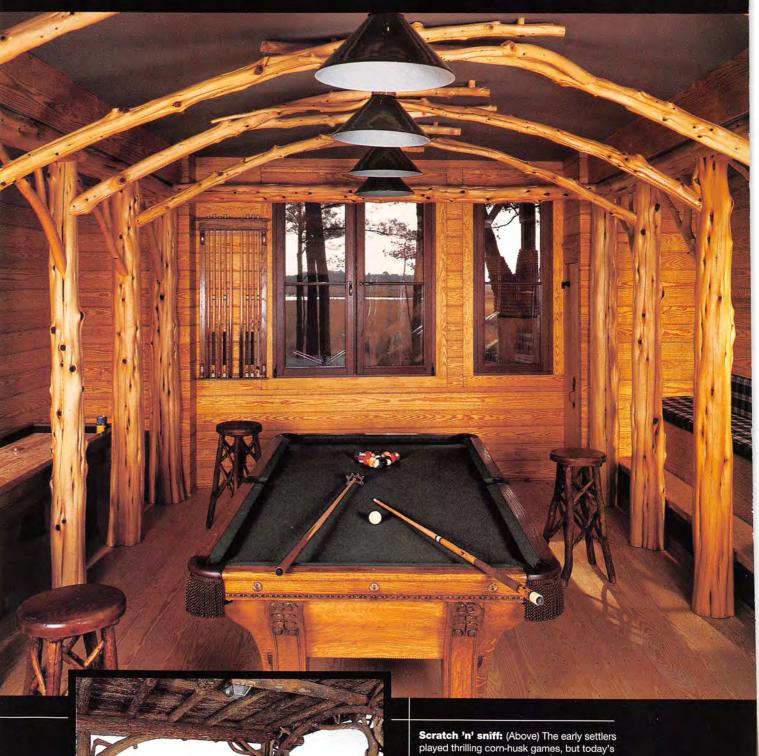
f you've ever played with Lincoln Logs, you've built a cabin. OK, so maybe your shack could've been leveled by an irritable gerbil and you had to Scotch tape the roof slats on. You'd still constructed something rustic, thereby forging a connection to Abraham Lincoln with your bare hands. The people who built the homes here, featured in the new book Cabin Fever (Simon & Schuster), likely felt the same pride of craft. The difference: With tools far less sophisticated than 3M tape, they took the log-cabin style to knotty, nutty extremes. In these "rugged" turn-of-the-century retreats (built for millionaires craving preindustrial simplicity) and modern luxury cabins, trees get twisted into porches, pool halls, staircases, chairs, chandeliers-everything, it seems, except a Jacuzzi. Rugged, yes. Simple, no. But what do we care? These roughhewn hideaways give guys like us something to dream about while we doze on our Sealy Posturepedic mattresses in our IKEA beds (some assembly required).

Limb by limb: (Left) This cool gnarly staircase and bark-itectural boathouse (above) are examples of the early-1900s Adirondack Great Camp style. Associated with massive wilderness lodges, this look—which might best be described as the log cabin on steroids—took the basic frontier formula and pumped it up to super-chalet status.





Ten-pine bowling: This circa 1905 bowling alley, with a six-foot-deep concrete foundation to keep its two lanes from warping, was built for the Vanderbilts at Sagamore, a camp in New York's Adirondack Mountains that had 23 bathrooms. (According to our calculations, this means the Vanderbilts either hosted many distinguished guests or had bladders the size of a hamster's.) ▷



Scratch 'n' sniff: (Above) The early settlers played thrilling corn-husk games, but today's cabin dwellers can rough it in a pool hall—like this East Coast example, with a fragrant redcedar canopy constructed of limbs that thoughtfully bent themselves by growing on a windy hill. (Left) View from a 1920s boathouse at an Adirondack retreat redesigned by cereal heiress Marjorie "Alpha-Bits" Post. (Below) Antlers, antlers, antlers! Available from Arte de Mexico, (818) 508-0993





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The company that brought you the original VHS technology now lets you do what you could never do before-make high-resolution recordings on standard VHS tapes. JVC's S-VHS ET (Expansion Technology) delivers over 60% higher resolution than standard VHS recordings, making these new VCRs perfect for capturing the full benefits of high-resolution sources like satellite

broadcasts, digital camcorders, cable television and more. And with the choice of recording in S-VHS or regular VHS mode, full compatibility is ensured with even the oldest VCRs. Best of all-JVC gives you this higher quality at a price that's much lower than you'd expect.

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Take a deep gulp and step over the threshold. If you think you might like to ride, you're welcome here. So come on. Time to quit thinking so hard. Time to cut the apron strings. Time to find out what's inside. For your Harley dealer: 1-800-443-2153 or www.harley-davidson.com. The Legend Rolls On.

Walk into the place your mother warned you never to go.





EUREKA

Our no-fail guide to taking your brilliant idea from daydream to blueprints to megabucks. By Jim Thornton

n April 1975, California adman Gary
Dahl was drinking with a few buddies
when the conversation turned to pets.
After listening to his friends extol the
virtues of their various animal companions, Dahl banged the table and
harrumphed that dogs, cats, fish, and every
other critter were a royal pain in the ass.
Personally, he much preferred the low-maintenance of his own companion: a pet rock.

Many a man would have left such a bon mot in the sawdust of the barroom floor. Not Dahl. He worked this quirky concept to the max, packaging it with panache, then convincing magazines like *Newsweek* to write about his Pet Rocks. And for some reason, the country went berserk for them.

During the next five months, Dahl sold 1.5 million Pet Rocks at \$5 a pop and became a disgustingly wealthy man. Alas, the fad died nearly as quickly as it started. But Dahl, who's no longer involved in product development, left behind something more enduring than his Pet Rock: a legacy of inspiration to knuckleheads everywhere, all of us believing that our own ideas are no less idiotic than his. all of us

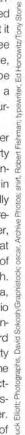
billiard stick equipped with a laser-sighting apparatus; or non-choke hot dogs that break into easy-to-swallow pieces with every bite. (Alas, you're a bit too late for these particular ideas—they've already been patented.) Or maybe you've had a can't-miss idea for a big-budget action movie or a country-western song, or at the very least, a T-shirt slogan so sagacious it'll make the world forget about i'm with stupid. But how, you wonder, do you take your idea from drawing board to gravy train?

A Million-Dollar Idea Is Born

Like most guys, I've come up with my share of breathtaking ideas, ideas that could have made me millions...if only I'd gotten off my duff and done something about them. Just last week, for instance, I had an inspiration for a little something that could take the market by storm. As is true with so many winning ideas (the wheel comes to mind) mine is profound in its simplicity. It consists of a voluminous cloth bag with two head holes and a zipper for access. Inside the obscuring fabric, lustful occupants are free to frolic in public



MAXIM NOVEMBER 1998





GOT A GREAT IDEA FOR A SONG?

Could "Shake Your Woo-Woo, Baby, Woo-Woo" make you a mint?



Your chance of success: A random submission to a music publisher stands roughly a one in 10,000

chance of

becoming a hit. Boost your odds by writing for country-western artists—pop musicians usually rely on a very small stable of writers. You don't want to write for Celine what's-her-name, anyway.

What it'll cost you: You can't just send in fantastic lyrics; before anyone will publish your song, they'll want to hear it. Recording in a studio costs about \$400 per song. You can easily spend more, but all you really need is a clean, low-frills version.

Realistic payout: If a writer penned every song on a release, be it a single or an album, he and his publisher share 7.1¢ per song for every copy sold. So, if you write every song on a million-selling 10-song album, you and he split \$710,000. If only one song's yours, the check is for \$71,000. Radio play and foreign sales could more

than double this income, so remember: A country-western hit won't sell in France, but a third-rate Spice Girls tune will.

Your first step: "The days are gone when you could walk in off the street and say, 'I've got a great idea for a song,'" says Les Bider, chairman and CEO of Warner Chappell Music Inc., publishers for Madonna, Elton John, and Radiohead. "To get his foot in the door, an amateur needs an agent," he says. "And before you can do that, you've got to record at a studio." Look at the albums released by local bands to find out where they record and call those studios. Get yourself an agent by ordering a back issue of Music Connection's annual agent and manager listings (\$5; 818-755-0101), and send your demo to them.

How to cover your ass: If the publisher likes your song, he'll want you to sign a contract; time to get a lawyer. Since this is your first song, you'll probably have to surrender your rights to 50 percent of your publishing royalties from radio as well as movies in which the song is played. But the publisher will register your song with BMI or ASCAP, performing-rights organizations that help collect royalties.—John C. White

without violating decency laws. I call it the Lovin' Sack™. No longer must sex be confined to the bedroom! Now you can do it anywhere—on a bus, in a cafe, sitting in a church pew. Onlook-

ers might suspect what you're doing, but they cannot know for certain. That's the beauty of it.

Get That Concept Ready to Roll

Determined not to let opportunity slip through my lazy fingers once again, I began researching the best ways to bring my idea to a grateful global marketplace. Without too much trouble, I turned up Alabamian George W. Wright, a 72-year-old who is determined to get his invention off the ground on his own. He recently received Patent Number 5,659,932 for his hermetically sealed, clear plastic, "anti-decay" burial capsule. "Germs need oxygen to survive," says Wright about his inert-gas-packed system for preserving the remains of everything from grandparents to pets. "Once you put somebody in one of my capsules, it will be an extremely long time before they decay."

Wright's the do-it-yourself type. He handled all of his own legal work and secured the patent by himself. Admirable? Yes, but it took him some 1,000 hours over three years, and cost him about \$2,500. To date, Wright has produced two prototype capsules—one holds a dog, the other a mouse and three slabs of prime beef. All currently reside in his closet.

Since I don't have 1,000 hours to fritter away, I decided to have someone do the dirty work for me. I looked into one of the "invention promotion firms" you see advertised in magazines. This turned out to be an equally rough road. For one thing, you have to be prepared to fork over \$10,000. For another, you're shelling out for dubious services that include bringing your idea to "the attention of industry," which may or may not mean much.

Inventor Roy J. Shirley, Jr., of Pennsylvania, went this route after hearing a pitch on a radio show. His idea: a pool table rigged up with sensors and optic fibers so that glowing billiard balls leave light trails in their rolling wake. Pretty cool. He calls it Midnight Billiards. Although the promotion company is supposedly conducting market research and looking into licensing deals, it still hasn't found a manufacturer. It has, however, burned through \$11,000 of Shirley's money. For the time being, all he has to show for his efforts is Patent Number 5,653,640 and the pride of an inventor. "I still

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hope to make big money, but even if I never make a dime, it will absolutely be worth it."

Here Come the Lawyers

Faced with this sobering landscape, I decided, like so many other times in my wishy-washy life, to take the middle road. I hunted for an ace patent attorney-and found Russell McIlwain, an aerospace engineer turned lawyer who lives near Chicago and has shepherded hundreds of clients through the thickets of patent law. McIlwain even secured a patent for himself, and his idea is nothing short of genius. Picture a bar floor made up of three counter-rotating rings, each wide enough to accommodate tables, that slowly pass each other all night long. If you see the girl of your dreams, you can make "ships passing in the night" amorous overtures. If she gives you a thumbs up, you can jump rings and climb aboard. If she snubs you, the counter-rotating rings whisk you quietly away toward greener pastures.

According to McIlwain, this is usually how it goes with a patent lawyer: The attorney listens to the idea (no charge!); if it has legs, he'll conduct a search (about \$300 to \$500) to find out if the idea's already been patented. If it hasn't, the lawyer gets cracking...and the meter starts running. Most patent attorneys charge about \$150 an hour for 20 hours or so of work. Then tack on drafting expenses (\$300 to \$400 for patent drawings) and federal patent application fees (up to \$800). If you're granted a patent, you're looking at a total tab of between \$3,000 and \$6,000.

Will They Steal Your Idea?

Affable as McIlwain sounded, I couldn't help but be a tad suspicious that he might steal my own Lovin' Sack™. And the last thing I want is to have one of my brain children abducted by a former aerospace engineer. But McIlwain set my paranoid mind at ease. "It's a very common fear," he says, "but I've never seen a patent attorney steal an idea. We could lose our licenses."

So I disclosed my idea to McIlwain. He listened patiently and said, "You probably couldn't patent it because they've been making two-headed sleeping bags for years." This was devastating news. "But... but...but couldn't I trademark it?" I asked. "I'm going to call it the Lovin' Sack™."

McIlwain liked the name and told me that the phrase was sufficiently unique, and that I could easily trademark it (\$250 or more according to the US Trademark Association). And trademarks, he said, can actually be more valuable than patents. Coca-Cola, for instance, is trademarked but not patented. Anybody with an electron-spectroscopy device could potentially reverse-engineer Coke and start selling their own supply. But they couldn't call it Coke. And Cloned Coke wouldn't stand a chance.

"So if I trademark it, would you help me market my Lovin' Sack™ to a horny public?" "No," he said. "Most patent attorneys

GOT A GREAT IDEA FOR A SCREENPLAY?

It's Die Hard, but we set it in a strip club! How to turn your highconcept script into cash.

Your chance of success: A major studio considers more than 10,000 scripts in a year and pays for roughly 1,000 of them to be developed with the hope that 10



will end up on the big screen.

What it'll cost you: Time, your ego, a lot of money for photocopying.

Realistic payout: The Writers Guild of America sets a pay scale based on experience; as a first-time writer, you'll probably be looking at \$45,000 upon the sale. If your script becomes a major picture, you'll receive a release-date bonus that some executives put in the \$200,000 range. There's also the chance that a producer will option your script (he buys the rights to shop it to studios and purchase it if the studio bites); an option can get you anywhere from \$1,000 to mid six figures.

Your first step: "Get in touch with anyone you know-or even sort of know-in the film industry," says Anna DeRoy, a senior executive with the Canton Company, based at Warner Bros. Have them read your script and call producers or agents on your behalf. "It also helps to know which producers and studios make which types of films," says DeRoy. For a list of producers and studios, read the Hollywood Creative Directory; for agents, check out the Hollywood Agents & Managers Directory. Important: Include an intelligent one-page cover letter with your script. Also important: Don't send in ideas for movies; it's got to be the whole script. Finally, "Never include a postcard with little boxes labeled INTERESTED and NOT INTERESTED," says DeRoy. "When I see that, I know I'm dealing with an amateur."

How to cover your ass: Before you send your script around, register it with the Writers Guild of America (\$22-\$32:

call 323-951-4000). They can also suggest agents and lawyers to negotiate your obscenely lucrative contract.-John C. White



GOT A GREAT IDEA FOR A SLOGAN?

Here's how to turn your next wise-ass remark into a big-ass paycheck.



Your chance of success: Novelty companies hire full-time copywriters to generate thousands of slo-

gans a year (MY KARMA RAN OVER YOUR DOGMA, and the like). Of those, a few hundred make it onto T-shirts and bumper stickers. Only a handful make big money.

What it'll cost you: Sell a slogan to a novelty company and your only cost is time. The more profitable track requires selling the shirt or sticker yourself-1,000 T-shirts with your printed slogan will cost about \$5,000-\$7,000, and the same number of bumper stickers will run you around \$250-\$350.

Realistic payout: Sell T-shirts on your own and you'll earn \$5-\$8 a shirt (that could be an \$8,000 profit); bumper stickers typically net you 65¢-\$1.25. If a catalog exec notices the success of your product, he might offer to buy the rights to it and pay you a 2 to 5 percent royalty. If you send a company a slogan and they like it, they may offer you \$50-but you'd be a fool to accept that piddly sum.

Your first step: Find a silkscreen printer in the yellow pages (under "T-Shirts" or "Novelties") that will manufacture the product for you. Standard marketing strategies include placing classified ads, and selling the shirts at fairs and concerts. If you'd rather sell the slogan directly to a company, pick up a copy of Humor and Cartoon Markets (out of print, but Amazon.com will do a search for you).

Call the companies that make slogan-bearing novelties and ask about submission policies. Never send in just one idea; take the shotgun approach and mail

MAXIM'S TOAST-O-MATIC**



No need to waste time buttering your own bread. It's the toast of the town!

How to cover your ass: It's not easy. If you really think you've got a winner, you can trademark a designed logo. But that usually means hiring an intellectual property attorney.-John C. White

won't even touch the issue of marketability. The client's got to do that himself."

Take Your Little Piggy to Market

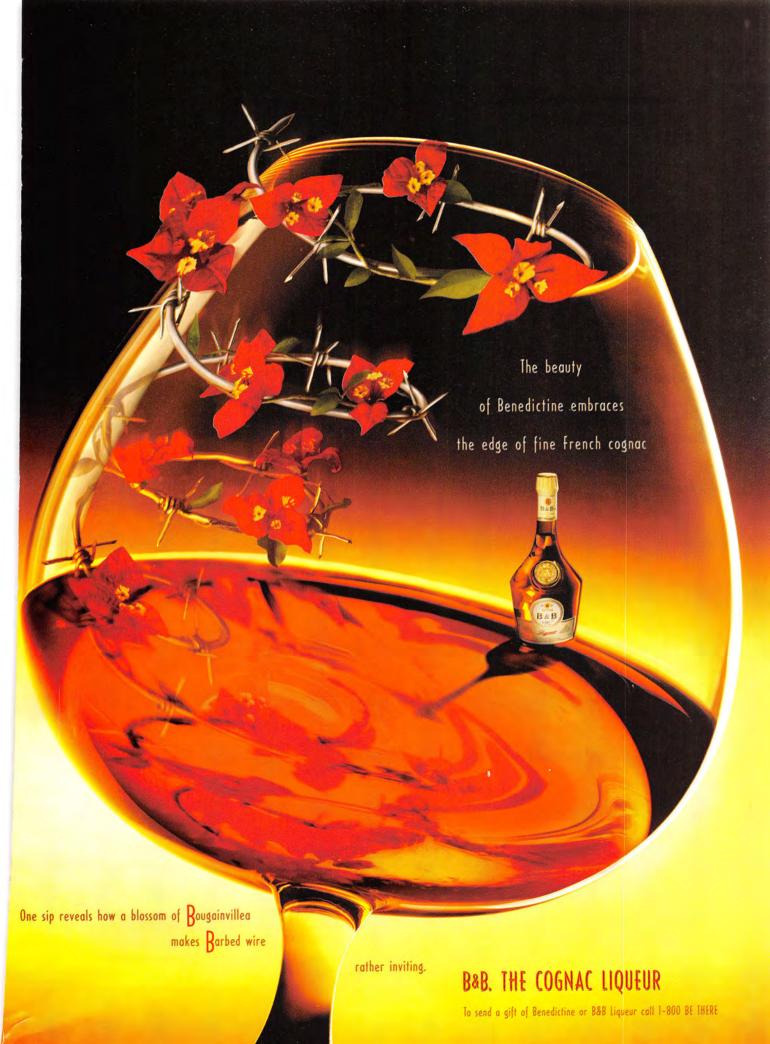
Sadly, this brings us to the Big Truth about making a fortune from inventions, movie scripts, songs, and the like. Having a good idea is the easy part. Selling it, however, can be brutal. Essentially, you have two choices: Find a manufacturer who's willing to license your product and pay you a royalty, or start your own business to make and sell your wares. Finding capital to fund the latter can be fiendishly difficult, especially for guys who-though arguably good at generating ideas in bars late at night-may lack even 10 minutes of business experience.

The licensing option may sound more appealing: Simply pass the ball to an established manufacturing company and settle for a hassle-free (if chintzy) royalty check. Alas, many major corporations known for their inventions and innovations refuse to even look at outside ideas.

But enough of the wet blanket. Hard does not mean impossible, and never-say-die guys manage to score even against long odds. "In order to be a successful inventor," says Scott Fadzen, a Pittsburgh-based inventor of computer-aided police-dispatching programs. "you have to be able to mistake perseverance for progress." Fadzen, for example, once left more than 50 messages for a vice president at a large national computer chain. When the guy finally agreed to see him, Fadzen flew to New York City and took the V.P. out for breakfast. The result: Fadzen's product is now sold to police departments all over the country.

Or consider Kurt and Scott Comstock. surfer dudes from Glendale, California. The brothers come up with hundreds of ideas a year, the vast majority of them failures. One of their first ideas was an optical-illusion Halloween skull that appeared to turn its head and watch as you walked by. After having a prototype built, they took it to a trade show and got \$40,000 in orders. Only trouble was, it cost them \$80,000 to manufacture and market the novelty item. "It ended up costing us \$20,000 each," says Kurt, who nevertheless views the experience positively. "It was like paying tuition for a year at Yale to study product marketing."





GOT A GREAT IDEA FOR A BOOK?

If Jimmy Buffett can write a bestseller, you deserve a shot at the Great American Novel.



Your chance of success:

"Very slim," says Jonathan Diamond, a literary agent and V.P. of RLR Associ-

ates Ltd. in New York City. "A lot of people like to write." Diamond's firm receives 50 manuscripts and book proposals a week. Of those, more than 90 percent get rejection letters immediately...the rest usually receive them soon after.

What it'll cost you: Just your time. If an agent sells your idea, he'll take a 15 percent cut.

Realistic payout: A writer typically receives an advance based on the expected profits from the book. That often ends up being \$10,000-\$15,000. And since first books rarely sell well, that's probably all you'll see. But any writer gets a percentage of profits, so a popular book can fatten your wallet substantially. For instance: A \$24 hardcover that becomes a bestseller and moves 100,000 copies will score you \$350,000.

Your first step: Scan the Literary Marketplace (available at libraries) to find a literary agent who specializes in the type of book you plan to write. Don't submit a full manuscript; he won't read it. Instead send a summary of your idea that's no more than two pages long (make your first two sentences your best—sometimes that's all a screener will read); include a table of contents and a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Another good idea: Accompany your proposal with a letter of endorsement from someone—anyone—you know who's already been published.

How to cover your ass: Published or not, your words are automatically copyrighted. What many people do for further protection is mail themselves a copy of the manuscript, and when they receive it, they keep the envelope sealed; the postmark is proof of the date it was completed. But this is not a substitute for copyright registration. For more information, call (202) 707-3000.—John C. White



At the trade show, however, they made a valuable contact—an inventor's agent who agreed to take any of their future ideas to industry. Unlike invention-promotion firms that charge a fee, says Kurt, legitimate inventor's agents work on a contingency percentage, collecting money only if they're able to sell the concept to a manufacturer.

The Comstocks' big break came in 1995 when they noticed how difficult it was to get bike-riding kids to wear helmets. Because no kid wants to look like a dorkus malorkus, many just strap their helmets to the handle-bars for easy access in case Mom drives by.

Says Kurt: "We started to wonder out loud, 'What if we were that age? What kind of helmet would we want to wear?'" The answer: something really gross. And now the Comstocks are selling their line of kid-loved helmets—one is shaped like a naked brain; another shows a space predator attached to a skull—at Toys "R" Us and Kay Bee stores nationwide. They negotiated a sweet licensing deal which earns them between 30 and 50 cents for each helmet sold. And with sales in the neighborhood of 100,000 units after only three months, the Comstocks are rejoicing.

Kurt's advice for other inventors? Go directly to mass-market stores like Wal-Mart and find out which companies are manufacturing products similar to the one you have in mind. Then call the company directly and ask if anyone in-house handles freelance inventions. You'll probably be told no. Your next question should be, do you ever work with inventor's agents? Chances are they do, and chances are they'll give you the agent's number, and chances are the agent will look at your idea for free. "These inventor's agents are entrepreneurs," says Kurt. "They'll look at anything and try to sell it for you if they think it has promise. Just be happy with any success—and wait till the check clears."

The Fate of the Lovin' Sack™

Hearing these words, I suddenly have a sad but unshakable realization: Such checks will surely never clear for the likes of me and my Lovin' SackTM. Somehow, I know now that I lack the stuff to see it through to the end.

And as quickly as I realize this, I also realize what a sin it would be to let the Lovin' Sack™ be lost to mankind simply because of my own lack of acumen and fortitude. And so: I hereby freely bequeath my idea for a "public sex facilitator" to anyone who will pursue it.

Undoubtedly someone is going to get exceedingly rich off my idea, but I do not mind. For me, it will be enough just to see the happy tide of covert fornication unleashed upon the public sphere. Have at it, I say to the world's lustiest! Just think of me occasionally.

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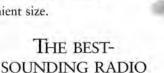
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Constractions Attractions

We polled the nation's entertainment pundits to predict which breakout actresses will burn up the big screen in 1999—from the latest certifiable bombshell to the Monica you'll be talking about next year.



We are impatient men. We hate waiting in lines. We avoid stuttering nuns. We keep a little cat-o'-nine-tails handy to whip our microwave when it's popping the popcorn too slowly. So when it comes to getting the buzz on next year's Hollywood "It" girls, we're not about to sit around twiddling our instant-energy bars. We asked a dozen of the top critics, entertainment experts, and casting directors to pick the actresses they think will leave the pack behind in 1999. Besides our November cover girl, Jennifer Esposito-poised to pop in Spike Lee's Summer of Samget an eyeful of 11 other talents our panel considers the women to watch. (Stop panting—it's not polite.)

KATE BECKINSALE

Who: If you've never seen this cocky Brit's movies (*The Last Days of Disco*), wait for next year's *Brokedown Palace* in which she goes through a *Midnight Express*-like ordeal in Thailand with Claire Danes. Think: Courteney Cox, if she went to Cambridge, matched wits with nerdy physicists, then dropped out to become a rock star.

Why she'll be big in 1999: "Kate can do everything," according to Thelma Adams, senior film writer at *The New York Post*. "She can look gorgeous or she can look plain. She's a classically trained actress from the BBC—but with none of the pretensions. She refuses to have a bug up her butt."



Who: The 16-year-old from Deep Impact whose role in Stanley Kubrick's 1999 psychosexual thriller Eyes Wide Shut (starring Tom Cruise) is rumored to make Lolita look puritanical.

Think: The young Mariel Hemingway. Why she'll be big in 1999: "She has such a presence, such intelligent beauty, and can convey emotions other actresses her age just can't pull off," says Patricia Falvo, a staff writer at New York magazine. Adds Graham Fuller, Interview magazine's executive editor: "Young people often give a sense that they know all about life when they really don't. In A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries, Leelee really nailed that."

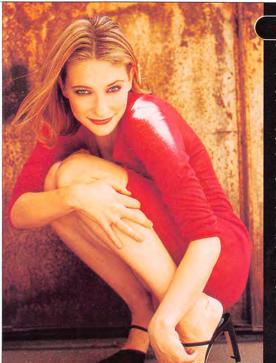


VIVICA A. FOX

Who: The sexy survivor who juggled a busy stripping career with motherly heroics in *Independence Day*. Seen on the sitcom *Getting Personal*, and sure to trigger tingles in 1999's *Killing Mrs. Tingle*, the next horror flick from Kevin (*Scream*) Williamson.

Think: When faced with Vivica, it's tough to think.

Why she'll be big in 1999: "I defy you not to like her. She's hot and she has a lot of spunk," says Joel Stein, a pop-culture writer-reporter at *Time*. "And even though her sitcom sucks, she rises above her material because she has really good comic timing without having to play dumb. Plus, she's got a really cool name."



CATE BLANCHETT

Who: The Aussie who turned critics' heads with nervy turns in historical films like *Elizabeth* and *Oscar and Lucinda*. Finally enters the 20th century next year with the big-budget suspenser *The Talented Mr. Ripley*, opposite Matt Damon.

Think: The brightest girl in law school who'd really rather be shearing sheep or having experimental sex on water skis.

Why she'll be big in 1999: "I first saw her in a little Australian movie that I was watching to check out another actress, but I couldn't keep my eyes off Cate," says Risa Bramon Garcia, director of the upcoming 200 Cigarettes and casting director (JFK, True Romance): "She's beautiful but not in the classic way. She's wry, sharp, and vulnerable—like an Australian Katharine Hepburn."



HOPE DAVIS

Who: The indie-film sensation (*The Daytrippers*) known for playing quietly intense women. In 1999, she goes Hollywood with Jeff Bridges in the thriller *Arlington Road*.

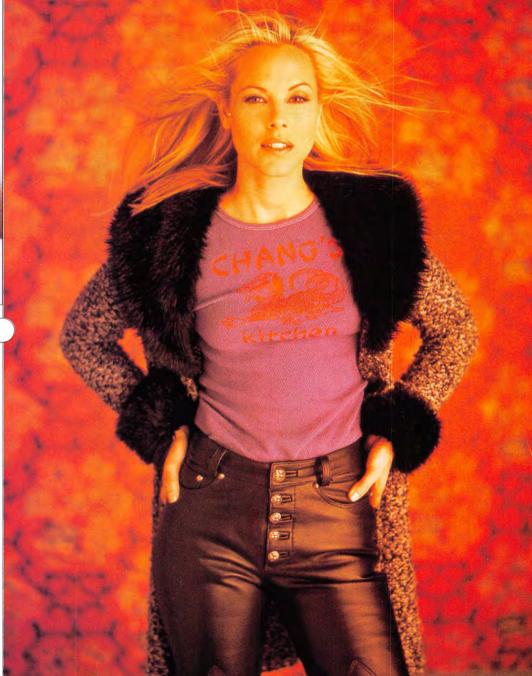
Think: Friends' Lisa Kudrow crossed with the mute girl in Planet of the Apes. Why she'll be big in 1999: "Without being actressy, she has incredible soul and a vulnerability that both men and women like," comments Entertainment Weekly movie critic Lisa Schwarzbaum. "She reminds me of Helen Hunt without being as pointy and peaky."

MARIA BELLO

Who: As TV's Dr. Anna Del Amico, pediatric resident on *ER* last season, she proved that blondes don't necessarily have more fun in emergency wards. Now preparing to inject the big screen with a double dose of Bello-donna.

Think: A tougher, inner-city version of Jessica Lange.

Why she'll be big in 1999: "Critics and audiences like her, and with two film projects on the way, [the heroin drama] Permanent Midnight and Payback, opposite Mel Gibson, breakout status for Maria is a sure bet," says Sandra Gelfat, vice president, talent, E! Entertainment Television.





DENISE RICHARDS

Who: The nuclear bombshell from Starship Troopers and Wild Things who hopes to milk next year's beauty-pageant parody, Dairy Queens, for laughs.

Think: Raquel Welch with a protective coating of '90s irony.

Why she'll be big in 1999: "She had this line in Wild Things when she was giving the police her statement: 'His fingers were in me, in both places, you know.' It just blew my mind," Aaron Gell, film editor at Time Out New York enthuses. "She seems like a postfeminist babe. She knows what she's got and she's not afraid to use it—or to be a cartoon version of a babe."



NATASCHA MCELHONE

Who: The girl with big, beseeching eyes who led the "Free Truman" crusade in *The Truman Show*, then played "Spy vs. Spy" with Robert De Niro in *Ronin*. Up next: 1999's legal comedy, *What Rats Won't Do*.

Think: Meryl Streep trapped in Brooke Shields' body. Why she'll be big in 1999: "In a pivotal role in *The Truman Show,*" says *Time*'s Joel Stein, "she was the one person audiences connected to. She's got this arresting beauty, but she never seems busy trying to look hot." Adds Sandra Gelfat of E! Entertainment Television: "She gave a breakthrough performance in *Ronin*, not only holding her own as the only woman opposite A-list actors but delivering with charisma."

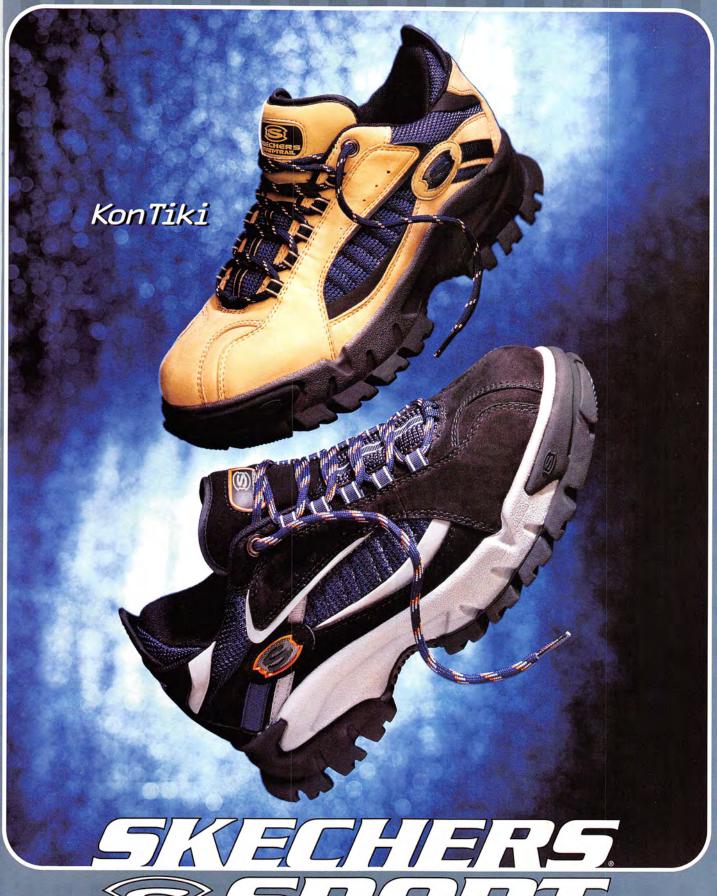
MONICA POTTER

Who: After significant-other roles (Con Air, Without Limits), this amazon throttles up in the Robin Williams' Christmas comedy Patch Adams and the hip melodrama A Cool, Dry Place.

Think: Supergirl next door.

Why she'll be big in 1999: "We haven't seen much of her yet, but I have a hunch that she'll turn out to be a heartbreaker," says Interview magazine's Graham Fuller. "She could be our new Geena Davis in that she has the potential to augment her beauty with a magical kind of goofiness."

NOVEMBER 1998 MAXIM



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FAIM STEVEN ROSENBLUM PROMICION LILLY KILVERT PRINCEAPER ROGER DEAKINS PROMICE PETER SCHINDLER STREY LAWRENCE WRIGHT SCHERAL LAWRENCE WRIGHT AND MENNO MEYJES & EDWARD ZWICK



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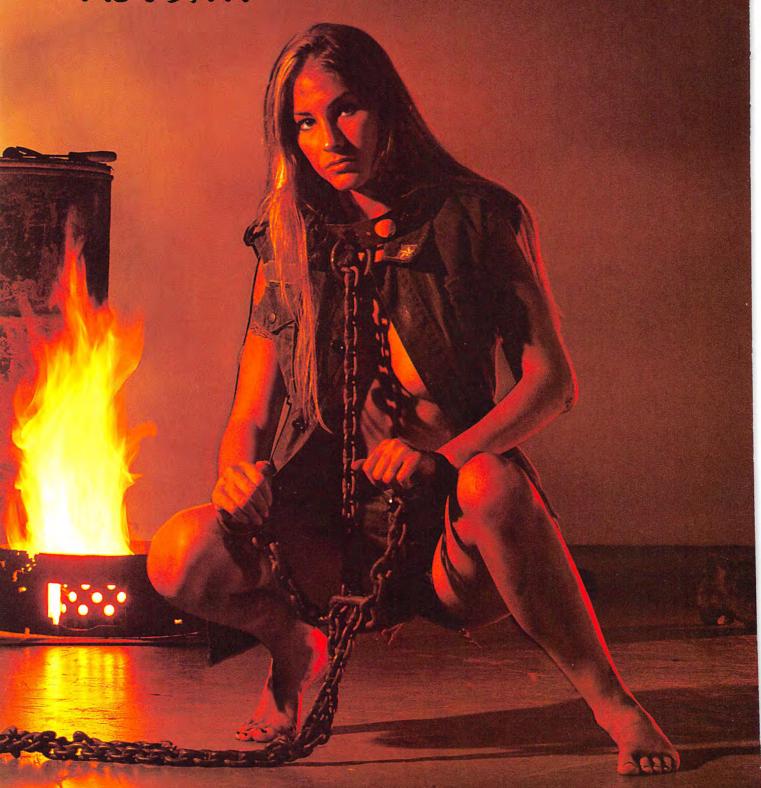
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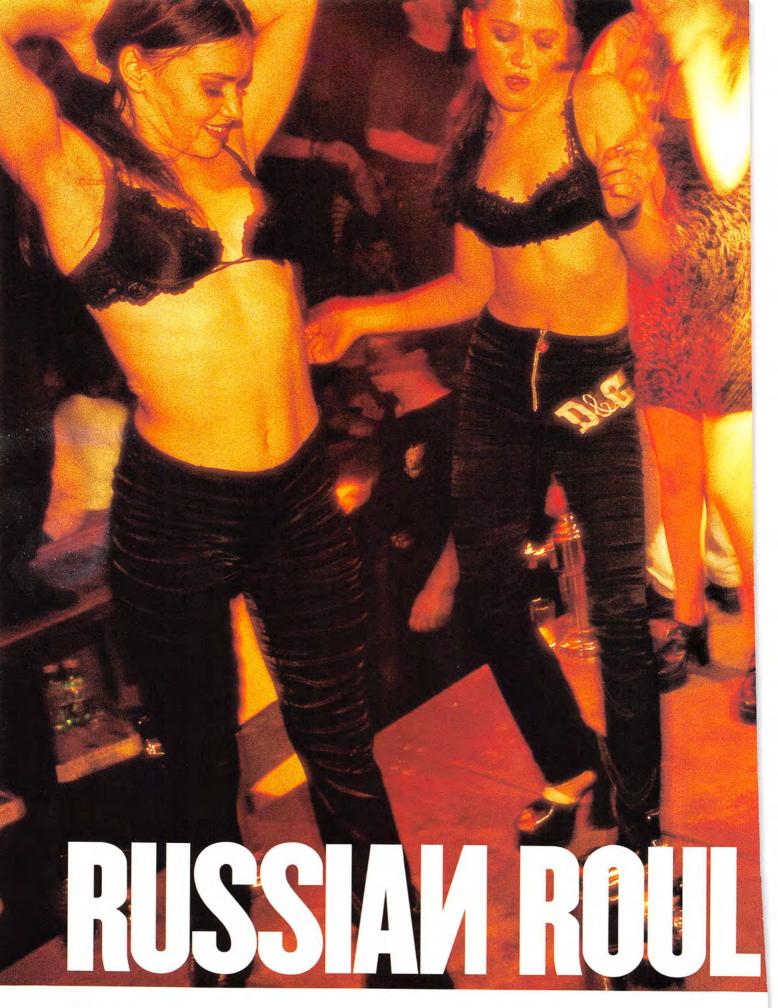
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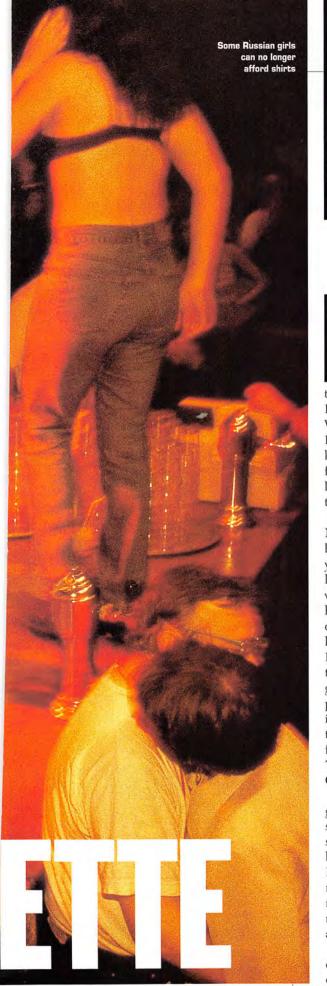






and other retailers.





Anything goes in the new Russia, a decadent winter wonderland of orgy bars, drug-pushing grannies, missing warheads, plummeting rubles, and two-headed Chernobylmutated fish. Ready to join the party, comrade?

By Jennifer Cohen

ow did stately Mother Russia fall so quickly from feared superpower to international basket case? Nostradamus, the Bible, and even the Fátima sisters tried to warn us that the Great Bear would lead the charge toward World War III and Armageddon. But did we listen? Nooooo. We just kept patting ourselves on the back for winning the Cold War and paid little attention to the chaos behind the Curtain.

As a journalist and now as an NBC News freelance producer, I've been covering Russia for about four years, and it's getting pretty unbelievable over here. Disappearing warheads. Rampant AIDS and alcoholism. Spiraling inflation. Potato crop failures. Creepy egomaniacal leaders lurking in the wings. Looming national bankruptcy. As the political and economic situation gets more and more dismal, the people are responding by living it up like it's the end of the world. In Russia, the number of teenage drug addicts, for example, has ballooned nearly 700 percent since the end of the Cold War.

Da, da, the Evil Empire is gone—when America kicks ass, it stays kicked. But ironically as mobsters, drunks, and commies squabble for control of what's left of Russia, and as the once proud ruble plummets like Roseanne riding Skylab, the dangers Russia now poses to the rest of the world are 10 times what they used to be.

Take nuclear power plants, for example. Russia has nine, all run on shoestring budgets. The plants regularly wait, like cash-strapped college sophomores, for funds to arrive; lack of capital led to seven emergency shutdowns in May of this year alone, sending the risk of another Chernobyl-style meltdown skyrocketing. Sound like hype? Take a guess at how many nuclear-plant accidents Ukraine* has suffered over the last five years. Two? Five? Nope: 418.

But I find it hard to blame the engineers and scientists for not dealing with the crisis, given that many of them haven't received their salaries in months. Not surprisingly, career-minded kids are looking toward more lucrative employment: When asked what





they want to be when they grow up, Russian schoolboys list "bandit" among their top choices, girls choose "prostitute."

Given all this—the failed bailouts, the deplorable standard of living, a landscape still littered with depressing old commie junk, and the impossibly abrasive domestic toilet paper—one can only assume that those old prophets miscalculated. Armageddon isn't on the horizon anymore—it's here, comrade. And Moscow is at ground zero.

Struggle of the Proletariat

Apart from a wealthy class of paidoff politicians, media tycoons, and mafia bosses, Russians have it far from easy. Though Moscow is technically one of the most expensive cities on earth, your average Russkie squeaks by on a salary of about 1,000 rubles a month-at this writing, that's about \$62 and falling fast. And lately, he can't even access what little money he has. Long queues of people snake out of banks like the bread lines of old, and often when Muscovites get to the front of one, there is no longer any cash to be had.

So when Ivan wants to eat, he

through this gray Gotham, or he digs up some potatoes from a tiny plot of land at the city's edge. Should he decide to spring for meat, a luxury, it'll be oddly colored, unidentifiable, and of questionable Geiger count. When he gets home—assuming he can differentiate his building from the identical, crumbling concrete masses that surround it—he has to fight for space in a cramped tworoom apartment he shares with his wife, his mother-in-law, and his

two kids.

pulls a parasite-laden fish from the

toxic Moscow River that winds

Which isn't to say they don't have any fun. Today the streets that lead to the Kremlin look more like a cross between Vegas and some traveling strip show than the capital of one of the world's superpowers. Neon lights shout out iconic sin beacons like CASINO, DOLLS, and NIGHT KLUB. Billboard advertising, even for the most humdrum products, looks like stills from Debbie Does Minsk. From the epidemic rates of STDs to the prostitutes with straightforward advertisements all over the classifieds, Red Square is fast becoming a red-light district. DRINK THE VOTE

Only in Russia could beer spawn a political movement.

How's this for social activism? Last year the Beer Lovers political party proudly released a benefit CD titled Beer Against Alcoholism. To Americans, this may sound about as logical as Rush Limbaugh's 30 Days to Better Abs, but for Russkies it makes perfect sense. That's because Russia consumes vodka at the liver-rotting rate of 250 million cases a year. Liquor companies estimate that every month, the average male Russian slams 7 liters of vodka-which may explain why the life expectancy for men is a Third World-esque 58 years. So you see, for Russians, popping a brewski is a step toward better health.

Although it probably doesn't reflect the existence of a national fitness movement, beer is everywhere in Russia these days. Head to a major city like Moscow or St. Petersburg and you'll see people strolling the avenues holding beer, which is available 24 hours a day-unfortunately, it's usually quite warm-at kiosks that line most sidewalks. (Vodka's no longer sold on the street; in a surprise move, Boris "Boozehound" Yeltsin made that illegal last year.) Even shopping malls sell drafts to make your shopping experience more bearable. And when it comes to underage drinking, well, if you're tall enough to ride Space Mountain, you can buy beer in Russia.

The Russian brew of choice is the St. Petersburg-based Baltika. It costs about a dollar for a mansize bottle and is available in seven numbered varieties that range from a 4.4% alcohol content to a swarthy 8.5% (Budweiser, by way of comparison, clocks in at 5%). As for bar snacks, the story isn't quite so upbeat: The Russian equivalent of pretzels is *vobla*, gruesome-looking dried fish...with heads intact.

—Chris Ballard

It's \$1 to look at him, \$2 to take his picture Prostitutes at night clubs like Metelitsa run from \$200 to \$400, while the street talent retails for around \$100. Not that different from U.S. rates—the difference is, here only the tourists can afford it.

New Money

Not everyone is wallowing nosedown in the irradiated mud, of course. As happens after the revolution in any respectable Third World country, a new upper class, funded by mob activities and corruption, has quickly materialized. These nouveau riche, the so-called New Russians, are trucking what remains of Russia's wealth out of the country and consuming as conspicuously as they can.

Surviving in modern Russia means adopting the principles of corruption as a way of life. Extortionary tax brackets, for example—hovering at 35 percent—make it virtually impossible for most people to pay their taxes. The simple solution, as illustrated by the ludicrously low income fig-

ures declared by Russia's president and ruling class, is simply to underdeclare your salary. Even with that dodge, of the nearly 148 million Russians, only 3 million pay their taxes at all, although the government is trying to change that with intimidating tax police who bang on your door armed with Uzis.

On the other hand, virtually every business in Russia pays protection money to a *krisha*, its "roof," who extorts 30

percent of the monthly profits in exchange for not burning down the store and murdering the family.

The mob, in fact, is about the closest thing Moscow has to a government. Having trouble getting a liquor license? Call your krisha. Another thug trying to shake you down? Call your krisha. As a general rule, the more contact you

* 11% OF RUSSIANS SAY THEY'D SUPPORT AN ARMED UPRISING

have with your krisha, the less any kind of official government seems necessary. In fact, government and city officials are just another form of force your krisha can use against you. If your restaurant is late with a monthly payment, the health inspector will be sent in to shut you down for using polyester instead of cotton tablecloths. The only line of defense against any of this is Moscow's wafer-thin corps of journalists, but an astonishing rate of accidental death makes them less of a factor with every passing year.

Criminal activity in general has soared since the fall of the Wall. As a welcoming gift on my first day of work over here, my boss handed



me a can of Mace. "Welcome to Moscow," he said. "You might need this." Moscow's cops tend to be either completely corrupt or completely emasculated. One recent summery night, I saw a bunch of guys jump out of a

BANKRUPTCY BAZAARS



Pets, prescription drugs, pirated software: Everything's for sale at Russia's garage-sale-like outdoor bazaars. You vant Vindows 98 vit that?



FOR SALE: TCHOTCHKES ("IZMAY-LOVSKIY PARK")

Northeast of the Kremlin you'll discover this imposing labyrinth of kiosks saturated by the sounds of tinny disco and the smells of greasy Azerbijani gyro-like things.

What you'll find:
Salted fish, sex toys, bullet shells from WWII, antiques and heirlooms, wedding dresses displayed on sticks

deep-fried, ma'am?" FOR SALE: CDS AND SOFTWARE ("THE ALLRUSSIAN EXHIBITION CENTER")

like scarecrows.

A long subway ride north of the city center, in this huge park's pavilions—the Space Pavilion, the Energy Industry Pavilion, the Cattle Pavilion, etc.—rusting space shuttles, rockets, and gold statues of peasant women look out over pissant little kiosks selling pirated software.

What you'll find: For less than \$5, you can buy a bootleg CD-ROM loaded with Windows

98, Photoshop 5.0, and Illustrator 7.0, all on

one disk. For about \$2, you can get a music CD of any act from ABBA to Zappa.

FOR SALE: DRUGS ("PHARMACY #1")

Less than a mile from Red Square, this outdoor drug fair features head-scarved old ladies hawking the contents of their medicine cabinets and entrepreneurs pushing vint ("screw"), a homemade narcotic extracted from overthe-counter cold remedies that delivers a crack-like high.

What you'll find: If twitching like an amphetamine-crazed truckdriver isn't your gig, pure codeine is available without a prescription, for less than the cost of a bottle of aspirin; you can also pick up prescription tranquilizers like Xanax and Valium.

FOR SALE: PETS ("THE BIRD MARKET")

The Bird Market, two miles southeast of the Kremlin, has been around for decades, but its puppy-dog innocence has faded in recent years. Seeing a frail, teary-eyed pensioner selling his best friend out of a coat pocket is enough to make cynics of us all.

What you'll find: Hens, iguanas, monkeys, house cats, a bizarre breed of Dr. Seuss-ian tuft-headed hairless dogs—evolution's the limit. If your allergies start bugging you, they sell hunting supplies near the exit.

135

💘 EXPERTS ESTIMATE IN THE COUNTRY

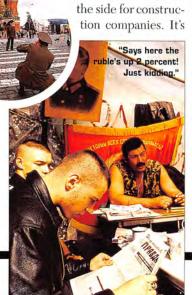
Mercedes and beat the shit out of some other guys they had pulled out of a different Mercedes. Two cops drove up in a ratty old Soviet car and watched the show from a safe distance. After a few minutes, they simply drove away. No calls for backup. No sirens. Just blood.

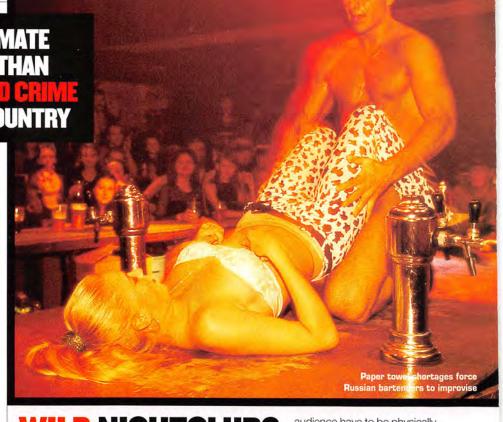
Corruption is the name of the game, from the lowest level to the highest. Unlike the elaborate smoke screens puffed up in America, here the fact that politicians take bribes and payoffs and run amok with the taxpayers' money is taken for granted. When Yeltsin goes fishing, they stock the relevant ponds with healthy, singleheaded fish. (Last year, they took along 10,000 for a vacation in Petrozavodsk.) If nothing else, the carryings-on of Moscow's politicos should help us put Clinton into some perspective.

Armageddon Alert

Being in the army is never a picnic, unless you're Swiss, but today's Russian army would make the Spartans shudder. A Moscow-based soldier often ends his day covered in mud, not from boot-camp shenanigans but

> from the unpaid shit work he is ordered to do on the side for construction companies. It's



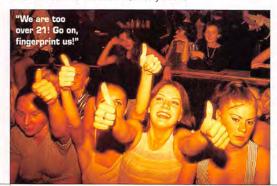


WILD NIGHTCLUBS

Whoever you are, and wherever you've gone, you ain't never seen a club like Moscow's Hungry Duck.

he lights pan over the glistening body of the male stripper; his family jewels are safely encased in a gold-sequined G-string. Teenage girls have packed themselves against the stage in numbers that would break any U.S. fire-code regulations...but this is Moscow, and there are no such restraints.

"Shake it, Sergei!" the D.J. barks in English, and the glittering Adonis hauls a girl out of the audience and onto the stage. In one swift movement, he rips off her blouse and starts sucking one of her breasts to the beat. When another dancer struts out, many in the



audience have to be physically restrained to keep them from offering themselves up for sacrifice.

Just another ladies' night at the Hungry Duck. Here's how it works. Three times a week, the doors open at 7 P.M. to any girl who's 18 or older and willing to fork over 10 rublesabout 60¢. Inside, the potent mix of Chippendales-style dancers and endless free drinks drives women into a state of rapture. Outside, a testosterone-laden army of men piles up and pays about 6 percent of their monthly salaries for the right to barge in the moment the ladies-only festivities are over and take advantage of the boozed-up sea of female flesh within. Expatriate American men boast of having to walk no farther than the front door before they're forced to peel drunk, insatiably horny girls off them. I let my girlfriends talk me into a night at the notorious Duck. I thought, What the hell: I'm here, I might as well see what the fuss is about.

The Hungry Duck is one metro stop from the Kremlin, kitty-corner to the old KGB headquarters. At the door, a Notorious B.I.G.-size guard-with a breadbox-size gun cradled like a baby in his armsstopped us and said he'd have to undress us to confirm that we were

in fact female. None of us knew how to respond; he *did* have that gun. But after a moment of unsteady silence, we just smiled and walked in. We were early, so we scored a good scoping table and watched as hundreds of girls oozed in to fight over the stools just outside the large ring-shaped bar, where a high table served as the stage for the debauchery to come.

It was like a bad sorority movie: With their halter tops and skintight pants, sheer shirts and miniminiskirts, these girls were ready for a night of—well, something.

Foreplay

The D.J. started spinning hormonally charged, sexy dance music, and the sea of girls started getting drunk fast. Before an hour had gone by, everyone was dancing, grinding, and what have you. Yes, we got into it, too: I was up on the bar with my girlfriends, improvising the lambada and bumping butts. No offense, but I can't explain the thrill and freedom I felt having no men around. It was great. Hundreds of girls, half-dressed and dancing like mad and not giving a damn what they looked like. We were just a happy, sweaty sisterhood.

The act

At eight o'clock, the lights suddenly dimmed, and everyone excitedly scattered back to the stools and tables they'd claimed earlier in the evening. And the striptease began.

The five dancers were pretty impressive-looking: I later found out they're among the highest-paid models in Moscow. But I just didn't get it; personally, I really don't see the sexiness in gold-sequined G-strings. The rest of the crowd, however, seemed more than pleased. The pixie blonde beside me nearly burst my eardrum when "Andrei" ran a thumb along his waistband.

"Da! Da!" she cried, and Andrei tossed a pelvic thrust at her.

The climax

After about 20 minutes of gyrations, the dancers began picking girls to bring into their act, and the action really started heating up.

RUSSIAN UNDRESSING

At Soviet strip clubs, they take it all off...and then some.

IN MOSCOW, the competition for sex dollars is extremely, well, stiff. The only way for titty bars to compete with hookers (who are both plentiful and beautiful) and nightclubs (which are both plentiful and crazy), is to take a Swiss-army-knife approach: "Come in, friend, come in. We're a restaurant, a dance club, a strip joint, and a whorehouse." Four of the city's steamiest spots:

COUNTRY BAR

No, you are not on acid. Those are stuffed buffalo heads on the walls, that is Hank Williams, Jr., on the box, and, yes, you are being served Ethiopian food at a joint called the Country Bar. If that's not weird enough, the second floor of this family eatery is a smoky room full of half-naked women pole-dancing to "Suicide Blonde." Weekends only; \$25 cover charge for striptease. (Ulitsa Pokrovka 50/2: 917-2882)

DOLLS

With McDonald's on one side and Planet Hollywood on the other, Dolls offers Moscow's highest class smut, boasting posh environs, a figure-eight stage, and the best-looking strippers in town. And, oh, what a brochure: "Only in Dolls you can meet with...professional graduate actresses from Moscow's prestigious colleges." Well, maybe. But Lady Macbeth will also do a bottomless lap dance for 100 bucks. Nightly; \$50 cover charge. (Krasnaya Presnya Ulitsa, 23B, Str.1; 252-5761)

M CLUB

A favorite of the locals...meaning they don't want foreign yahoos showing up. All the more reason to go heckle this sorry collection of strippers who dance to Russian tunes on a

COLOR S

S PHDMS Apparatchik chicke

stage framed by a pair of bizarre giant red lips. All this, plus a casino. Nightly; cover varies. (Nikoloyamski Per., 2a; 916-6438)

BELY MEDVED

Gorgeous strippers slink around a two-story spiral staircase that's ringed by smoke machines and chains. Don't miss the ceiling-to-stage pole slide performed by Judie, who's been blessed with Elle Macpherson's body and Mary Lou Retton's flexibility. Smitten with a stripper? Step up to the wall of shoddy, carnival-style stuffed animals and buy her one at the bargain price of \$120. Nightly; \$40 cover. (Prospekt Mira 116a; 287-2551)

-Chris Ballard

to Mother

Girls begged to be pulled onto the stage, where they were systematically stripped, licked, and fondled by the hands and tongues of the dancers for all the crowd to see and cheer. Cunnilingus was the least of it: It was an absolute Roman orgy going on up there, with half-naked girls mauling these dancers, and vice versa, to the throbbing beat of the music. It was too dark to see, but there may well have been de

The postcoital smoke

facto fucking

going on.

After a solid hour of stripping and licking and dry humping and lord knows what else, the Hungry Duck let in the guys who'd massed around the gates like sperm outside an egg.

And yes, I suppose if I were a horny man who just wanted to have no-strings-attached sex, I'd pay more or less whatever it cost to get in. My God. But I'd fill an extra suitcase with condoms. AIDS is on the rise, syphilis is epidemic, and crabs crawl freely from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok.

I wandered away from a lusty Canadian and his miniskirted girl and watched another woman make her way down an aisle, French-kissing four guys along the way.

Must be something in the vodka.—J.C.



essentially prison labor, and somebody's profiting handsomely—but it ain't these boys, who like the rest of their countrymen are lucky if they *ever* get paid, much less on a regular basis. Even food money is scarce—some cadets have taken to shooting dogs for their dinners. In southern Russia, the army is literally naked: There's no money to pay for washing uniforms, so the local laundry is holding the soldiers' gear hostage until the army pays the bill.

As you might expect, the Russian army has its own ideas about how to raise the money it needs. Unlike the U.S., which conscientiously scraps its obsolete bombers, Russia exports them at bake-sale prices: More than 400 Soviet fighter jets have been snapped up by rich Americans, at \$50,000 to \$400,000 a pop. (Microsoft's Paul Allen reportedly owns a MiG.) And rumors of darker fundraising abound: Russian sources swear the DEA recently foiled a plot to use Russian subs to ferry cocaine into Miami, though the DEA denies the story.

What's left of the standing army consists mainly of sullen, inept, half-dressed minimum-wagers, overseeing the world's second-largest nuclear arsenal. It's easy to understand why they might not be 100 percent focused on their jobs...and in fact, last year they lost track of more than 100 suitcase-size atomic bombs. That bears repeating: Last year they lost track of more than 100 suitcase-size atomic bombs. Do you have 'em? Nope, neither do I. But I sure as hell wonder who does.



TATTERED CURTAIN

Oh, to be young, American, and totally bombed in Russia. A tourist's story. By Chris Ballard

'm trying to focus on the two Russian cops standing in my face, but my thoughts keep bouncing back to what Crusher told me a few weeks before our trip: "Prepare by drinking a shitload of vodka." Right now I'm wishing I'd taken his advice more seriously. I've thrown back 10 shots tonight, which explains why I'm slurring, stumbling, and now fumbling for my passport. I have no idea where Crusher is or how to say "U.S. embassy" in Russian. It's looking like I'm going to be spending the night in a Moscow jail.

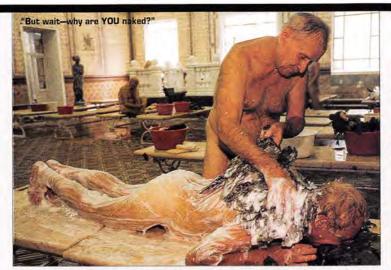
It all started innocently enough this morning...

* 91% OF ALL SOFT-WARE PURCHASED IN RUSSIA IS PIRATED Saturday, 9:30 A.M. The brick expanse of Red Square lies like a giant doormat at the foot of the Kremlin. Amid the hordes of tourists, I spot a U.S. ARMY T-shirt making its way toward me. "Comrade Ballard, good to see you, you commie bastard," Crusher says, fresh off a flight and grinning strangely. "Whaddya say we see the sights?"

Knowing Crusher, who earned his nickname through multiple tequilafueled illegal acts, tourist sights will give way to bars soon enough.

Saturday, 11:00 A.M. City walking. Past the Bolshoi Theater, past the Lubyanka building (former haunt of the KGB), past the GUM department store (where you can spend as much on a pair of basketball shoes as the average Russian makes in a month).

The streets are remarkably clean, and later a U.S. expat tells us why:



Moscow's mayor rounds up the drug pushers and homeless, and instead of locking them up, tells them they've won a "vacation." They get a oneway train ticket out of town; since they're broke, they can't come back.

Saturday, 3:30 RM. Gorky Park. Spies? Moles? Double agents? Nah. Only a toothless bábushka, looking a bit like my own grandmother, shuffling toward us. From the recesses of her robes, she pulls a bottle of vodka that was most likely distilled in her bathtub and a pack of shabby cigarettes. These old women are the rough edge of capitalism, accounting for about 25 percent of Russia's cigarette sales and a nice chunk of the vodka distribution.

Saturday, 4:00 RM. Time to hit McDonald's—but not for food. Because of the constant currency fluctuation, shop owners adjust their prices almost daily. The best way to get a fix on how the dollar is doing is to check the price of a Big Mac.

Saturday, 4:20 RM. At a newsstand, we spot hard evidence that Russia is the most twisted country on earth: Its version of *Playboy* features a ravishing centerfold...in a swimsuit.

Saturday, 5:00 RM. Determined to experience a traditional Russian bathhouse, I ditch Crusher and head to the famous Sandunovskie baths. After shelling out the \$15 entrance fee and dropping trou, I hit the steam room, and—sweet Jesus! Have I wandered onto the set of a gay S&M porn flick? All around me,

sweaty Russian men wearing only damp felt hats in 200-degree heat grunt, moan, and beat each other with large bundles of birch leaves.

Saturday, 8:45 RM. I meet up with Crusher at Bells', a nightclub. We order the Russian happy meal: four beers, six shots of vodka. A brunette eyes me from across the floor. Time to step up to the plate.

Saturday, 11:30 RM. The brunette can't get enough of me—she's grabbing my ass like it's a U.S. visa. "Here," she says in stunted English. She reaches into her bag, pulls out a pen, and starts writing on a napkin. A phone number at my first Moscow bar: I am officially the man! Only it's not a phone number, it's...a price. A hundred dollars!

Saturday, 12:00 MIDNIGHT Crusher and I hail a "taxi," a task that usually takes about 10 seconds, because everyone in Moscow is a cabbie. The



WILD RESTAURANTS

Nothing helps sell unpalatable food like a gimmicky theme.



BY FAR the oddest theme restaurant in the new Russia is Shinok, a stately Ukrainian hunting lodge on steroids. You enter through a giant wooden Flintstones door and proceed up two flights of bloated stairs to the enormous dining room, which surrounds an actual working farm including a horse, goats, chickens, and a little wrinkled bábushka who picks up after the animals. It's a nice place—but only because the farm is enclosed in glass, so you can eat without being disturbed by the animal stench. —J.C.

ing tourists is like winning the lottery for underpaid Russians.

Sunday, 2:30 A.M. When we arrive, the Metelitsa entertainment complex boasts a two-to-one hooker-to-patron ratio. I sit at the bar; Crusher heads off looking for fun.

"You here for fokking?" a businessman asks, then launches into a lecture on the economics of fokking in Moscow. At some point, Crusher walks by, drenched in sweat, and says, "I just made a girl come on the dance floor." No such luck for me. I stumble out and hail a taxi.

Sunday, 5:00 A.M. I stumble out of the cab and two of Moscow's finest eye me like I'm a walking ATM. They pat my drunk ass down, find my money belt, and relieve me of \$120—my fine for being a drunk American in their city. I zigzag back to our room.

Sunday, 12:00 NOON "Hey there, soldier, time to rise and shine," Crusher says and hits me with a pillow. "Got a big day: horse racing at the Hippodrome and hoops at Gold's Gym. How about a shot of vodka to start the day off right?"

I swallow hard and nod my head. M

139

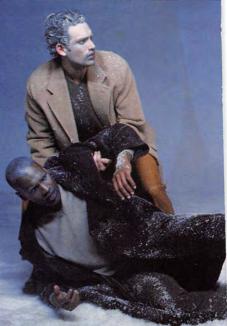


Cold comfort

See that Ice Kitten on the next page? This guy got mixed up with her and lost more than his mittens. The only thing keeping him breathing: this lifesustaining Perry Ellis wool, nylon, and angora coat, \$325. Sweater and pants by Perry Ellis

Snowed under

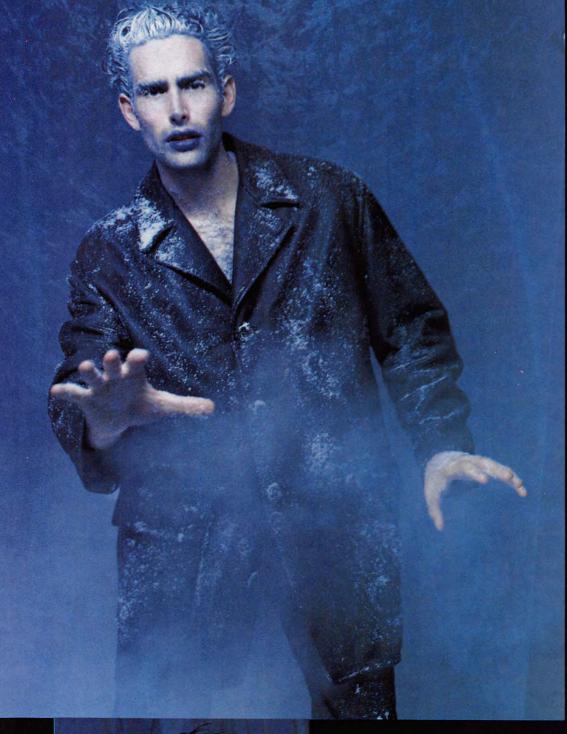
She blew them off with a blast of arctic disdain, but at least they don't look like frosted flakes. Top: Camelhair coat, \$895; sweater, and leather by Polo by Ralph Lauren. Bottom: Ermenegildo Zegna's wool, angora, and cashgora overcoat, sweater, Raffi Linea Uomo by Fiji; jeans by Perry



C-C-C-COATS!

So what *do* you wear when you're trying to warm an Ice Princess' frozen heart?

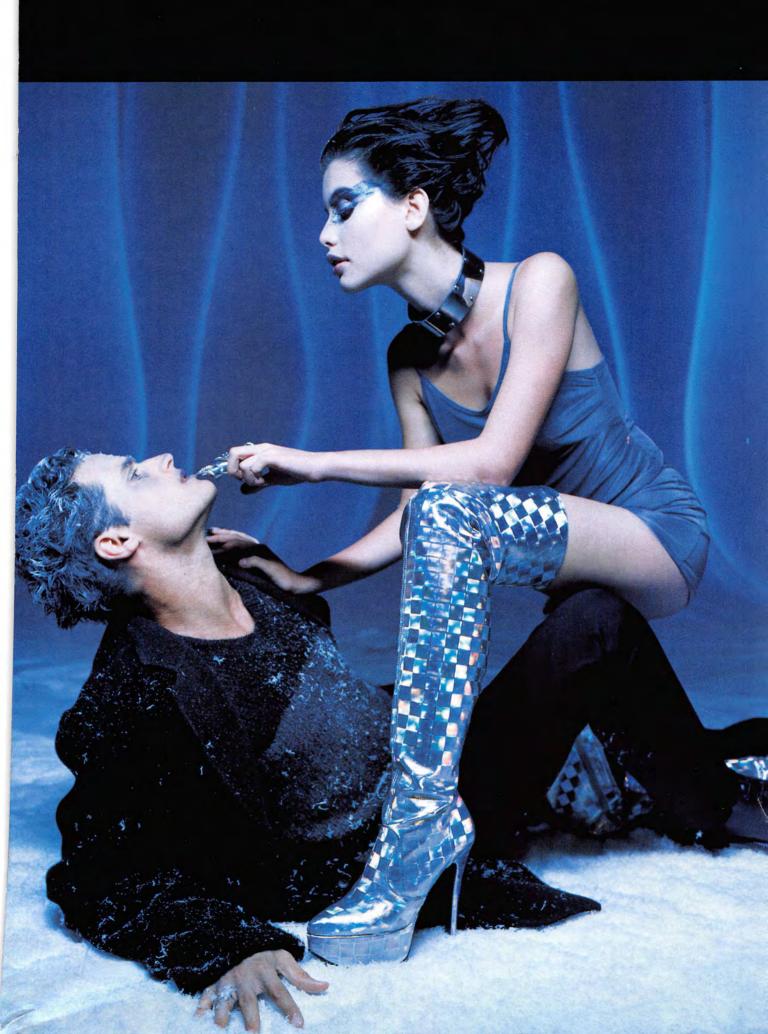
Photographs by Sergio Veranes Styling by Stan Williams

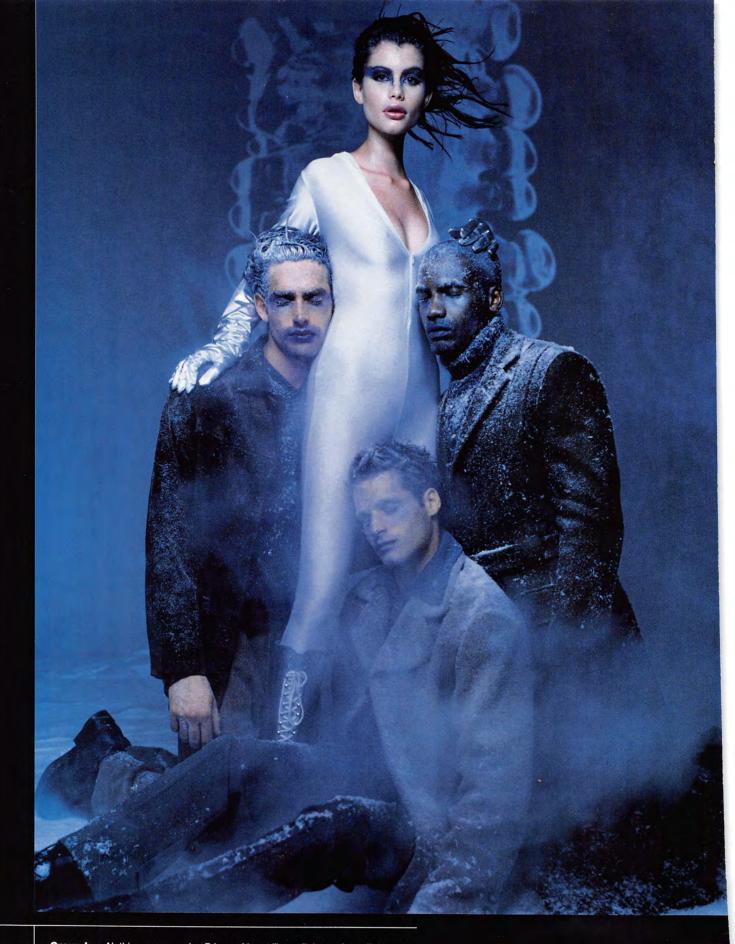


Frozen assets
It's not easy dating an Ice Princess. If she catches
you checking out another glacial being's behind,
she freezes you solid. This Jones New York deerskin
coat, \$695, should help you register a few
vital signs. Pants by Gene Meyer

Thaw out

Even if you've been a bad corpsicle, when you're dressed this presentably, our chilly dominatrix might revive you and take you over to her mom's for Thanksgiving penguin. Gene Meyer's double-faced wool, rayon, and cashmere coat, \$895. Sweater and pants by Gene Meyer





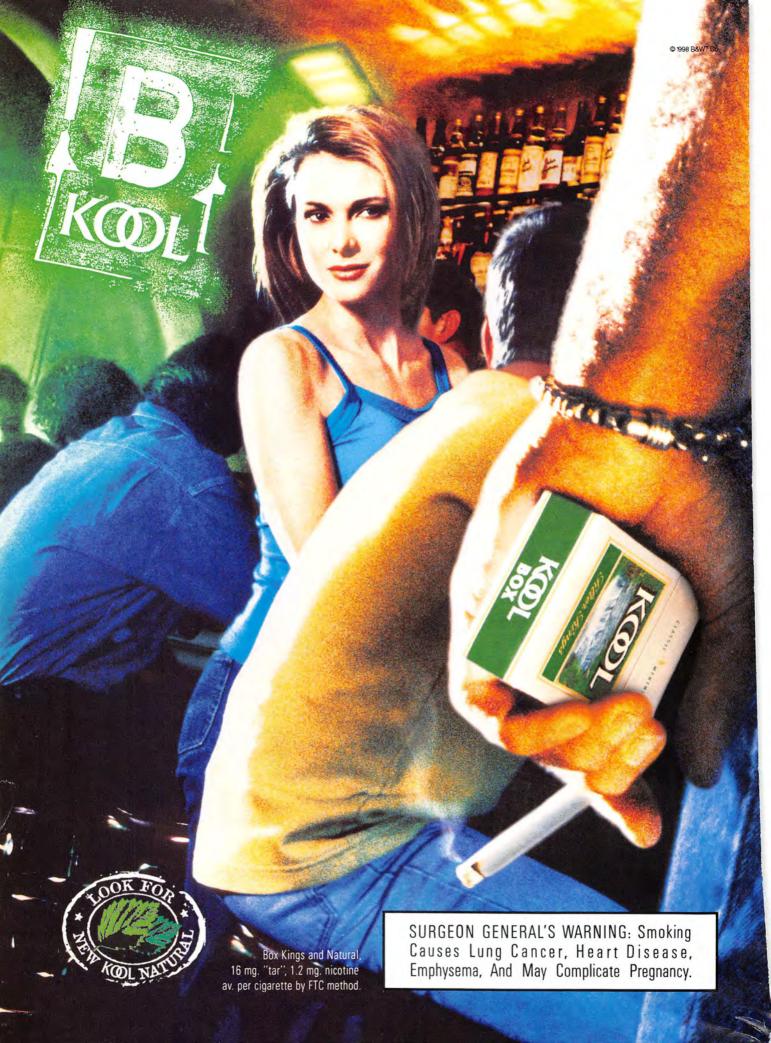
Group hug Nothing warms an Ice Princess' heart like well-dressed, totally immobilized men. From left: Coach's suede car coat, \$695; Wilke-Rodriguez's mohair-blend topcoat, \$395; and John Bartlett's wool Norfolk coat, \$1,010. Sweaters and pants by Tommy Hilfiger Collection, Wilke-Rodriguez, and John Bartlett

In a past life, I lived in Atlantis. And you thought the Titanic was a disaster.



In a past life of was pure, glacial spring water.









The new status symbol for professional pack rats is a chip off the old black briefcase-still stowing strong, but looser, cooler, and conveniently shoulder-slung.

From top to bottom:

Spy-worthy leather case with detachable shoulder strap, \$750, by Bally lets you smuggle in style. Specially designed to accommodate laptops.

Leather document case, \$328, by Coach. A

Nylon/leather carryall, \$583, by Costume National combines big-ass pockets and mini-malist Euro-design. New-school leather bag, \$265, by Kenneth Cole houses a padded laptop compartment.

Ultraluxe leather case with detachable shoulder strap, \$800, by Dolce & Gabbana

Leather update of the open-wide carpetbag design, \$798, by Coach expands to nine inches wide for cram-aholics.

BAG A WINNER

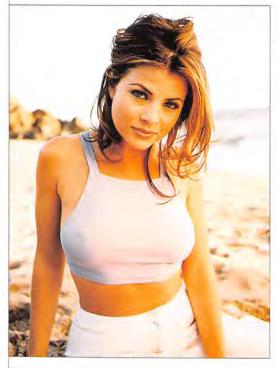
Buying a briefcase? With options up the wazoo, it's easy to get carried away. Here are five tips to help you choose an attaché you won't be whining about in six months.

- Learn the language of leather: Terms that indicate high-grade hide are full-grain leather, topgrain leather, napa (or smoothfinished) leather. Terms that indicate cheaper, less durable hide: bonded leather, split leather, snuffed leather. For kooky sultans only: ostrich, lizard, or snake.
- Zero in on quality: On a topnotch leather case, handles and straps should be made of leather too, not plastic or nylon. Other details to look for: solid steel or nickel hardware (locks, clasps, rings); tight, uniform stitching inside and out; a padded compartment for your laptop; a longterm warranty.
- Get a strap-on: A must-have feature is a shoulder strap (ideally reinforced with extra leather or a plastic grip). Even if your job at Crushem & Crushem, Attorneys-

- at-Law requires you to buy a formal case, get a briefcase with a detachable strap.
- To thine pack rat self be true: Are you a stuffer or a filer? A bag with special compartments for everything except a small Middle Eastern country may seem efficient, but if you're a stuffer at heart, you'll end up loathing how much they get in the way.
- Know the pros and cons of nylon: In its favor, it's much cheaper than leather yet just as tough; sponge-able (leather calls for saddle soap); and remarkably versatile (it more easily doubles as a gym bag, airline carry-on, or weekend travel bag). Even the best high-tech nylon, however, will show some fraying after a year or two of daily use. A pricier leather bag can endure as long as Seinfeld.

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Baywatch's bountiful alum is running, running, running...this time as a sexy cop saving Don Johnson's ass on Nash Bridges.

WHERE ARE ALL THE WOMEN?

South Beach to Aspen to party cruises: We tell you where the girls are this winter and how to find them without going broke.

MEN ARE PIGS...NOT REALLY



Women like to compare us men with swine (like this nosy fella), but we actually have more in common with the brindled anu or the Canadian beaver.

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BUYING GUIDE

C-C-C-COATS

Pages 140 - 141 Wool, nylon, and angora camel coat, \$325; brown cotton sweater. \$59; and Donegal tweed wool pants, \$145; all by Perry Ellis, at select Bloomingdale's and Macy's stores. Slate ribbed T-shirt, \$38, by Wilke-Rodriguez, at Bloomingdale's, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Wilke-Rodriguez stores. Angora, wool, and cashgora overcoat. \$1,130, by Ermenegildo Zegna, at Sid Jerome's, Larrimore's and Mr. Sid's. V-neck wool sweater, \$120, by Raffi Linea Uomo, at Boyd's Philadelphia. Brown cotton jean, \$130, by Perry Ellis, at select Bloomingdale's and Macy's stores. Camelhair coat, \$895, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo Ralph Lauren, Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. V-neck wool tweed sweater, \$495, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo Ralph Lauren, Madison Avenue, N.Y.C., Bloomingdale's, and Saks Fifth Avenue. Leather pant, \$650, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo Ralph Lauren, Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills. Pages 142 - 143 Deerskin coat, \$695, by Jones New York, at Macy's, Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, and Hecht's. Nylon/spandex pants, \$165, by Gene Meyer, at select Saks Fifth Avenue and Bloomingdale's stores, and Charivari New York. Wool, rayon, and cashmere wrap coat, \$825, by Gene Meyer; nylon and merino wool sweater. \$210: and flat-front nvlon/spandex pant, \$165; all at select Saks Fifth Avenue and Bloomingdale's stores, and Charivari New York. Page 144 Suede car coat, \$695, by Coach, at Coach stores nationwide. Cashmere and silk V-neck sweater, \$275, by Tommy Hilfiger Collection, at Tommy Hilfiger flagship, Beverly Hills. Cotton garçon pants, \$98, by Tommy Hilfiger, at Filene's. Wool, alpaca, and mohair topcoat, \$395; brown merino wool sweater. \$89.50; blue merino wool polo sweater, \$95; and wool and Lycra spandex pant, \$175; all by Wilke-Rodriguez, at Bloomingdale's, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Wilke-Rodriguez stores. Blanket wool Norfolk coat, \$1,010, by John Bartlett, at Untitled, New York, David Lawrence, Seattle, and Rollo, San Francisco. Gray mohair "target" sweater, \$425, by John Bartlett, at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C., and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. Flannel continental slim pant, \$260, by John Bartlett, at Moda.

AMAZING CASE

Page 147: Bally, \$750, at Bally shops nationwide. Coach, \$328, at Coach retail stores nationwide. Costume National Homme, \$583, at Costume National, N.Y.C. Kenneth Cole, \$265, at Kenneth Cole retail stores nationwide. Dolce & Gabbana. \$800. at Dolce & Gabbana boutique in N.Y.C. and Houston. Coach, \$790, at Coach retail stores nationwide

iotographs (clockwise from the top left), Jon Ragel/Outline; Bernard, G.I. OSF/Anir Animals; Sergio Veranes; (for additional credits, please see corresponding feature).

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Want to make sure she sticks around through breakfast? Start by putting away that dented can of corned-beef hash.

By Leslie Blanchard

So you charmed her into spending the night? Nice one! Now, if you really want this girl to feel she's made the right decision by coming home with you, try whipping up a little something special in the morn. Pampering her with a female-friendly breakfast like the ones to the right will reassure her that you weren't just taking advantage of her drunken state, and that your intentions are to treat her like a lady, not like one of your frat-boy buddies. Read on, gather the proper ingredients, and

when morning comes, toss
her a magazine (er...
maybe not this one)
and tell her to stay in
bed while you play
Wolfgang Puck. What
you do with any leftover syrup is up to you.

VEGETABLE FRITTATA

INGREDIENTS

2 Tbsp canola oil

1/4 cup scallions, chopped

1 clove garlic, crushed

1 large red pepper, chopped (1 1/2 cup)

1 1/2 cup chopped asparagus or zucchini

8 0000

Salt and fresh ground pepper, to taste 1 12-oz jar marinated artichoke hearts 3/4 cup shredded Parmesan cheese Heat oven to 350°F and grease a 9" deep-dish pie pan. In a medium-size

pan, heat oil and sauté scallions, garlic, peppers, and asparagus or zucchini until tender (8 min. or so). Remove from heat and let cool. In a large bowl, beat eggs with salt and pepper, then add chopped artichoke hearts (after removing stems), cheese, and the cooled sautéed ingredients, and blend thoroughly. Pour into greased pan and bake 35 min. until puffed and browned. Serves two again and again.

TOAST FRANÇAIS

INGREDIENTS

4 Tbsp butter

1 Tbsp honey

2/3 cup orange juice

1/4 tsp almond extract

4 eggs

1/4 tsp cinnamon

1/4 tsp salt

8 slices bread left out overnight

1/2 cup chopped pecans, toasted

Maple syrup

Place a medium saucepan over low heat; melt butter together with honey. In a medium-size bowl, whip O.J. (ask Marcia Clark—it ain't easy) together with almond extract, eggs, cinnamon, and salt. Coat heated griddle with 2 Tbsp of the butter-honey combo for every 4 slices of bread. Dip bread slices in egg mixture and lay on pan; heat each side until nicely browned, around 5 min. for the first side and 2–3 min. for the second. Garnish with chopped nuts and syrup. Serves two.

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FLASH LIGHT

This is one of the world's more expensive lighters.
And, chances are, you will never own one, because if you had nine large burning a hole in your wallet, you'd spend it on a crazy night of women and high-end food coloring.
Why so pricey? Because Japanese lacquer artists, using a 4,000-year-old technique, labored for 20 days to make this panther glisten.
An Asian art exhibit in your pocket. (\$9,080; S.T. Dupont, 800-341-7003)

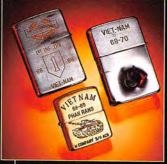
STRAIGHT SHOOTER

True to its name, the Laser emits a svelte beam of bright red fire that's long and precise enough to cauterize even those hard-to-reach nasal wounds. And no more burned fingers, because the windproof flame shoots straight even if you hold the lighter sideways or upside down.

Unlike its Stone Age flint predecessors, the Laser uses a piezoelectric (piézo is Greek for "I burn your ass") compression ignition system: The spark is produced by the charge from a tiny electronic device, not by rubbing two objects together. (\$25; The Lighter Company, 888-443-6540)

The **Lighter** Side of War

Ammo? Check. Helmet? Check. Zippo? Hell, yeah.



If you were an American soldier in the Vietnam War, your lighter meant more to you than just a spark for your cigs. "The Zippo was the only nonregulation piece of equipment a GI carried," says Jim Fiorella, author of the new book *The Viet Nam Zippo:* 1933–1975. "The words he had inscribed on it were his only way of expressing himself, his 'screw you'

to the world." The message on one lighter, for instance, reads: "I love the fucking army and the army loves fucking me." Another states: "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I fear no evil for I'm the evilest son of a bitch in the valley."

Today, explains Fiorella, those humble lighters—whether inscribed with messages or just name and rank—have become collector's items, commanding prices of up to \$250. "Vietnam is now being seen for what it was: a rock'n'roll war," says Fiorella. "The Zippos aren't military items, they're pop-culture artifacts."

Most of the lighters were engraved for about a buck apiece by Vietnamese artisans who would either set up shop in small towns or camp out in bars, waiting for drunk soldiers to approach them with meaningful, or often drunkenly whackedout, words. "A lot of vets still carry their Zippos," Fiorella says. "It's like a badge. They can walk into a bar, plunk them down on the table, and these lighters stand as their introductions."

—John C. White

CURLY FRIES

Nothing brings more savoir faire and dignity to that post-coital smoke than Larry, Moe, and Curly. Class-y. So keep the knuck-leheads on your bedside table, and don't carry this surface-imprinted collector's item in your pocket with your keys—do that and you'll end up with a pocketful of paint chips. (\$24; Zippo, 814-368-2728)

HEAT SEEKER

Like some cool lost prop from an episode of Star Trek, the Viper shoots sideways as its ignition cap pops open, then torches like a miniature jet engine. Its flame is only semi-visible, but don't let that fool you—this thing burns hotter than a gonorrhea infection. Worth noting: The vaguely sinister shape makes it a big hit with airport customs agents. (\$35; KGM Industries Co., 800-305-5051)

OLD FLAMES

When a modern lighter just won't do.



If you're looking for a lighter in the shape of the cocker spaniel you tortured as a kid, or one that looks like a Corvette (with space for cigarettes in the trunk), or a Venus de Milo with jewels stuck in all the right places, there's only one place to turn: the International Vintage Lighter Exchange.

Located in the bowels of a New York City office building, the shop's not much larger than a prison cell, yet it houses more than 10,000 lighters. Yeah, sure, it carries plenty of new, slick models, but it's the impossible-to-find antiques—like the 1892 Koopman's Magic Pocket Lamp, which uses mercury caps and an iron spring to make a spark—that lure the customers.

The market for lighters exploded in the early 1900s, stoked by the invention of the reliable flint-and-fluid ignition method and rampant, guilt-free nicotine addiction. "Back then a guy's lighter was a big part of the way he expressed his image," says store owner Richard Weinstein, whose father started the business in 1957.

Though the lighter biz fell on hard times during the '70s when the \$1.49 Bic rose to power, 20 years later, business is booming again. "There's always somebody who wants to have a lighter that nobody else has," Weinstein says. "It's just like cars: A million men will buy a Chevy, but some guys just have to have a Lamborghini."—Judy Dutton

CLIP JOB

You want a big, fat lighter to go with your big fat cigar? The Maestro has a fuel tank larger than the one in your grandfather's Oldsmobile. And for those who choose not to bite the ends off their stogies, it comes with a built-in, replaceable, stainless-steel guillotine. If by chance you're dating Lorena Bobbitt, do not buy this lighter. (\$50; Colibri, 800-556-7354)

ENTERTAINMENT MADE EASY



Previews	Film	Stars	Story	We say
	The Waterboy (Touchstone) Release date: November 6	Adam Sandler, Fairuza Balk, Kathy Bates, Henry Winkler	Revenge of the Nerds meets college football. A Gatorade-fetcher (Sandler) gets no respect from the jocks or the cheerleaders until their taunts piss him off—and unleash a lean, mean tackling machine.	Obey your thirst! Full-contact funnyman Sandler could crack up the surliest linebacker. He gets extra points for reviving his Cajun Man accent.
	The Siege (20th Century Fox) Release date: November 6	Bruce Willis, Denzel Washington, Annette Bening	FBI guy (Washington) meets CIA gal (Bening) when terrorists blow the Big Apple into fruit cocktail and a general (Willis, grunting more authoritatively than usual) enforces martial law.	We'll bite, but this Siege could be long: despite Die Hard-ish premise, constitutional crises get as much screen time as terrorist payback.
	Meet Joe Black (Universal) Release date: November 13	Brad Pitt, Claire Forlani, Anthony Hopkins	The Grim Reaper (Pitt) takes human form, falls for a hot girl (Forlani), and then kinda forgets to keep killing people—much to the dismay of undertakers everywhere.	Obligatory viewing. It's a romance starring Pitt's hair, so your girl-friend/wife will demand to see it. Twisted enough, however, to keep you from killing yourself.
	Celebrity (Miramax) Release date: November 13	Kenneth Branagh, Leonardo DiCaprio, Charlize Theron, Winona Ryder	In Woody Allen's 734th art film, a bunch of famous people (notably <i>Titanic</i> 's DiCaprio) play famous people coping with the trappings of fame—mostly by droning on about it.	Skip it—unless you're a pimply 13- year-old girl who'd endure any- thing (public flogging, lice, Woody's tedious neuroses) just to see 10 more minutes of Leo.
	A Bug's Life (Walt Disney) Release date: November 20	Voices of Dave Foley, Kevin Spacey, Julia Louis Dreyfus, Denis Leary	David and Goliath as bugs. In this computer-animated feature from the <i>Toy Story</i> folks, a misfit ant (Foley) makes an evil grasshopper (Spacey) say uncle—with help from a flea circus.	Swat! We only cheer for insects when we fry them with our back-yard bug zappers.
	I Still Know What You Did Last Summer (Columbia) Release date: November 20	Jennifer Love Hewitt, Brandy, Jennifer Esposito, Freddie Prinze, Jr.	Another summer, another psycho fisherman. To recover after seeing her high school pals get slaughtered, Hewitt takes her new college pals to the Caribbeanto get slaughtered.	Reel us in. We still know that most horror sequels suck, but when they boast a cast as multidimen- sionally gifted as this, we like to watch.
	Enemy of the State (Touchstone) Release date: November 25	Will Smith, Gene Hackman,	A hot-shit lawyer (Smith) is accused of murder. The good news: He's innocent. The bad	We suspect that this movie's top notch cast, explosive action, and ultra-paranoid plot twists are part

Babe: Pig in the James Cromwell, Mickey Rooney City (Universal)

Hackman,

Jon Voight

Release date: November 25

news: He's innocent. The bad news: A corrupt intelligence official wants to skewer him anyway.

In a squeal-worthy sequel, the intrepid talking hamhock goes cosmopolitan to earn some cash and save the farm.

Ultra-paranoid plot twists are part of a vast conspiracy to get our

money. OK by us. A second helping of

bacon-please! After Elle Macpherson, this underpig is our favorite Aussie babe.

Maxim recommends

Very Bad Things

(Polygram, November 20,



If Quentin Tarantino had directed My Best Friend's Wedding. it would look a lot like this movie: a sick, brutal comedy about a bachelor party gone horribly awry. When Swingers' Jon Favreau gets engaged to hyper homemaker Cameron Diaz, his best buddies take him to Vegas to send him off in debauched style. But after way too much booze and

blow, one of the boys accidentally kills a hooker in a hotel-bathroom sex spree. Panic naturally ensues and the subsequent cover-up turns Diaz and the psychotic best man (Christian Slater) into amateur hitmen, permanently crossing tattletales off the guest list right up to the day of the nuptials. (Murderous bitch or not, Diaz can sure fill out a bloody bridal gown.) Evil people, funny movie—especially for guys who hate weddings but like their laughs twisted and dark. Make that mercilessly knotted and pitch-black.—Steven Russell

A Simple Plan

(Paramount, December 4)

What would you do if you found \$4 million that no one seemed to notice was missing? Yeah, us too, but this oddly intense crime story will make you think twice. A feed-store clerk (Twister's Bill Paxton), his sad-sack brother (Billy Bob Thornton), and a liquored-up bud (Brent Briscoe) stumble upon the money in a plane wreck deep in a frozen Midwestern forest. Unfortunately, Paxton's plan to stash the cash for an entire year gets fouled up by his accomplices, who are about as sensible as Beavis and Butt-head's country cousins. Money-hunger soons overwhelms the trio, testing everyone's loyal-ties—and littering the picturesque snow with picturesque, overweight corpses. Director Sam Raimi (Darkman, The Evil Dead) relaxes his trademark hyper camera, letting the terrific performances and bursts of graphic violence achieve a deeper impact than cartoony movies



like Lethal Weapon 4 ever deliver. Watching these guys' simple plan fall fatally apart, you really feel the guns—and the greed.
—S.R.



Whatever Happened to... Famous Morons?

They came, they played Ping-Pong, they conquered. But where are filmdom's dazzling dummies now?

In this month's Adam Sandler comedy, The Waterboy, a football team's lackey discovers his hidden gift for tackling. Audiences tend to go nuts for this type: the simpleton with a special power. But after the love is gone, movie morons often fall off the radar. Maxim tracks down some formerly adored doorknobs. Their stories may shock you.

Forrest Gump

Who: The loser who cheered up other losers at bus stops with stories about his Ping-Pong triumphs Special talent: Speed. Though verbally on a par with burned toast ("Life...is...like...a...box..."), Forrest could run like an antelope that really needs to pee. Where is he now? Accepted commercial pitchman jobs ("Life is like a roll of Charmin") but was unable to finish delivering the slogans in under three hours. A stint as superhero SpeedGump ended when Flash challenged him to a race off a cliff.

Rain Man

Who: The Judge Wapnerobsessed idiot whom Tom Cruise used to score big in Las Vegas casinos

Special talent: Figures. Rain Man could instantly perform complex mathematical calculations—such as splitting the restaurant bill for a party of eight. Where is he now? Recruited by the government as an IRS auditor.

Nicknamed "Rain the Pain," he

collected \$6.4 billion in back taxes before a surprise gun attack by Willie Nelson left him unable to recall the prime numbers.

Tommy

Who: "Deaf, dumb and blind kid," additionally handicapped by a botched home perm in the Who's classic rock opera

Special talent: He sure played a mean pinball.

Where is he now? After developing carpal tunnel syndrome, Tommy spent a few sad years on the seniors' pinball circuit. Today he has only one functioning finger, which he uses to ice cupcakes in an Austin, Texas, bakery.

Scarecrow

Who: The Wizard of Oz' highly flammable straw man Special talent: Dancing, following the Yellow Brick Road, fighting off flying monkeys—none of which is easy without a brain! Where is he now? Heartbroken when Dorothy married the Tin Man, he got hooked on painkillers and took temp work as a Rottweiler attack dummy. After failed rehab attempts and a stint in porno (playing a mattress), he was consumed by fire in a tragic freebasing mishap.





Music



R.E.M.

Up (Warner Bros.)

The genius of R.E.M. is the way they've evolved from a raggedy-ass, '80s college-radio darling into an MTV superstar band without losing their look-my-head-is-bald-now. outsider cool. With Up, however, the band seems headed into baffling obscurity. Like 1996's New Adventures in Hi-Fi, this album is a gloomy, experimental affair, with few of the hooks that made "Stand" and "Losing My Religion" as addictive as Tomb Raider. Frontman Michael Stipe may be shaken by the exit of drummer Bill Berry (who suffered an aneurysm on their last tour), but can even that explain a song like "Airport Man," on which Stipe repeats the phrase great opportunity over goofy electronic beats? Maybe he prefers the old days, when he could mutter his poetry without millions trying to get inside his head. There are great moments (the ballad "At My Most Beautiful"), but overall, on Up, R.E.M. is either a few years ahead of their time-or a decade or two behind.-Dan Catalano

Jonny Lang

Wander This World (A&M) Who says a white boy can't play the blues? Purists mocked Jonny Lang's 1997 debut, Lie to Me. but it was hard to deny that the skinny 16-year-old from juke joint-deprived North Dakota had some wicked guitar chops. Now 17, Lang has honed his already sharp licks by touring with demigods B.B. King and Buddy Guy. The results, as displayed on Wander This World, frankly impress us. Maybe he'll never truly tap the deepest vein of the blues, maybe he's just a grade-A mimic, but these smoking 12-bar rockers ("Still Rainin") and acoustic laments ("Breakin' Me") carry undeniable power. By the time Lang growls his way through Luther Allison's "Cherry Red Wine," you'd swear his body, if not his soul,

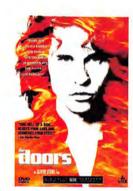
CDs,

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CENTER

had been possessed by all the hardscrabble bluesmen who ever made a midnight deal with the devil.—*D.C.*

The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion

Acme (Matador)

Finally, Jon Spencer really detonates. Two minutes after he named his band Blues Explosion in the early '90s, he had to start explaining to fans and critics that he's really more funk-rock than gutbucket blues. That confession certainly excused the band from playing "Sweet Home Chicago," but it didn't make up for its tepid, repetitive albums. Drummer extraordinaire Russell Simins and guitarist Judah Bauer whipped up a frenzy on stage, but on disc Spencer's adenoidal yelping and limited vocabulary (little more

than the word explosion!) proved grating. On Acme, fortunately, Jon Boy actually sings—with surprising results: He bears a passing vocal resemblance to Mick Jagger, and on songs

such as the slow-grooving "Magical Colors" and the Sly Stone-ish "Do You Wanna Get Heavy?" the band delivers actual melodies. The results? Explosive!—D.C.

The Cardigans

Gran Turismo (Mercury)

On "Lovefool," this Swedish band's massive 1997 hit, cute lead singer Nina Persson kept insisting "love me, love me, say that you love me." And it worked! (See? It's stuck in your head again right now.) Seems like universal adulation wasn't enough for her, however, because Nina's a lot crankier on this new album. Downer ballads ("Explode," "Junk of Hearts") dominate, and even uptempo ditties like "My Favourite Game" feature lyrics that could only come from a broken Swedish heart. The pure pop sound of the Cardigans' previous efforts is also

gone, replaced with the sort of moody, electronic vibe associated with mopers like Portishead. This isn't a bad album if you're into that kind of stuff—or need a soundtrack for

your suicide; it's just jarring coming from a band named after a warm, fuzzy sweater. And if the Cardigans expect to rule the charts, someone needs to get Nina a date, pronto.—Ian Landau



Fatboy Slim

You've Come a Long Way, Baby (Astralwerks)

As an electronic artist, Fatboy Slim is theoretically of the same school as the Chemical Brothers and all those other artsy pansies who create dance music with computer programs. But check out the classic guitar riffs, chunky keyboards, and James Brown-style

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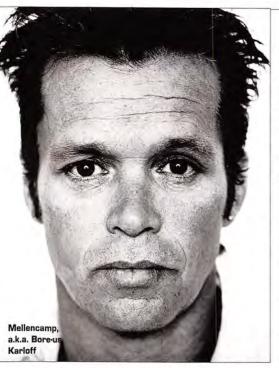


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horns he weaves into his mix and you'll realize this is techno that would've sounded just fine blaring from your big brother's eighttrack player. Fatboy—whose searing "Going

out of My Head," was all over alternative radio last year—samples with great taste, dropping the needle on classic rap platters that instantly zap you back to the old school playground. One question remains: How will record stores classify this album? Electronica? Rock? Hip-hop? Check the "Party" section.—Craig Stephenson

John Mellencamp

John Mellencamp (Columbia)
When an artist releases an eponymous album a full 20 years into his career, you can bet something's up. In Mellencamp's case, here's our theory: He wants to make a clean start with his new record label, and he needs to pound one final stake through the heart of that damned Cougar moniker. Unfortunately, announcing you're starting over doesn't make it so. This album seems more like a career overview, incorporating everything from Scarecrow-era violins ("Your Life Is Now") to touches of electronic zaniness (yes,

those are disco-like claps on "I'm Not Running Anymore") that recall his lukewarm 1996 release, *Mr. Happy Go Lucky.* The only thing that's missing: songs you want to listen to more than once.—Todd Bridges

The Afghan Whigs

1965 (Columbia)

Some people find the idea of college boys from Ohio infusing their grungy rock with R&B swagger ludicrous. But give the Afghan Whigs credit for tenacity. 1965 takes their weirdo formula to new extremes—layering arena-rock guitars and thudding bass lines with subtle horns and gospel-style backup vocals—and the effort pays off. Though Dulli's voice remains somewhat thin and his superstud routine is absurd ("John the Baptist" starts off with the sound of someone striking a match and Dulli whispering, "I'll meet you in the bathroom"), for the most part this is an impressive hybrid: snotty indie rock tempered with a heartfelt dose of soul.—D.C.

Is the music you record STILL held together with tape?



SOUR NOTES

Album Titles and the Infinite Badness

Sure, rock stars do tons of drugs. But does that explain these wacky, pretentious, and plain stupid album titles?

When Alanis Morissette sold an incredible 16 million copies of her last album, fans wondered what she'd do next. Crack under the pressure, apparently, judging from the bewildering title she's given her new release, Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie. Don't fret, Alanis, you're not alone. Here's our list of the Worst Album Titles of All Time:

Misuse of foreign languages division: Beaucoups of Blues, Ringo Starr

Cruelty to Lassie division: *Mellon Collie* and the Infinite Sadness, The Smashing Pumpkins

Painful pun division: OU812, Van Halen

Annoying alliteration division: Fulfillingness' First Finale, Stevie Wonder Runner-up: Pinker and

Prouder than Previous, Nick Lowe

Legend in his own (heavily made-up) eyes division: *HIStory*, Michael Jackson

Too much information division: Sentimental Hygiene, Warren Zevon

"I've been reading too much Gabriel García Márquez" division: Tiny Music...Songs from the Vatican Gift Shop, Stone Temple Pilots

Just plain sad division: Rick Springfield's Greatest Hits

Cruelty to hot dogs division:
Wiener Blut, Falco

"I defy you to make sense of this" division: Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star, Sonic Youth.

Misplaced enthusiasm division: Now That's What I



Call Quite Good. The Housemartins

Imtoocooltousepunctuation division: Whitechocolatespaceagg, Liz Phair

Me, myself and I division: Color Me Barbra, Barbra Streisand Runners-up: My Name is Barbra, My Name is Barbra II, and Je M'Appelle Barbra

And in our humble opinion, the worst album title of all time is: My People Were Fair and Had Sky in Their Hair but Now They're Content to Wear Stars on Their Brows, T. Rex

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Television



24 Hours of Eastwood

(TBS, November 27, 6 A.M.-November 28, 6 A.M.)

It's the day after Thanksgiving. You could help her turn that turkey carcass into a casserole. You could rake leaves. You could even try to get Uncle Charlie off the damned sofa. Or you could let Clint Eastwood make your whole day with a 24-hour marathon of his most jawclenching, shoot-'em-up roles. All the key Clints are here, from spaghetti westerns (The Good, the Bad and the Ugly; Fistful of Dollars) to Dirty Harrys (Magnum Force, The Enforcer). The only glaring omission: Every Which Way but Loose, in which Clint costars with a lovable boxing orangutan. Can you

make it through the entire Squintapalooza? Well, as Dirty Harry once said, "A man's got to know his limitations."

A Soldier's Sweetheart

(Showtime,

November 8, 8 P.M.)

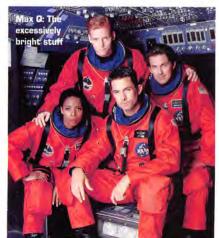
Most soldiers are content to carry photos of their sweethearts into a war zone. Not Mark Fossie (Scream's Skeet Ulrich), a homesick Vietnam medic who finagles a way to have his girlfriend, Marianne (stunning Georgina Cates), delivered from home. After a romping reunion, she finds herself drawn to the blood and guts of the battlefield. Before you know it, she's too trigger-happy to settle for being anybody's damn sweetheart. Ma'am, yes, ma'am!

Max Q

(ABC, November 19, 9 P.M.)

Jerry Bruckheimer,

the mega-producer who bankrolled such delicately nuanced blockbusters as Armageddon and The Rock, turns his overly explosive talents to the small screen with this madefor-TV sci-fi flick. Moldily going where Apollo 13 has gone before, the story concerns a space shuttle that loses a gasket (or something) while deploying a high-tech satellite in





orbit. With the heroic astronauts and the satellite in peril, the whole world holds its breath to see if the crew will survive—and if television reception of the Spice channel will be adversely affected.

The Temptations

(NBC, November 1 and 2, 9 P.M.)

If you thought rockers like Jim Morrison and Jimi Hendrix had cornered the market on '60s drug-and-sex excess, check out this two-part mini series about the most debauched Motown act ever to don matching sharkskin suits. It follows the group from their formation in the clubs of Detroit to their worldwide fame with hits such as "My Girl" to the tragic deaths of vocal powerhouses David Ruffin and Eddie Kendricks in the early '90s. Turns out that behind the harmony, the Temps hit plenty of sour notes, struggling with narcotics, depression, and really big egos. Trash tragedy is always tempting.

Rear Window

(ABC, November 22, 9 P.M.)

It's fantastic voyeurage when former-Superman Christopher Reeve sits in Jimmy Stewart's favorite chair and attempts to rediscover his acting legs. In a new version of the Alfred Hitchcock classic, Reeve is the wheelchair-bound man who witnesses his neighbor terminate his marriage with extreme prejudice...and decides to play private investigator. We can only imagine three kinds of people who'd want to watch this: 1) fans of unnecessary TV remakes; 2) those interested in the triumph of the spirit, a.k.a. National Enquirer readers; 3) would-be murderers unlucky enough to live next door to nosy, heroic invalids.

-Reviews by Mike Hammer

The Hitman: Bound by Honor

(CBS, November 1, 9 P.M.)

"Better be

your gun I'm

feeling back there, Chuck."

This TV movie just goes to show you that Oliver Twist could've been a lot cooler if the little brat had learned kung fu. Start with a 10-year-old kid orphaned when the mafia executes his parents. Add Chuck Norris as the black-belt uncle who raises him instead. Give the kid a weird psychic ability to detect

danger minutes before it arrives. Then flash forward a decade or so and watch the orphan—now a bitter

martial artist (Eddie Cibrian)—infiltrate the mob as a hitman and finally avenge the deaths of Mom and Dad. Please, sir, could I have some more revenge?



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BYMICHAL

For the Love of the Game

by Michael Jordan (Crown, \$50)

FOR THE LOVE OF THE GAME On the eve of his rumored retirement and just in time for Christmas, the greatest player and self-promoter in the NBA has put out this superdeluxe book of photographs (and text) spanning his career. It's all there: Michael as a rookie (with hair!), Michael finding new ways to stick out his tongue as he soars over his opponents, even Michael striking out in his brief baseball career. The accompanying 20,000word text, written by Jordan, spotlights his dedication to basketball (the title comes from a clause in his contract allowing him to play off-season) and to his corporate sponsors (sample dilemma: whether to bite the hand of Nike and-gasp!-wear Reebok sweats at the '92 Olympics). More than 200 photos is a heap of Jordan, but you don't have to be a superfan to appreciate this groovily designed coffee-table book. Can the All-Jordan Cable Network be far behind?—Aaron Roston

King of the World

by David Remnick

(Random House, \$25)

Titanic director James Cameron may think he's "the king of the world," but then again, he never had to fight Muhammad Ali for the title. This excellent Ali biography by the

editor of The New Yorker takes us back to the mid '60s, before he was a national treasure-in fact, before he was Ali at all. Then known as Cassius Clay, he was a trashtalking young heavyweight contender from Kentucky looking for a shot at champ Sonny Liston. As a 7-to-1 underdog, Clay bragged about his abilities in a dual bid to psych out his opponent and grab the media's attention. (Especially effective was showing up on Liston's doorstep in the middle of the night with a busload of followers to tell his bleary-eyed enemy just how badly he was going to beat him-which, of course, he did.) Though this book only takes aim at one small chapter of the incredible Ali saga, its knockout success can be measured by the fact that it only makes you want to know more. -A.R.

God of the Rodeo

by Daniel Bergner (Crown, \$24)

Think about prison: barbed wire. Solitary confinement, Horizontal-striped clothing that makes you look fat. But rodeo clowns? Strange but true, the Louisiana State Penitentiary (a.k.a. Angola) holds an annual rodeo in which convicted prisoners take on the only thing tougher than they are: 1,600pound bulls with really short tempers. In this spectacle, arms and leas aplenty get broken for the amusement of 20,000 "free people" in the stands. Using this unusual event as his starting point, Bergner-who was granted an unusual degree of access by the warden-takes us deep inside the walls of the notorious maximum-security facility. We meet tough cons who prove their authority by making weaker specimens drink "shit cocktails" and discover that 37 prisoners recently slashed their

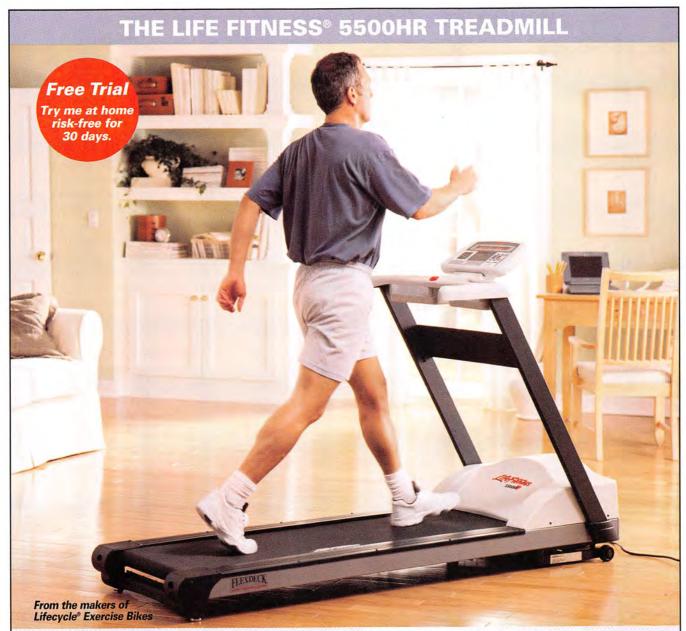
Achilles tendons to protest the unbearable conditions. It's a compelling and balanced story, giving voice to cons, guards, and prison officials alike. We learn many things, including this: Never, ever, ever commit a major felony in Louisiana. - Steven Kotok

The Rum Diary

by Hunter S. Thompson

(Simon & Schuster, \$24)

Hunter S. Thompson is legendary for disguising fiction as journalism in classics of excess like Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas. But back in 1962, years before the word gonzo was coined, he disquised journalism as fiction in his only completed novel, The Rum Diary, now published for the first time. The meandering plot is lifted almost directly from Thompson's own life in 1950s Puerto Rico. Hack reporter Paul Kemp is pining for another man's girl, his newspaper is flopping, and he spends most of his time boozing with other would-be writers. The book is filled with rum-drenched hilarity: Kemp gets tossed into jail for an unpaid bar tab, loots a liquor store during a debauched carnival,



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HANG TIME

and compares himself with parasitic marine life by yelling, "I'm a suckfish!" In other words, slightly ragged, classic Thompson, with rum instead of drugs.-A.R.

Gates of Eden

by Ethan Coen

(Morrow/Rob Weisbach, \$24) You know the author as half of the "Coen zona, Barton Fink, and Fargo. Now prepare

Brothers" filmmaking team, the siblings who redefined quirky with movies like Raising Ariyourself for Ethan Coen, the funny-as-hellshort-story guy. He's either a serious writer

with the warped soul of a stand-up comic, or vice versa. In any case, he's assembled a memorable collection of literary laughs to rival Woody Allen (who used to be funny-we swear). All the leftfield logic associated with the Coens' movies is on display here: In one story, Mafia goons try to take over a smaller racket, but, when the local crime scene proves too tame, they have to import a dead body from Chicago so they can look tough. In another, a Minnesota farmer calmly explains why he beheaded his wife (to make it

harder for her to nag him, of course). An im-

pressively bizarre debut.-A.R.

BETWEEN THE COVERS

Animal House, B.C.

In the 20th century, fraternity hazing can get uglybut the ancient Grecian formula was enough to make you tear your hair out.

Ancient Greek warriors and their modern descendants, college fraternities, have one thing in common: brutal hazing

> rituals. In the new epic novel Gates of Fire (Doubleday, \$23.95), author Steven Pressfield takes us back to 480 B.C., when 300 Spartan soldiers-hardened by a torturous initiationheld off a million-man Persian army for seven days at the Battle

of Thermopylae. How would today's flabby frat boys handle the situation? Let's compare the respective training regimens:

Old Greeks: Spartans endured a 13-year boot camp, then served on the front lines for 40 years or until they died.

New Greeks: Fraternity pledges endure a four-month initiation, then serve up kegs of beer for four years or until they flunk out. Daddy!"

Old Greeks: Were required to keep their shields by their sides at all times. Losing them was punishable by death.

New Greeks: Are required to wear their pledge pins at all times. Losing them is punishable by 20 push-ups, a \$10 fine, and a hair-tousling noogie.

Old Greeks: Were forced to make grueling marches in formation for several days wearing full battle armor. New Greeks: Are forced to make

humiliating "elephant walks," wearina nothina. Pledaes must march in single file, each



"So, sir, do

grasping the penis of the guy in front of him.

Old Greeks: In a ritual roughly translated as "fucking the tree," eight Spartan warriors lined up conga-style, shields in hand, and ground the guy at the front against a tree until he was a bloody wheezing pulp.

New Greeks: In a ritual sometimes called "fucking anything that moves," pledges line up and take turns screwing a sheep, chicken, or other semi-friendly barnyard animal until neighbors call the ASPCA.

Old Greeks: Had to demonstrate balance and coordination by dodging trees and boulders in simulated battle maneuvers.

New Greeks: Must demonstrate balance and coordination by picking a grape off a block of ice with bare butt cheeks, and maneuvering the grape into a bucket.

> Old Greeks: While trainees suffered to prove their manhood, older warriors watched from the shade of a tree and drank heartily from bags of wine.

New Greeks: Well, some things never change.

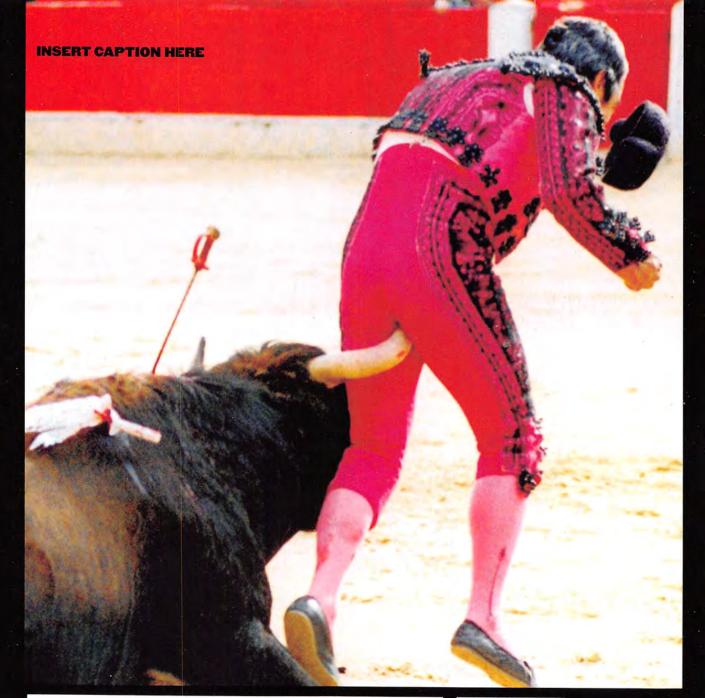
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SEPTEMBER'S WINNING CAPTIONS

"Would you like flies with that?"

Rick Wasney, Winnipeg, Manitoba

"Let go my leg-o!"

Robert Fletcher, Lafayette, LA

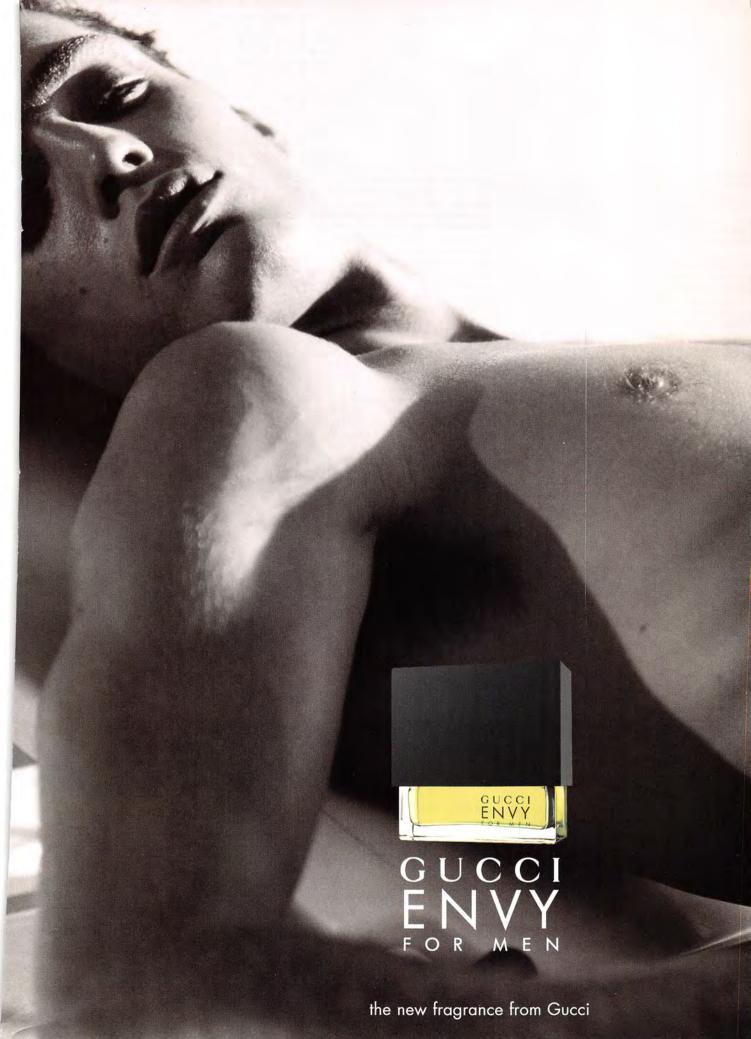
"Alas! poor Yorick. I chew him well."

John Whitney, E-mail

Quentin Tarantino's version of Lady and the Tramp.

William B. Devlin, New York, NY

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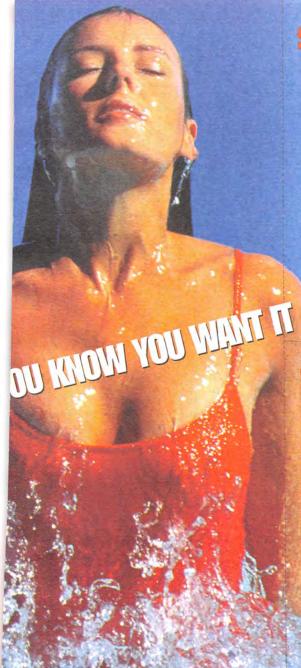






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